

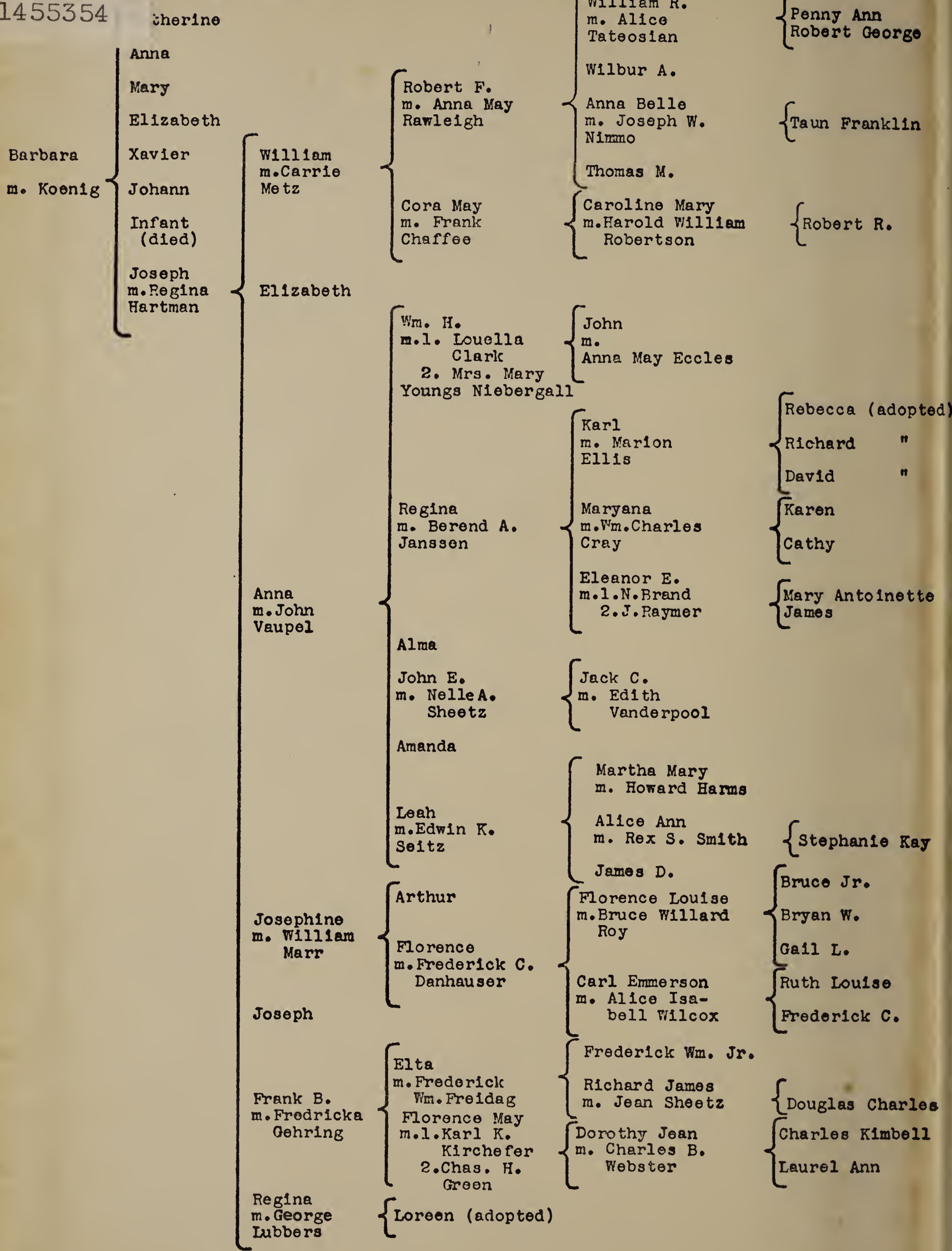


KNOCK ON  
OUR  
DOOR



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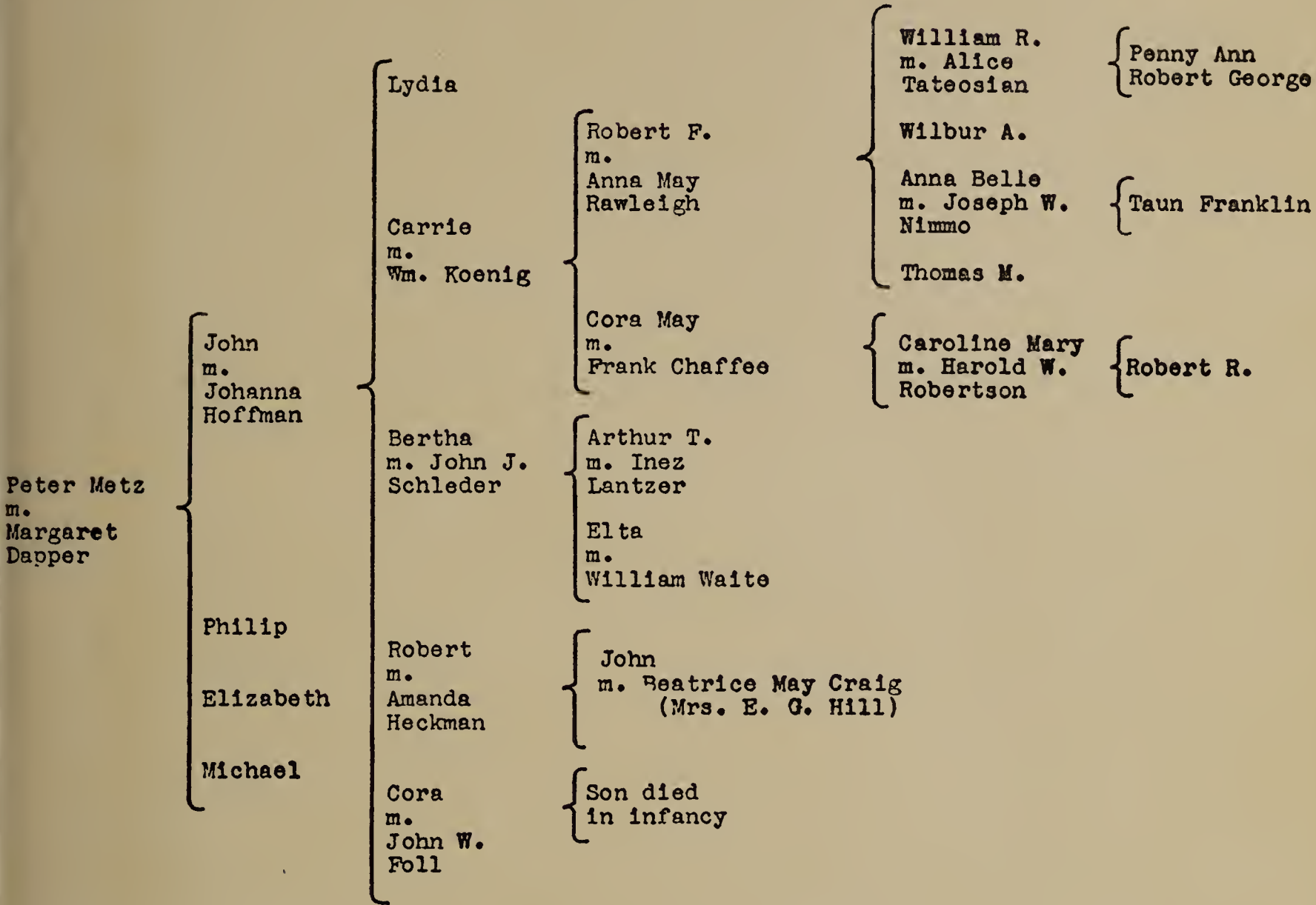
GENEALOGY COLLECTION







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## KNOCK ON OUR DOOR

Every building erected since the beginning of time, whether it be home or business structure or pleasure palace, has had at least one portal. What lies beyond these closed doors? How many hundreds of people pass through each one each hour of each day year after year? What of the people who enter? What of the people beyond?

Unfold the ensuing pages and you will perceive a portion of what lies beyond the Koenig portals. Knock on our door. Welcome.

*Anna Belle Koenig Nimmo*





### THE EDITOR AND CO-EDITOR OF THIS BOOK

An informal picture at the Koenig rock garden pool illustrative of the many interesting conferences held during the writing of "Knock On Our Door." The untiring efforts of Robert F. Koenig and his daughter, Anna Belle Koenig Nimmo, have made possible the compilation of this book of the Robert F. Koenig family and its interests.



# KNOCK ON OUR DOOR

Pictures of Paintings  
In the Homes of the Robert F. Koenigs  
Poems, Monologues, Stories  
and Retrospectives  
Written by Anna Belle Koenig Nimmo  
Through School and College Days  
And for Some Years Later

Compiled and Edited by  
Robert F. Koenig  
and  
Anna Belle Koenig Nimmo

This book has been privately printed by Robert F. Koenig. No copies have been offered for sale. Copies have been furnished living relatives and personal friends.



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Freeport, Illinois

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Printed in Freeport, Illinois, by the Wagner Printing Company



1455354

This book  
is sincerely dedicated  
to

ANNA MAY KOENIG

wife of sponsor-editor  
and  
mother of author and co-editor

Her gentle love and deep  
appreciation of music, pic-  
tures, paintings and books  
have made our homes truly  
living places throughout  
the years



Ms. acc. #19.84 8-24-68 inv. 6874 P.S. 5811





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## INTRODUCTION

In 1948 I sponsored the 102-page book "Public Parks of Freeport, Illinois," which Mrs. Mabel Goddard Kimber, of Indianapolis, Indiana, compiled and edited. Because of the public historic interest, I gave the entire edition to the Boy and Girl Scouts of this area, who sold the books, and the entire proceeds went into their treasuries. The editorial work and assembling of pictures took about three years.

Previous to the printing of "Public Parks" I had begun compilation of "The Koenig Album," which is the genealogical history of the Robert F. Koenig family through the blood lines of the Koenigs, Metz, Rawleighs and Trevillians. This 330-page illustrated book was developed through the years when our children were away at preparatory school and college and the twins were in the Army and Navy.

During these years I conceived the idea of adding to my weekly letters, in addition to the regular home news, an enlarged second section. It began with a Bible verse and a prayer each week and gradually grew until I included a poem, a personal observation, a hymn or song, and a brief biographical sketch of some member of our family.



I started first with our family — their birthdays, schooling, accomplishments—then the grandparents on both sides, aunts and uncles and, later, the cousins.

This volume was completed early enough to send out to our living relatives and a very few intimate friends for Christmas 1949. It took me about seven years to compile this genealogical history and assemble the photographs of each family, and it pleased me considerably to have unsolicited requests for this book from genealogical societies, such as The Institute of American Genealogy, Chicago, Illinois; the New England Historic Genealogical Society, Boston, Massachusetts; Division of Historical Genealogy, The Newberry Library, Chicago, Illinois; the Minnesota Historical Society, St. Paul, Minnesota; St. Louis Public Library, St. Louis, Missouri. I was also encouraged by the almost unanimous approval of relatives and close friends for this work.

Through school days and college and in after years Anna Belle, in addition to her dramatic work on stage and platform, found time and had the interest and inclination to write a considerable number of poems and stories, which I have kept and have always desired to publish.

During the years of our married life Mrs. Koenig and I have gradually accumulated some paintings. The brochures on these paintings have been very interesting

to our friends, and one day when I was assembling the brochures I conceived the idea that they might make an interesting booklet.

After due consideration of the merits of the pictures, paintings, poems and stories, I finally concluded that these were of family interest and we would publish them all in one volume.

This volume then combines a brief family portrait (pictures of the immediate family and intimate glimpses), reproductions—some in color, others in black and white—of the paintings, sculptures and Venetian glass, and a printing of many of the poems and stories written by Anna Belle, with two final chapters of additional items of interest which we have called “Hither and Yon” and “Quotable Quotes.”

Deeming them of enough artistic merit, we have reproduced from “The Koenig Album” the east and west cathedral windows of the First Methodist Church, Freeport, Illinois, and the totem pole dedicated to the Boy Scouts and erected in Krape Park.

Aside from the wood carving on the totem pole, the sculpturing is represented by two busts and two plaques by Peter Hayward.

I think the descriptive letters of Anna Belle’s visit to the studio and home of the living artist Hovsep Pushman are of such unusual interest that I publish openly what were intended as private.



The purpose of this volume . . . . with the stories of our paintings, the photos and their brief explanative data, and the poems and prose articles . . . . is this: To inspire our friends or family to enjoy art collections of their own and to leave to posterity that which lives longer than the individual and serves as an inspiration to others.

“Knock on our Door” is primarily a book of our immediate family, with brief biographies and photographs covering our lives and cultural interests. It also reveals the institutions and organizations in which we are interested in the city.

Some of the illustrations are concrete evidence of our interest in civic projects, but primarily they were not introduced for this purpose. The illustrations of the totem pole, band shell, East Side Center, playground equipment, etc. are to point out to our children and call to the attention of our friends that we believe it is better and easier to construct and present gifts and memorials to the institutions of our city and yours during life than to direct that the same be done by executors of one's will. Such a program makes it possible for one to carry it out and see it work during his lifetime. To leave these things until death would be to make certain that many of them never would be done and never serve the purpose intended.

This volume is not to be sold. It is printed only for those who we believe are interested in our family and given only to those who we consider our friends. We are mailing it in place of our 1952 Christmas card.

*Robert Hoenig*





Section I

THE ROBERT F. KOENIG FAMILY







## Chapter I

### Biographies and Pictures







Koenig Family Historical Plaque

## HISTORICAL PLAQUE

The Robert F. Koenig family plaque was designed by Herman Myre, a former artist of the Rawleigh Company. It was intended to convey a little of the history of the family and it was expected that the design might be used for marking linens, on stationery, etc. This plaque, in color, has been hanging over the fireplace at Twin Oaks Lodge for many years.

The center is an Old English letter K. In the circle in the upper left-hand corner is found a shoemaker's hammer, which was the trade of Joseph Koenig, grandfather of Robert F. Koenig. The plane and square designate the cabinetmaker's trade of Joseph Koenig's son William, father of Robert F. Koenig, who later developed an extensive furniture business.

The right-hand circle shows a retort, mortar and pestle, a beaker and graduate, which indicate the pharmacist's trade of John Metz, father of Carrie Metz Koenig, Robert F. Koenig's mother. They also indicate the proprietary medicine business developed by W. T. Rawleigh, father of Anna May Rawleigh Koenig.

The bottom scroll refers particularly to Robert F. Koenig. The emblem at the left is a 33° Scottish Rite Masonic emblem. UW below indicates attendance and graduation from the University of Wisconsin. At the right is a likeness of the service button of the First World



War. Below are the Greek letters AXZ, Alpha Chi Sigma, a university fraternity of chemists.

At the center of the scroll below are the fields of waving grain with the sun shining upon them, showing our dependence upon agriculture and indicating the little farm, Wild Haven, where the Koenigs have spent so many happy years.

The blue in the shield symbolizes loyalty and truth; the golden grain, the setting sun, generosity; the green oak leaves indicate hope and joy, loyalty and love. As in the symbolism of many countries and peoples, the acorn symbolizes food and the oak leaves shelter.



Robert F. Koenig  
*April 16, 1884*

Robert Franklin Koenig, son of William and Carrie Metz Koenig, born at Freeport, Illinois, April 16, 1884. A.B., University of Wisconsin 1907. Married Anna May Rawleigh November 27, 1918. Children: William Robert and Wilbur Allen, September 15, 1920; Anna Belle, October 18, 1923; Thomas Matthew, May 29, 1928.

Has one sister, Mrs. Cora Koenig Chaffee.

Secretary Koenig Furniture Company 1907/1918;  
secretary to president Rawleigh Company 1919/1921;



director and treasurer Rawleigh Company, U. S., and Rawleigh Company Ltd., Canada, 1921 to date; director and treasurer Rawleigh Company Ltd., New Zealand, since 1931. Director First National Bank of Freeport and Oakland Cemetery Association; commissioner Freeport Park District; vice president Rawleigh Museum; trustee: American Legion Home, Post No. 139, Deaconess Hospital, Lodge of Elks No. 617, Parkview Home, the Masonic Temple, Inc., and the Public Library, Freeport; Cheshire Academy, Cheshire, Connecticut.

Member: American Legion Post No. 139; American Chemical Society; Alpha Chi Sigma and Acacia Fraternities, University of Wisconsin. Life member: Stephenson County Historical Society; Illinois State Historical Society; Alumni Association University of Wisconsin; American Forestry Association; National Audubon Society; Institute of American Genealogy; Freeport Lodge of Elks No. 617; Freeport Consistory A.A.S.R.; Masonic Veterans' Association of Illinois; member at large National Council Boy Scouts of America; honorary member Order of Red Arrow.

Past Master Evergreen Lodge No. 170, A. F. & A. M.; Past High Priest Freeport Chapter No. 23, R.A.M.; Royal and Select Master Chapter No. 39; Past Commander Freeport Commandery No. 7 Knights Templar; Past Thrice Potent Master Freeport Lodge of Perfection; 33° Scottish Rite; Tebala Temple A.A.O.N.M.S.;

Holy Trinity Conclave No. 80 Red Cross of Constantine;  
Past Patron Eastern Star; White Shrine of Jerusalem;  
I.O.O.F. Freeport Lodge No. 130.

Trustee of Trust Funds: Winneshiek Players, First  
Methodist Church, King's Daughters' Children's Home,  
Stephenson County Historical Society, Girl Scouts, U. S.  
Grant Council Boy Scouts. Y.M.C.A. Endowment Com-  
mittee.

Methodist. Republican.

Clubs: Germania; Freeport Country; Men's Gar-  
den; Union League, Chicago; National Travel.

Boy Scout Silver Beaver Award.

Recreation: Theatre, travel, reading and farming.

Music: Bass viol.

Hobbies: Family history and pictures, trees, flowers.

Travel: United States, Canada, Alaska, Bermuda,  
Mexico, Venezuela, Colombia, Curacao, Panama, Eng-  
land, Holland, Belgium, France, Germany, Italy, Austria,  
Switzerland, Monaco, West Indies, Guatemala, Hawai-  
ian Islands, Haiti, Jamaica.

Home: 641 West Stephenson Street, Freeport, Illi-  
nois.



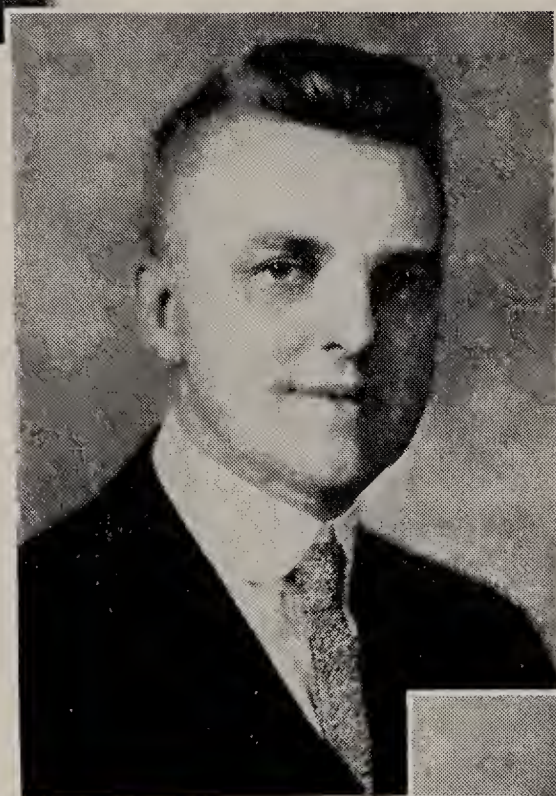


*Robert F.  
Koenig  
Through  
the Years*

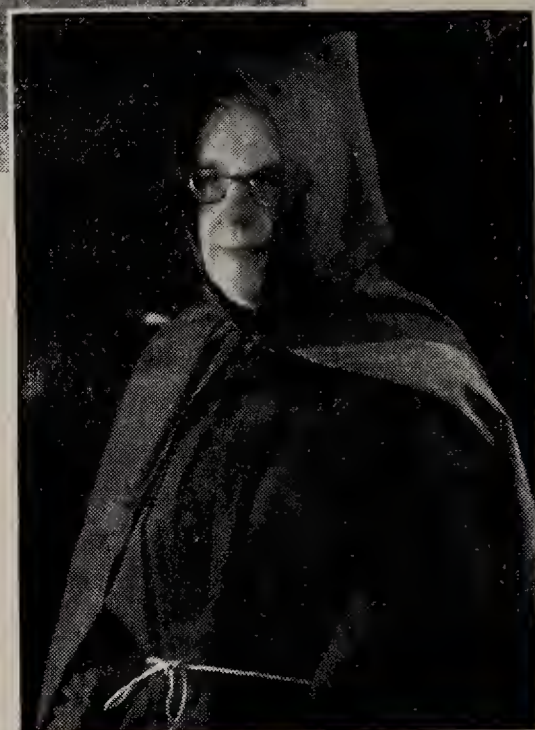


Bob  
and  
Teddy

Three Score  
Years  
One  
To Go



Early  
Business Life



The Way He  
Lived During  
Mrs. Koenig's  
Absence in  
Europe 1937

Freeport  
High  
School



Later  
Business  
Life



Commander Freeport  
Comandery No. 7



Treasurer The W. T. Rawleigh Company







Mrs. Anna May Rawleigh Koenig  
*June 16, 1892*

Anna May Rawleigh Koenig, daughter of William Thomas and Minnie Belle Trevillian Rawleigh, born at Freeport, Illinois, June 16, 1892.

Education: Public schools, Freeport; Freeport High School, 1912; Brown's Business College; Ferry Hall Seminary; Fine Arts Academy, Chicago, Illinois.

Married Robert F. Koenig November 27, 1918. Children: William Robert and Wilbur Allen, September 15, 1920; Anna Belle, October 18, 1923; Thomas Matthew, May 29, 1928.



Member: Order of the Eastern Star; White Shrine of Jerusalem; Freeport Woman's Club; active member Winneshiek Players; advisory board Girl Scouts; Scottish Rite Woman's Club; board of directors Stephenson County Historical Society; woman's board Deaconess Hospital; board of trustees Y.W.C.A.; Illinois State Historical Society.

Hobbies: Drama, civic work, garden flowers.

Recreation: Reading, theatre, travel.

Music: Clarinet.

Methodist. Republican.

Travel: United States, Canada, Alaska, Bermuda, Cuba, Mexico, Venezuela, Colombia, Curacao, Panama, England, Holland, Austria, Germany, Italy, France, Switzerland, Czecho-Slovakia, West Indies, Guatemala, Hawaiian Islands, Haiti, Jamaica.

Home: 641 West Stephenson Street, Freeport, Illinois.

*She was good as she was fair,  
None—none on earth above her!  
As pure in thought as angels are:  
To know her was to love her.*

—Samuel Rogers



*Anna May Koenig  
Through the Years*



The Years Ride  
Easy



In Her Garden  
Wild Haven



Mother's Garden Gate  
Wild Haven  
1949



Mother and the Twins  
1921



Rock Garden  
Wild Haven



# *Early Years*



*Boyhood*



*College*

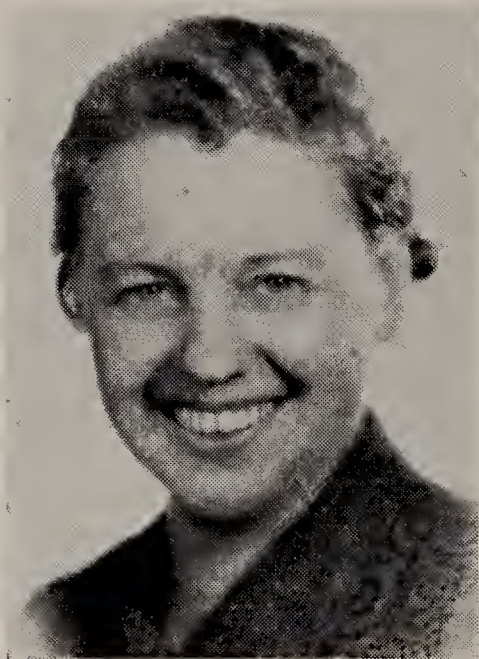
**Robert F. Koenig**



*Early business life*



*High School Days*



*European Traveler*

**Anna May Rawleigh Koenig**



*Middle Life*



*Girlhood*



*High School 1937*

**Anna Belle Koenig Nimmo**



*Mary Wheeler School*



# *Early Years*



*Boy Scout*

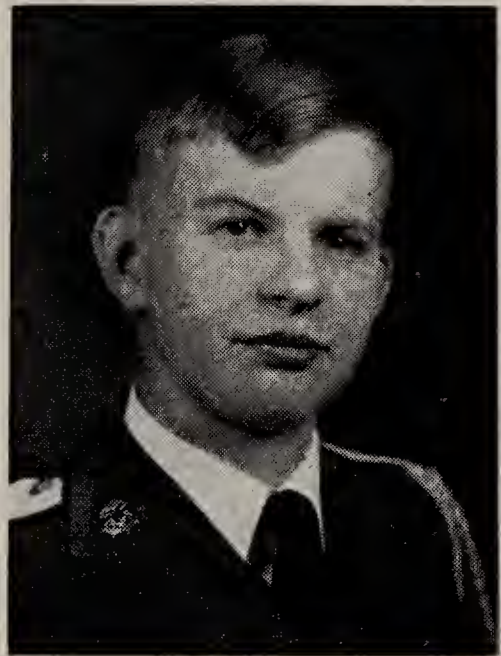


*U. S. Sailor*

William R. Koenig



*Boyhood*

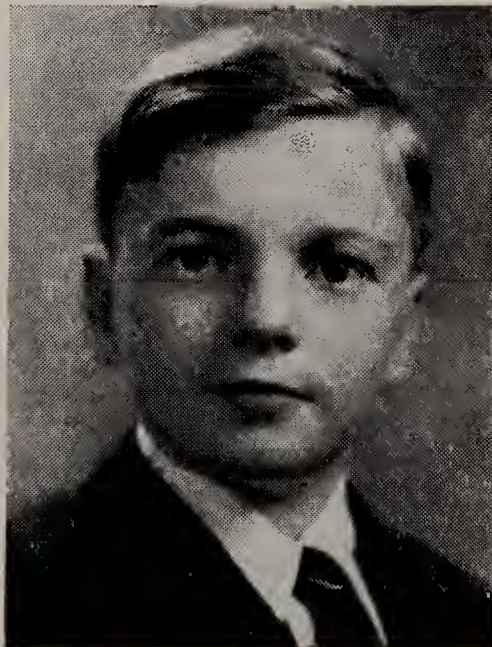


*Northwestern Military  
and Naval Academy*

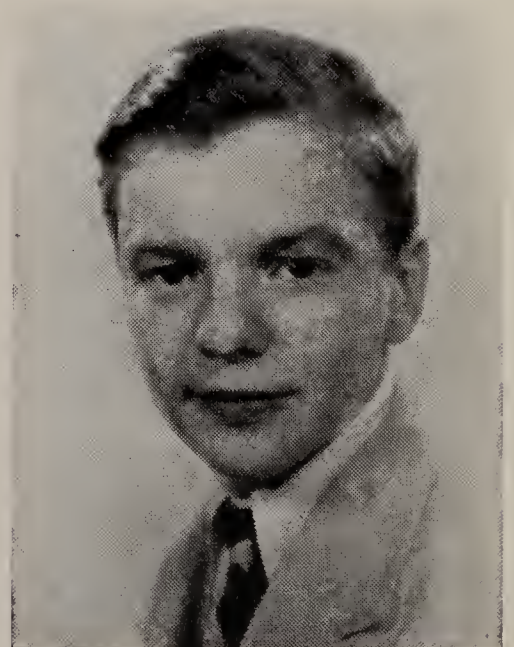
Wilbur A. Koenig



*Childhood*



*Youth*



*Young Manhood*

Thomas M. Koenig





*The Twins  
William R. &  
Wilbur A.  
Koenig*

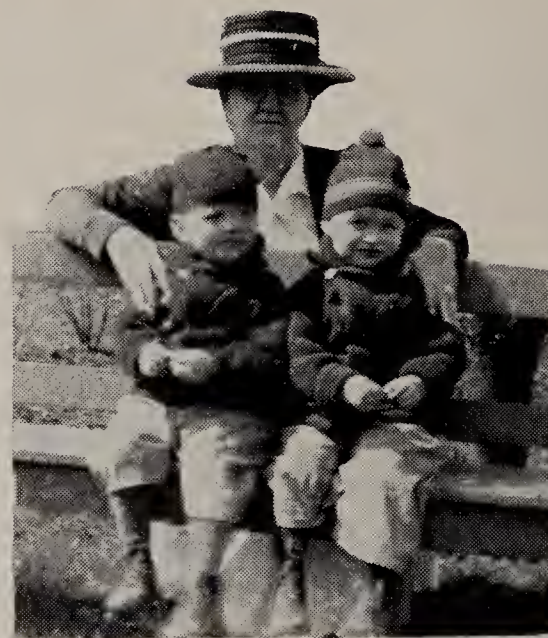
The Twins and  
their proud  
father



The twins and their  
Grandfather Koenig



The twins and their mother



The twins  
and their  
nurse, Mrs. Mills



The twins  
and their  
dad

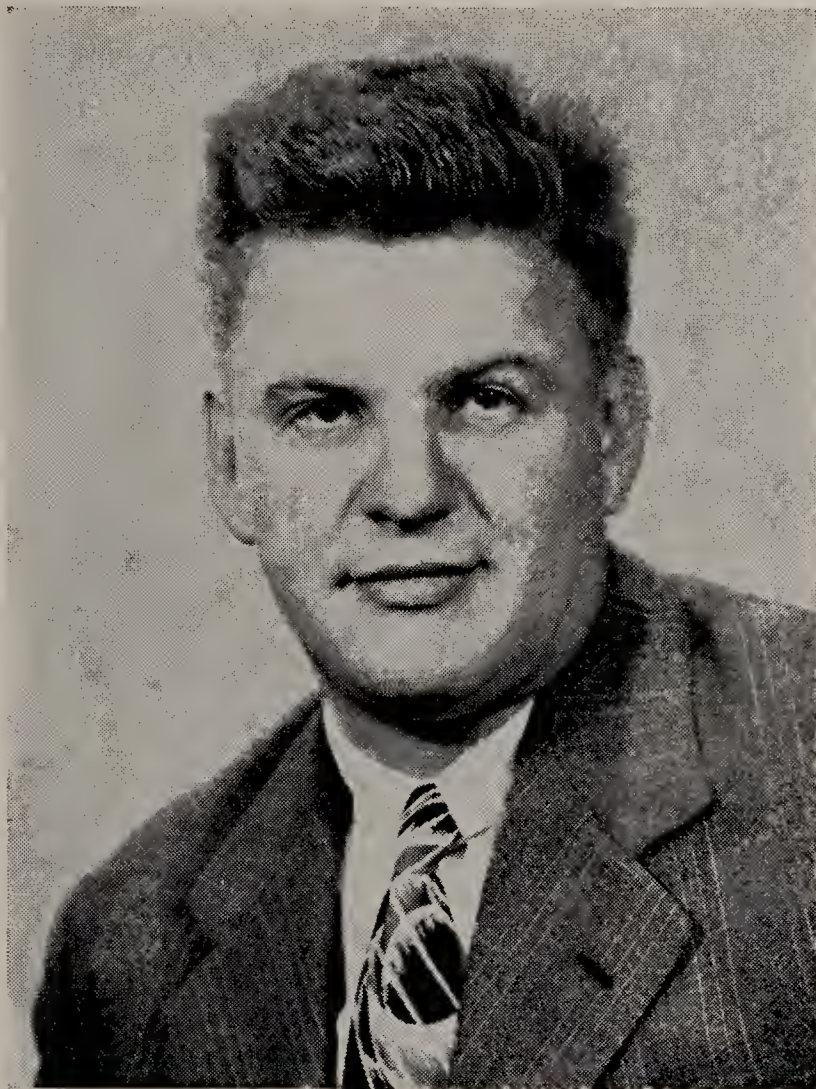


The twins and their  
sister, Anna Belle



The twins and the  
Grandfather Rawley





William Robert Koenig  
*September 15, 1920*

William Robert Koenig, twin son of Robert Franklin and Anna May Rawleigh Koenig, born at Freeport, Illinois, September 15, 1920.

Education: Graduated Freeport High School 1939; Chesire Academy 1940; enrolled Michigan State College 1940, specialized in apiculture. Graduated June 1952 from California State Polytechnic College with B. S. Degree.

Enlisted in Navy October 12, 1942 at Lansing, Michigan; boot training Great Lakes; Navy Cook and Bakers'



School, University of Wisconsin, graduating April 2, 1943 with rank of 3rd Class Petty Officer; served at Camp Tanforan, California, and Naval Supply Depot at Oakland. May 1944 left for Admiralty Islands, where he was stationed at various bases. Promoted in 1944 to 2nd Class Petty Officer; June 15, 1945 promoted to 1st Class Petty Officer. Discharged from Navy March 7, 1946.

April 20, 1946 married Alice Tateosian, of Fresno, California. Children: Penny Ann, born July 26, 1949 at San Luis Obispo, California; Robert George, born November 16, 1951 at Oakland, California.

Retailed Rawleigh products in California until he returned to college. After graduation he took employment with The W. T. Rawleigh Company in the offices at Oakland, California.

Member: American Legion.

Methodist. Republican.

Music: Cello.

Sports: Swimming, skating, hockey, soccer, baseball, hunting, motoring, chess.

Travel: United States, Canada, Alaska, Mexico, Venezuela, Curacao, Colombia, Panama, Southwest Pacific, New Guinea and Manus Island in Admiralty Islands.

Home: 3889 Lyman Road, Oakland, California.



Alice Tateosian Koenig  
*August 29, 1920*

Alice Tateosian Koenig, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Tateosian, born at Fresno, California, August 29, 1920. One of four children, 3 girls and a boy. Her parents were both born in Turkey and are of Armenian descent.

Education: Madison Grammar School and Central High School, Fresno, majoring in Home Economics.

Left Fresno after the start of World War II to work at the Naval Supply Depot in Oakland, California. Started there as a clerk and after two and a half years was



supervisor of the Receiving Section. Resigned in 1946.

April 20, 1946 married William Robert Koenig. Children: Penny Ann, born July 26, 1949; Robert George, born November 16, 1951.

While in Fresno attended St. Paul's Armenian Apostolic Church.

Home: 3889 Lyman Road, Oakland, California.



*Penny Ann  
Koenig*

July 26, 1949

There are smiles  
that make us happy



I like  
that!



Oh, those beautiful eyes!

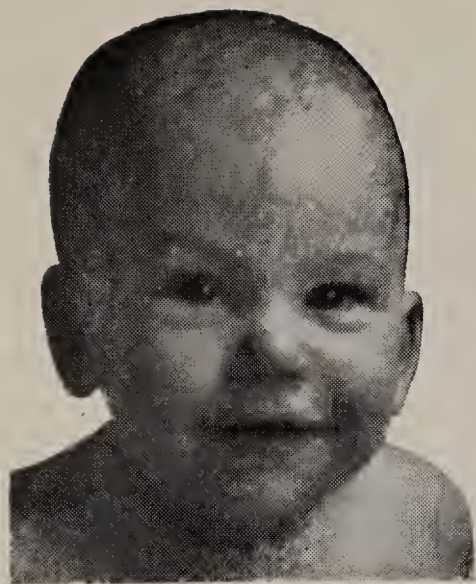


I don't  
know  
where  
it went,  
Mother



Happy birthday, July 26, 1951





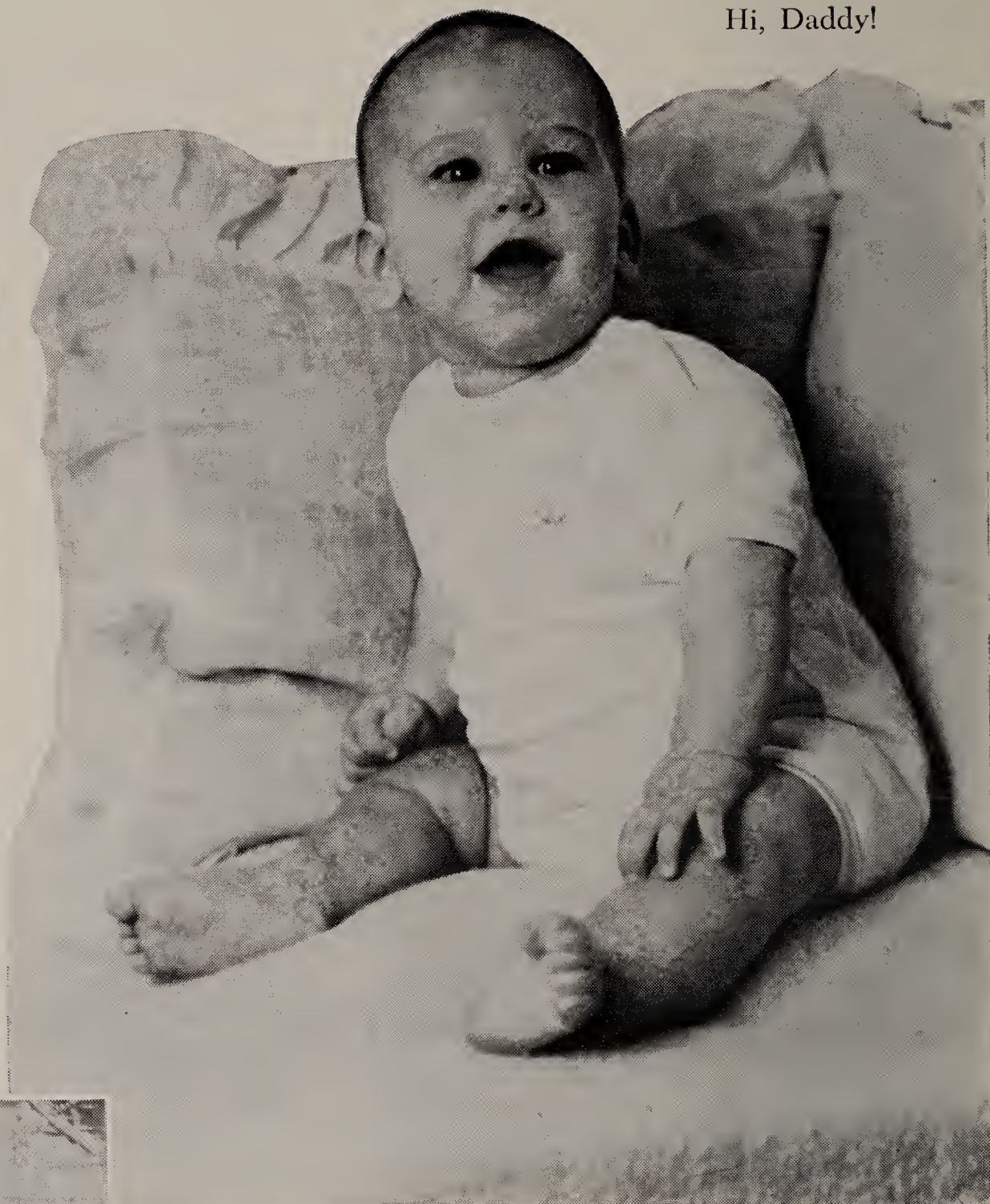
This is fun!

---

*Robert  
George  
Koenig*

November 16, 1951

---



Hi, Daddy!



Now in MY opinion . .



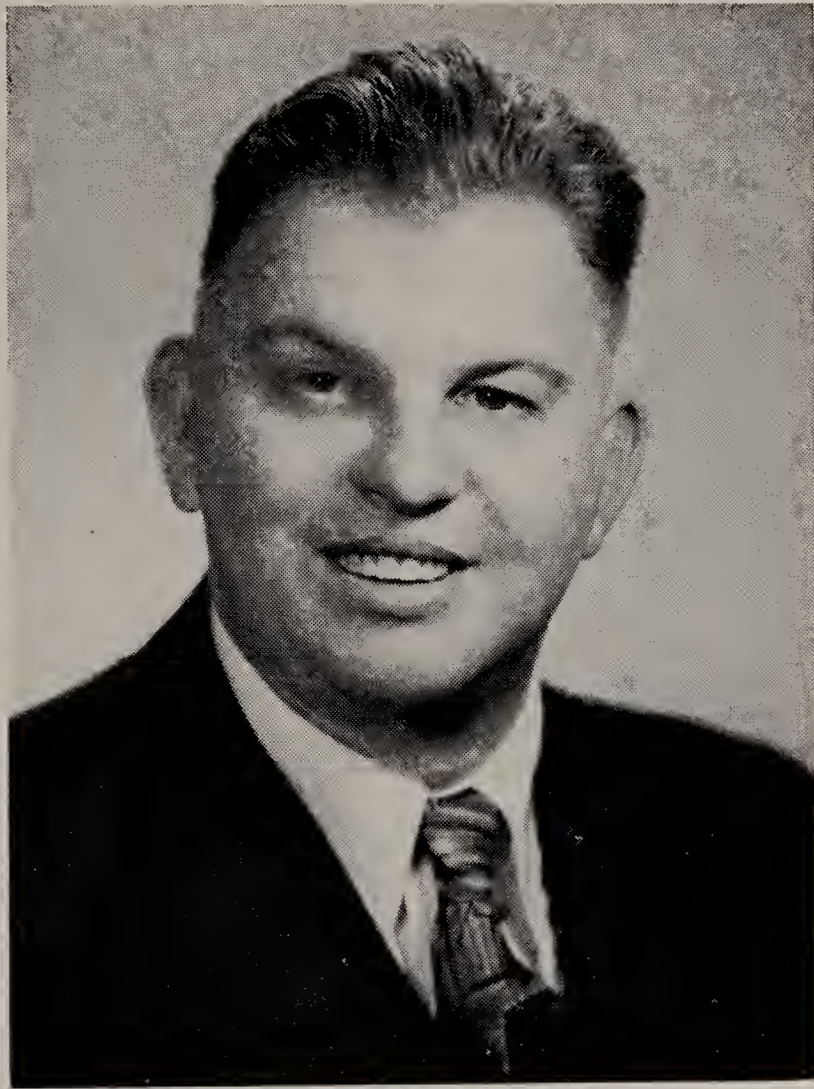
What can that be?

Upper right, 6 months

Upper left, 5 months

Bottom pictures, 3 weeks





Wilbur Allen Koenig  
*September 15, 1920*

Wilbur Allen Koenig, twin son of Robert Franklin and Anna May Rawleigh Koenig, born at Freeport, Illinois, September 15, 1920.

Education: Freeport public schools; Northwestern Military and Naval Academy; Fresnal Ranch School 1937/1939; California Preparatory School 1940/1941.

Apprentice bookbinder The W. T. Rawleigh Company for eight months, then transferred to tablet manufacturing department, where he served until enlistment in the Army October 15, 1942.



Basic training Camp Grant Medical Corps; transferred to Fort Lawton, Washington, January 1943, then transferred with the 4th Infantry Medical Corps to Kodiak Island, Alaska and Fort Richardson. Honorably discharged at Fort Sheridan, Illinois, November 16, 1944.

Re-entered employ of The W. T. Rawleigh Company manufacturing department January 1945.

Member: American Legion; State Archaeological Society; Freeport Lodge of Elks No. 617; Life Member Stephenson County Historical Society.

Music: Violin.

Methodist. Republican.

Hobbies: Indian archaeology and geology; painting.

Sports: Swimming, skating, horseback riding, skiing, motoring.

Travel: United States, Canada, Alaska, Aleutians, Mexico, Venezuela, Colombia, Curacao, Panama, England, Holland, Belgium, France, Sweden, Denmark, Germany.

Home: 641 West Stephenson Street, Freeport, Illinois.



Bill,  
the  
Apiarist



Wilbur, the Geologist



Wilbur  
International Jamboree  
Boy Scouts, Holland, 1937

## *The Twins Through the Years*

Wilbur,  
Fresnal Ranch  
School  
Arizona, 1939



Bill,  
Cheshire  
Academy,  
Conn.  
1939

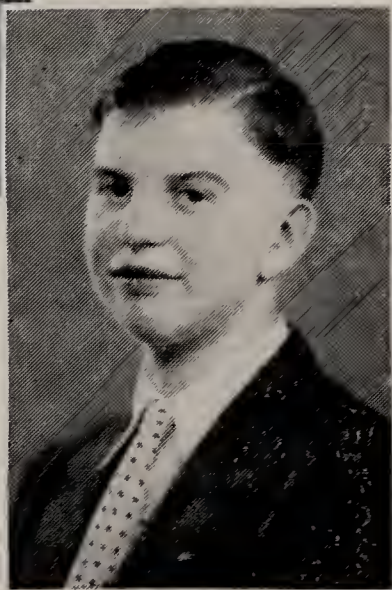


Bill,  
Off for  
College, 1940



Wilbur, off for  
California  
Prep School, 1940

Bill,  
Michigan State  
College Symphony  
Orchestra, 1941



Wilbur  
Young  
Manhood

Wilbur, Youth







Anna Belle Koenig Nimmo  
*October 18, 1923*

Anna Belle Koenig Nimmo, daughter of Robert F. and Anna May Rawleigh Koenig, born at Freeport, Illinois, October 18, 1923.

Education: Graduated Mary Wheeler School, Providence, Rhode Island, 1941; A. B., William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Virginia, 1945. Major: Drama. Minor: Spanish. B.B.S., Webber College, Babson Park, Florida, 1946. Studied at National University of Mexico, Mexico City, 1944.

Married Joseph Walter Nimmo, Ebensburg, Penn-

sylvania, December 29, 1949. Son, Taun Franklin, born April 13, 1951.

Theatre: Monologist, clarinetist, pianist. Mount Carroll Players of Illinois, 1942; Reginald Goode Players of New York, 1946; "The Common Glory," of Virginia, 1947; Litchfield Summer Theatre of Connecticut, 1948; Forest Springs Play House, Johnstown, Pennsylvania, 1949; Ebensburg, Pennsylvania, Center Stage Playhouse, 1950. Directed and acted in Winneshiek Little Theatre, Freeport, Illinois.

Studied in New York City: Irvine Drama School; Claudia Frank; The Theatre Wing. Monologist in 1949 Review "Words and Music" at Town Hall, New York.

Member: Actors' Equity Association; Theta Alpha Phi; Life Member Stephenson County Historical Society.

Hobbies: Writing, unique jewelry collection.

Recreation: Travel, archery, horseback riding.

Methodist. Republican.

Travel: United States, Canada, Alaska, Mexico, Venezuela, Colombia, Panama, Curacao, England, Holland, France, Germany, Italy, Austria, Switzerland, Czecho-Slovakia, Cuba, Guatemala.

Home: 1591 East Orchard Street, Littleton, Colorado.



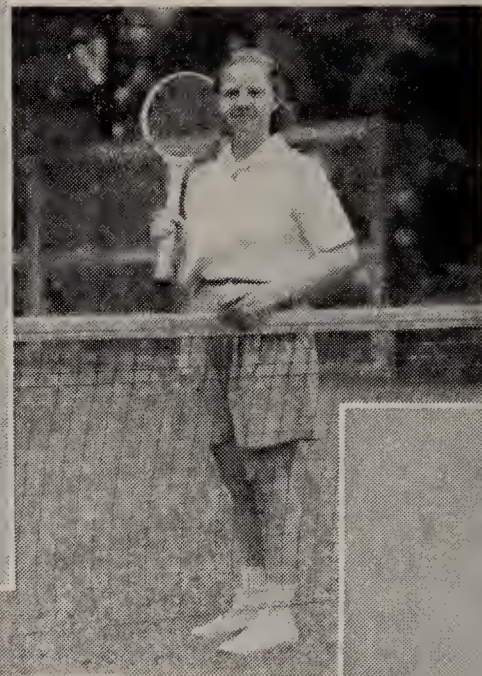
# *Anna Belle Koenig Nimmo Through the Years*



Childhood



First  
Methodist Church  
Choir



Tennis  
Court,  
Wild  
Haven

Freeport High School Band



Mary Wheeler  
Boarding School



Opera Singer



Monologist



1948  
Actress



Graduation  
William  
and  
Mary  
College,  
1945





Joseph Walter Nimmo  
*November 26, 1917*

Joseph Walter Nimmo, son of Mr. and Mrs. Taun A. Means, born Nanty Glo, Pennsylvania, on November 26, 1917.

Education: Nanty Glo Public High School; Pittsburgh Academy, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; Theatre School of Dramatic Arts, New York City; Tokyo Army College, Tokyo, Japan.

Married Anna Belle Koenig December 29, 1949 in Freeport, Illinois. Son, Taun Franklin, born April 13, 1951.



Occupation: After marriage lived in Ebensburg, Pennsylvania, and retailed Rawleigh Products in Pennsylvania towns. August 1952 moved to Colorado, where he continued Rawleigh retailing.

Republican. Methodist.

Recreation: Theatre, fishing, swimming.

Hobbies: Harmonica, forestry, music.

Travel: United States, Korea, Japan, Philippine Islands.

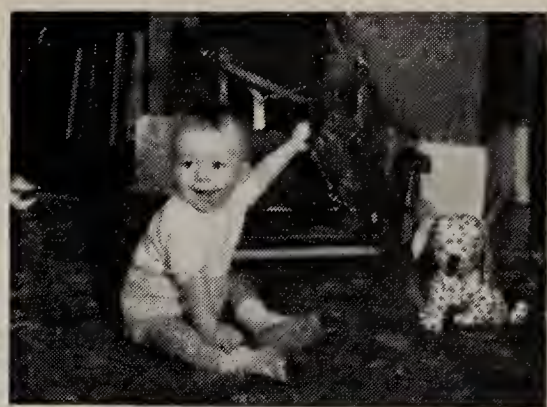
Member: American Legion.

Home: 1591 East Orchard Street, Littleton, Colorado.





Together boys,  
sing!



Christmas 1951



Grandpa wants me  
to cheer for  
Wisconsin



Hi-O-Silver!



3 month pompadour



First birthday garb



Methodist christening



Anyone for poker?



Early musical ability

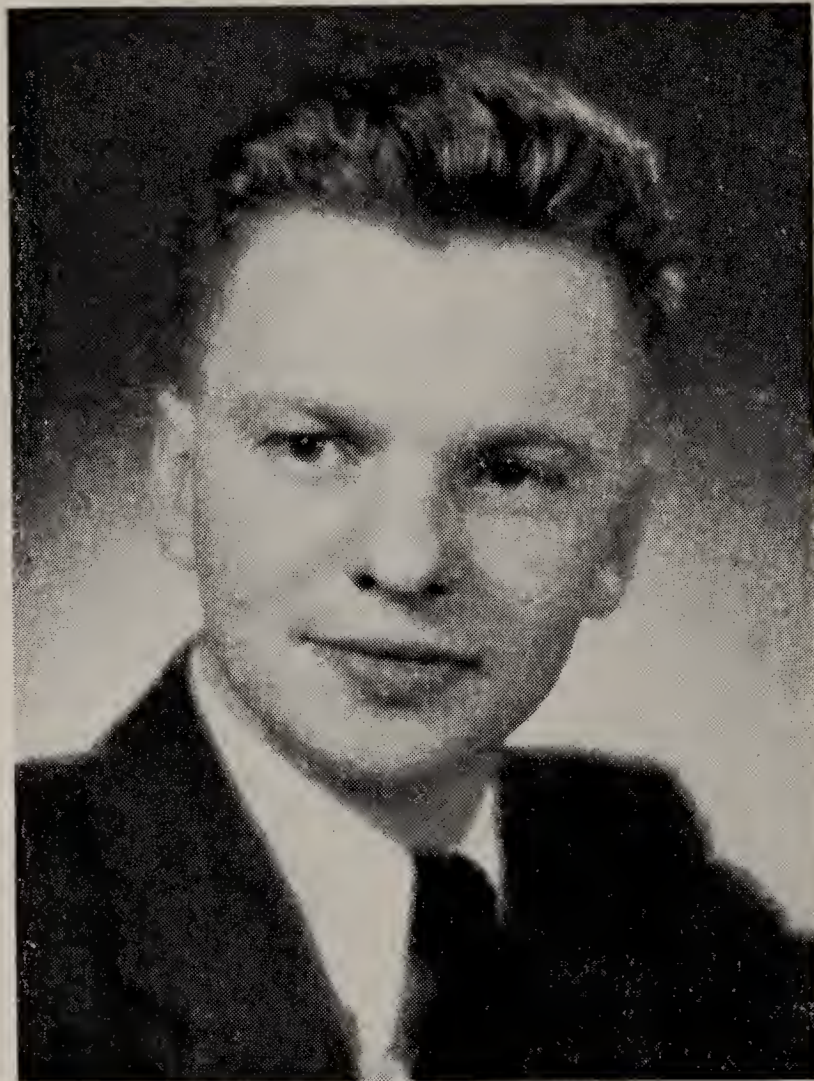
---

*Taun Franklin Nimmo*

April 13, 1951

---





Thomas Matthew Koenig  
May 29, 1928

Thomas M. Koenig, youngest son of Robert Franklin and Anna May Rawleigh Koenig, born May 29, 1928 in San Diego, California.

Education: Public schools, Freeport; entered First Form Cranbrook School, Bloomfield Hills, 1939; continued through Fifth Form. Cranbrook band, orchestra, camera club, rifle club and wood wind quintette. Summer school Cheshire Academy, Cheshire, Connecticut, 1944. Matriculated Cheshire for senior year and graduated May 29, 1945. Joined R. O. T. C., second lieutenant. Editor Year Book; reporter Acad-

emy Review; chapel pulpit assistant; secretary-treasurer senior class. Varsity letter C; honorable mention military science; outstanding work in non-athletic activities; special award dramatics and journalism. University of Wisconsin summer session 1945. Enrolled Union College, Schenectady, New York, September 1949. Summer session University of Colorado 1950. Summer session University of New Hampshire 1951. Hostel trip through New England 1951. Earned U at Union College in soccer football junior year.

Enlisted in Navy January 9, 1946; boot training Great Lakes; graduated April 5, 1946. Studied electronics at Great Lakes, rating 3rd class electronics technician. Navy schooling continued Treasure Island, San Francisco, rating 2nd class ETM. Went to sea on the S/S Henderson D.D. 785. Served in Japanese and Chinese waters; returned Great Lakes Naval Training Station; taught and lectured on electronics and radar. Discharged from Navy April 4, 1949.

Member: Cub Scouts; Boy Scouts; International Brotherhood of Magicians; Chi Psi Fraternity; Amvets. Life Member Stephenson County Historical Society. York Rite Mason.

Episcopalian. Republican.

Music: Flute and piccolo.

Sports: Skating, swimming, canoeing, skiing, soccer, golf, tennis, motoring.



Hobby: Magic.

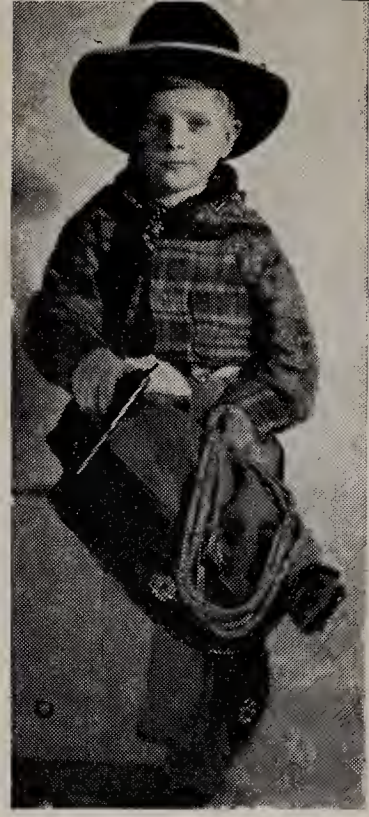
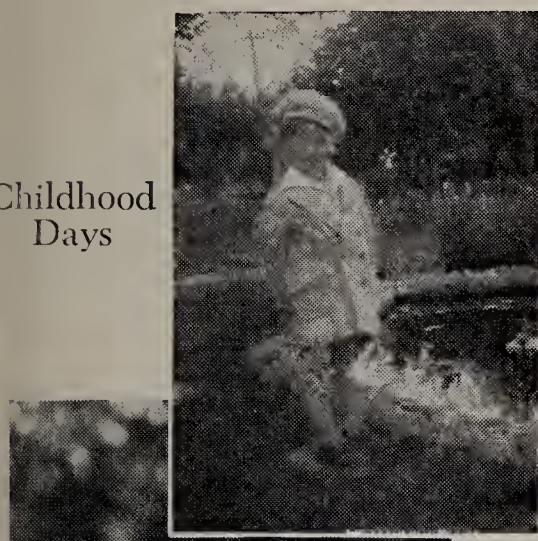
Travel: United States, Canada, Alaska, Venezuela, Colombia, Curacao, Panama, Japan, China, Hawaiian Islands, Germany, France, Switzerland, Austria.

Home: 641 West Stephenson Street, Freeport, Illinois.



# Thomas M. Koenig Through the Years

Childhood  
Days



Youth



Days of  
Real Sport

1455354



Navy  
Service



Young  
Business  
Man,  
1936



Choir Boy  
Christ  
Church  
Cranbrook

Changing  
Boyhood Years



University  
of Wisconsin



King Matthew  
the Magician



Cub Scout

Tom and  
Dandy





# The Years Pass Quickly R. F. Koenig Family



Winter, Elmside Home, 1924



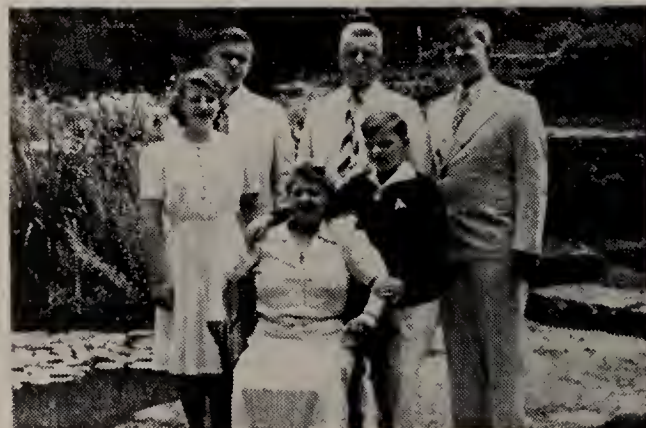
Maturing Fast



The Twins, 1921



Summer, 1924

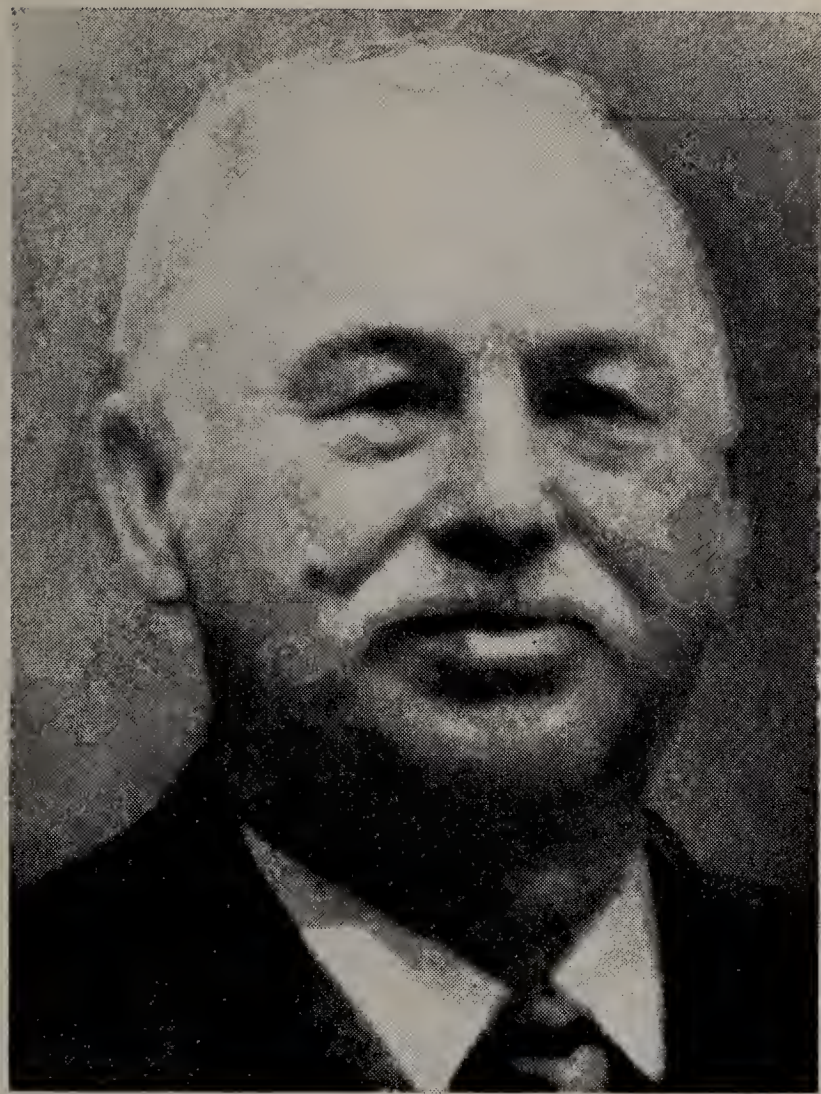


Growing Family  
Rock Garden, Wild Haven

Anna Belle and The Twins  
The Fruit of the Mandrake



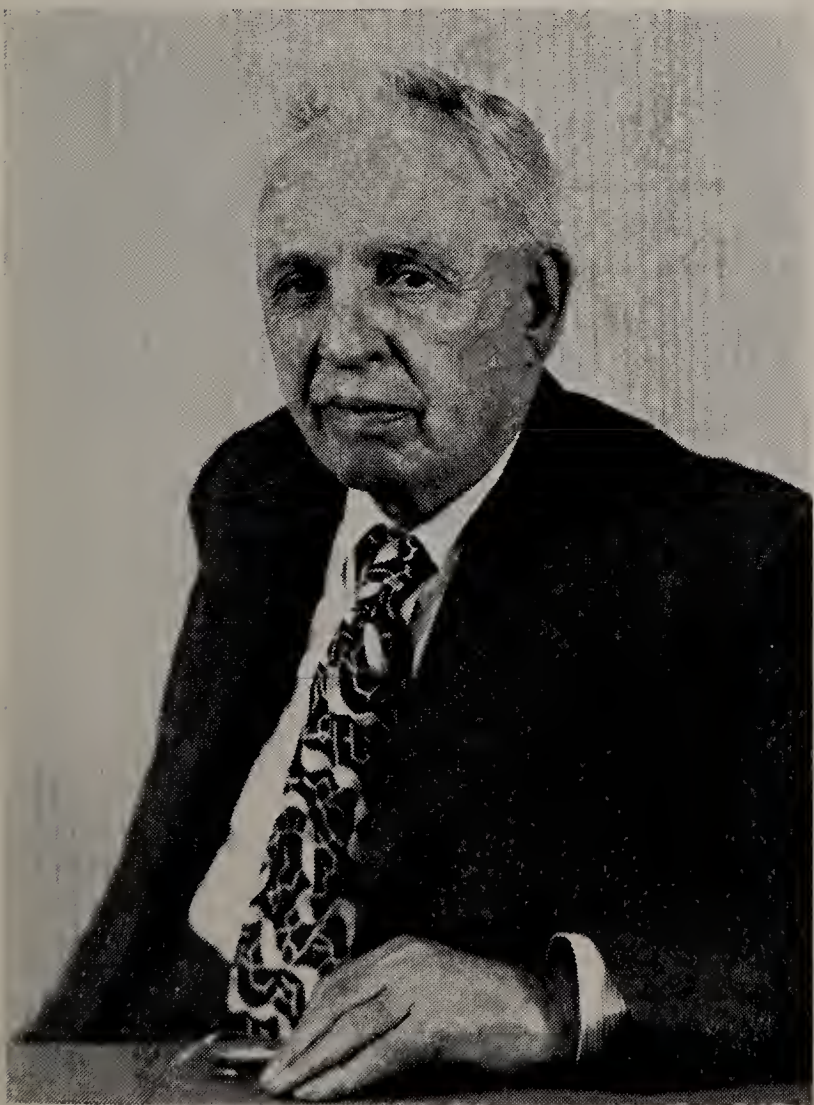
*Parents Robert F. and Anna May Rawleigh Koenig*



William Koenig  
May 12, 1853  
September 19, 1922  
Father of Robert F. Koenig



Mrs. Carrie Metz Koenig  
May 22, 1855  
November 9, 1922  
Mother of Robert F. Koenig



William Thomas Rawleigh  
December 3, 1870  
January 23, 1951  
Father of Mrs. Anna May Rawleigh Koenig



Mrs. Minnie B. Trevillian Rawleigh  
July 7, 1873  
November 18, 1947  
Mother of Mrs. Anna May Rawleigh Koenig





*Boyhood Home of  
Robert F. Koenig*

Elmside  
333 Stephenson St.  
Freeport, Illinois (Acquired 1887)



Remodeled Home  
(Same as above)  
641 W. Stephenson S



Interior  
Stephenson St. Home  
(Elmside)



*Girlhood Homes*  
*Anna May Rawleigh Koenig*



Douglas Street, Freeport, Illinois



836 West Stephenson Street, Freeport Illinois  
Now the Rawleigh Memorial Nurses' Home



# *The Robert F. Koenig Homes*



First Home  
1330 S. Carroll Ave.  
Freeport, Illinois



4640 W. Talmadge Drive, San Diego, California



First Twin Oaks Lodge  
Wild Haven Farms  
Florence Township, Ill.



# *The Robert F. Koenig Homes*



WINTER HOME

Elmside, 641 West Stephenson Street, Freeport, Illinois (Acquired 1923)



SUMMER HOME

Second Twin Oaks Lodge (Remodeled 1931) Wild Haven Farms, Florence Township, Ill.





Living Rooms, Elmside



## ELMSIDE INTERIORS



Right of entrance from main hall. Old Venetian consoles flank each side of entrance door, and narrow cupboards hold collections of Venetian glass. The chairs are Florentine.



Drawing room, which is separated from sitting room by hand carved wood and mirror screen.





(Above) Lounging end of sitting room. (Below) Library end of sitting room, with entrance to master bedroom.





# ELMSIDE INTERIORS

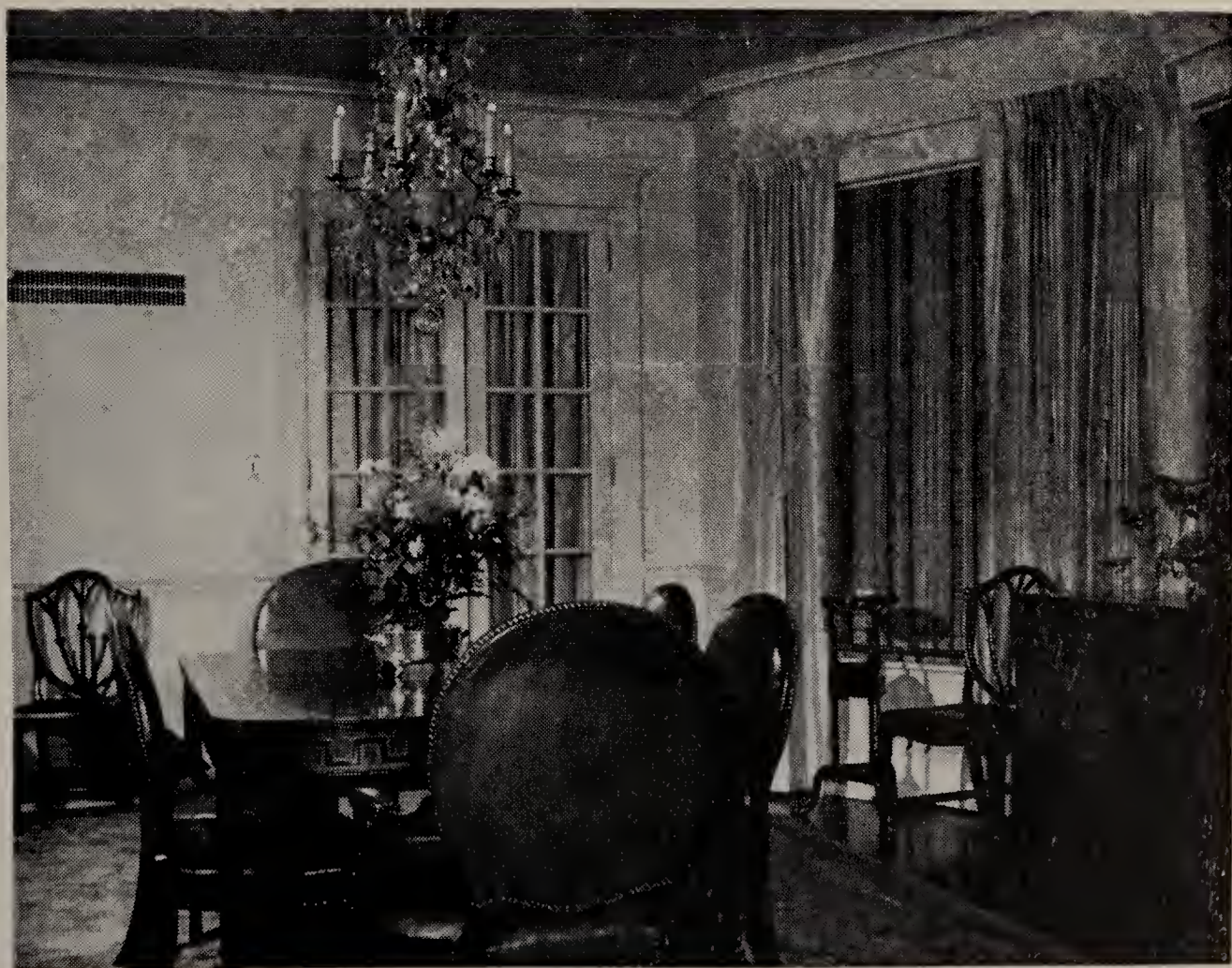
(Continued from page 44)



Reception Hall



Music Room



Dining Room





Living Room, Twin Oaks Lodge





Dining  
Room  
Twin Oaks  
Lodge

Below:  
Stairway  
Twin Oaks  
Lodge

The color  
photograph  
of the  
living room  
at Twin Oaks  
Lodge (page 46)  
was taken from  
the stair  
landing shown  
at the right







Above is northeast corner and below northwest corner of living room, Twin Oaks Lodge





# Wild Haven Gardens

Twin Oaks Lodge  
West Porch



Fireplace  
and Council Ring



Mother's Garden  
and  
Tennis Court



South Garden  
and  
Dutch Mill







The  
Wishing  
Well



Cherubs  
Table



The  
Nymphs

Trysting Bench




---

*Garden Glimpses*  
*Wild Haven*

---



# *Wild Haven Views*



Airplane View Wild Haven Farm Buildings and Twin Oaks Lodge



Wild Haven Pool and Rock Garden



*Summer Scenes,  
Wild Haven*

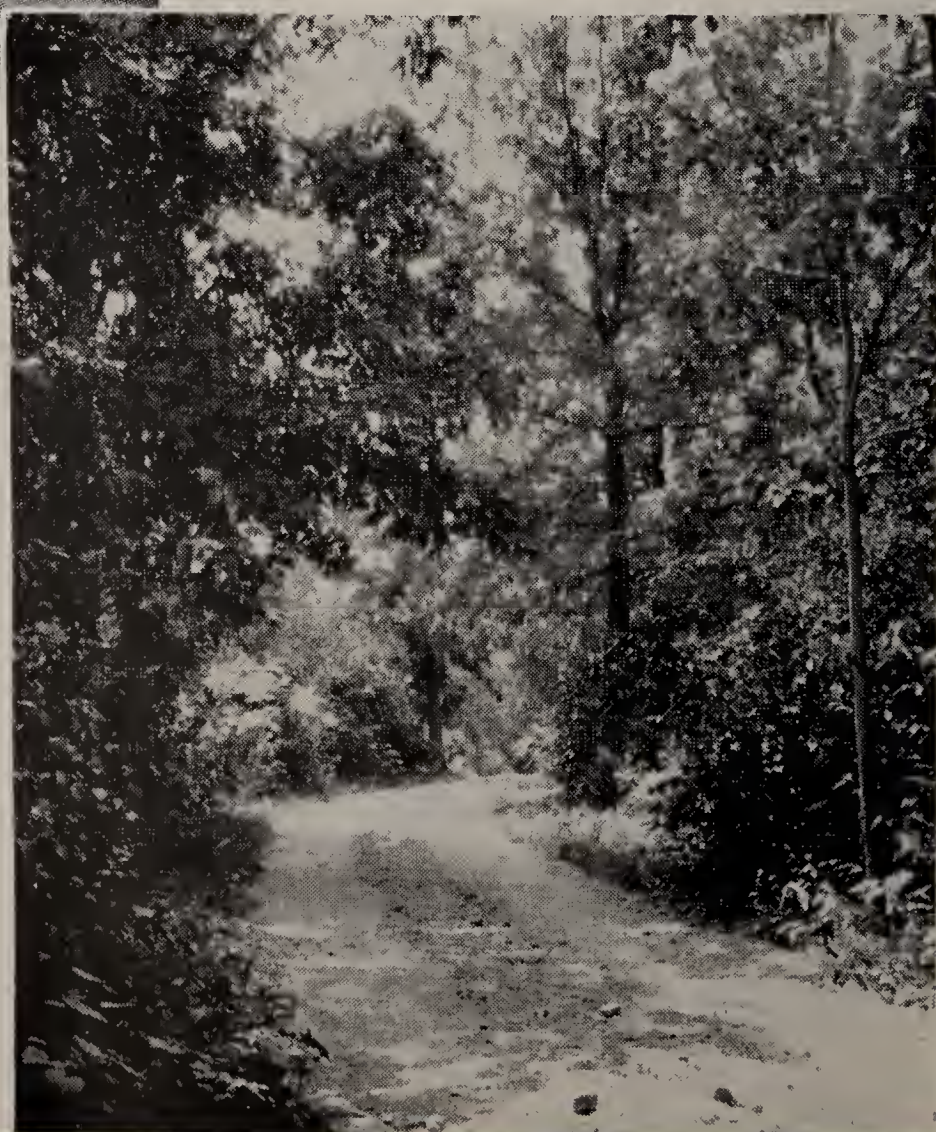


Yellow Creek Shores



The Swinging Bridge

Road Approaching Twin Oaks Lodge





*Winter Scenes  
Wild Haven*



Yellow Creek on the Bend



Yellow Creek Shore



Yellow Creek Bridge



*Dutch Mill - - Twin Caves*



Dutch Mill, Wild Haven, Florence Township, Illinois



Twin Caves in Krape Park, Freeport, Ill., Enroute to Wild Haven





## FIRST METHODIST CHURCH

Stephenson Street and Cherry Avenue

Freeport, Illinois

The mother of all local Methodism — A tower of strength  
in the community

The Koenig Family have attended the First Methodist Church  
for more than 50 years



# TO THE GLORY OF GOD

AND THE MEMORY OF THE PASTORS WHO SERVED THE FIRST  
METHODIST CHURCH OF FREEPORT, ILLINOIS, DURING ITS  
FIRST HUNDRED YEARS 1840-1940

**MISSIONARY PERIOD**  
1837-1838 JAMES MCLEAN  
1839-1840 SAMUEL PILSBURY  
E. P. WOOD

**ORGANIZED PERIOD**  
1840-1841 SAMUEL PILSBURY  
1841-1842 ROLLIN BROWN  
1842-1843 E. A. BLANCHARD  
A. W. EARLY

1843-1844 JAMES MCLEAN  
1844-1845 N. BRUNSON  
1845-1846 C. C. WORTHINGTON  
1846-1847 W. R. COOLEY  
1847-1848 E. D. WHIPPLE

1848-1849 A. BISHOP  
1849-1850 ROBERT BEATTY  
1850-1851 E. DORCHESTER  
1851-1852 N. C. ROWLEY  
1852-1853 N. WILLIAMS

**PARSONAGE BUILT**  
1840-1850 JOHN SHARP  
C. W. BARTCHELOR

**FREEPORT BECOMES  
A STATION**

1850-1852 JOHN DEVORE  
1852-1853 CHARLES C. BEST  
1853-1854 H. WHIPPLE  
1854-1855 C. W. WOODWARD

**ORIGINAL SANCTUARY  
COMPLETED**

1855-1856 NILES LEECH  
1856-1857 DAVID H. YEEGLER  
1857-1858 THOMAS NORTH  
1858-1859 J. C. STOUTCHTON  
1859-1860 DAVID TEED  
1860-1861 WILLIAM STEWART  
1861-1862 T. L. OLINSTEAD

**CHURCH STRUCTURE  
REBUILT**

1854-1867 W. C. WILLING  
1867-1870 F. F. CLEVELAND  
**SECOND PARSONAGE  
BOUGHT**

1870-1873 W. M. AUGUST SMITH  
1873-1876 F. F. CLEVELAND  
1876-1879 S. A. W. JEWETT  
1879-1880 C. E. MANDEVILLE  
1880-1883 LEWIS MEREDITH

**DEDICATED MAY 25, 1941**

**CHURCH GROWTH  
CONTINUES**

1883-1884 DELOS M. TOMPKINS  
1884-1887 O. F. MATTISON  
1887-1890 DELOS M. TOMPKINS  
1890-1893 C. A. BUNKER  
1893-1896 N. O. FREEMAN  
1896-1899 J. W. RICHARDS  
1899-1903 N. H. AXTELL

**PRESENT PARSONAGE  
AND CHURCH BUILT**

1903-1905 JAMES E. SHIELDS  
1905-1909 CHAS. W. McCASKILL  
1909-1911 ERNEST C. LUMSDEN  
1911-1913 JAMES F. JENNINGS  
1913-1917 WILLIAM C. MILLIGAN  
1917-1919 SAMUEL H. WIRSHING  
1919-1923 CHARLES A. BRIGGS  
1923-1927 MARK O. O'BENSHAIN  
1927-1930 ERNEST WRAY O'NEAL  
1930-1934 ROY CROCKER  
1934-1937 SEYMOUR W. DUNLAVY  
1937-

The bronze plaque in the narthex of the First Methodist Church, Freeport, Illinois, gives the names of the ministers who served the William Koenig and the Robert F. Koenig families from 1893 to 1944. From 1944 to 1949, the Reverend John H. Nightingale, Th. D. served as pastor, and at the June 1949 Conference the Reverend V. Edward Birch was appointed pastor of this church.



### FIRST METHODIST CHURCH, FREEPORT, ILL.

The First Methodist Church is probably the oldest church in northern Illinois. In 1834 the Reverend L. A. Sugg was appointed to organize the Buffalo Grove mission. He was succeeded in 1835 by the Reverend James McKean, who preached the first Methodist sermon in the locality now known as Stephenson County. In 1836 the old Indian settlement under the protection of the noted Chief Winneshiek became the town of Freeport. Stephenson County came into being in 1837, at which time also the First Methodist congregation was organized in Mr. Guiteau's store, its then permanent meeting place.

The First Methodist congregation met in the courthouse from the time it was built in 1837 until 1842, when the present site of the First Methodist Church was purchased at a sum of \$50.00 and a "frail building of frame and stone was erected" at a cost of \$2000.00. The building illustrated is the third to be erected on the same site. It was built in 1904. Eminent preachers have occupied its pulpit. The Reverend F. D. Buckley was the first resident minister in Freeport (1837-1840).

A bronze plaque in the narthex shows the program for the first hundred years and lists all the preachers who have served the church during that period.

The First Methodist Church, Freeport, is considered the most beautiful church in northern Illinois, because of its picturesque windows, two of which are illustrated on pages 198 and 199. It is often called "the church with the lighted window."





"The Last Gate"  
Oakland Cemetery  
Freeport, Illinois

## Monuments Memorials

Rawleigh Family Monument  
Oakland Cemetery  
Freeport, Illinois



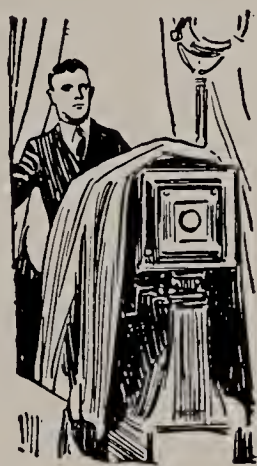
Koenig Family Monument  
Oakland Cemetery, Freeport, Ill.





## Chapter II.

### Intimate Glimpses





from the Koenigs  
1930



A  
Joyous  
Christmas  
from  
the  
Koenigs  
1938



1930



LOWERING THE COLORS  
SUNSET WILD HAVEN '36

1942



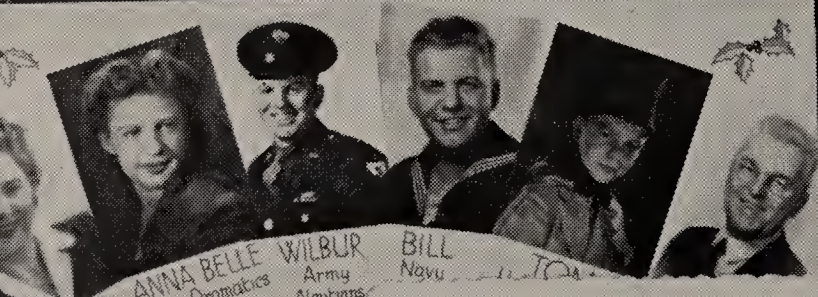
Merry Christmas

Backward  
Turn back  
O Time in  
Give us  
Young  
elust f

Anna Belle's Play House  
and Studio. Erected 1932



mas Greetings from the



ANNA BELLE WILBUR  
Army Navy  
Major Dramatics  
Aleutians  
Mary Alaska



Christmas Greetings from the Koenigs - 1937

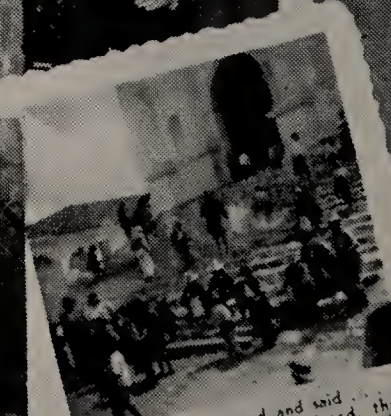
Grow old along with me  
The best is yet to be.  
The last of life,  
For which the first was made

Christmas  
Greetings  
THROUGH THE YEARS



The Koenigs WISH YOU  
HOLIDAY JOYS  
1944

ANNA MAY  
ANNA BELLE  
WILBUR  
BILL  
TOM



AND JESUS answered and said  
Thou shalt worship the Lord, thy  
God  
The above picture which was taken  
out trip last fall shows natives of  
Chicoastanango who are worshipping  
burning incense and praying on the  
steps of the Church of Santa Teresa  
Guatemala.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Koenig  
Wilbur Allen  
William Robert  
Anna Belle





*Robert F.  
and  
Anna May  
Koenig*

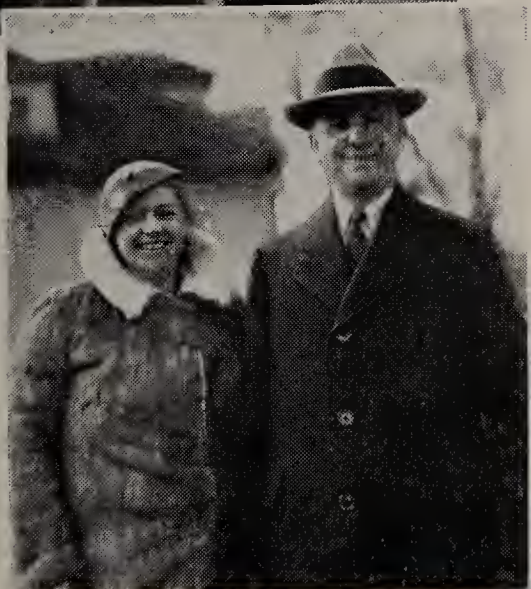
Stephenson Street Home (Elmside)



S/S  
"Cavalier"  
1947



Caribbean, Alcoa's "Cavalier," 1947



Early Days of Marriage



Courtship Days

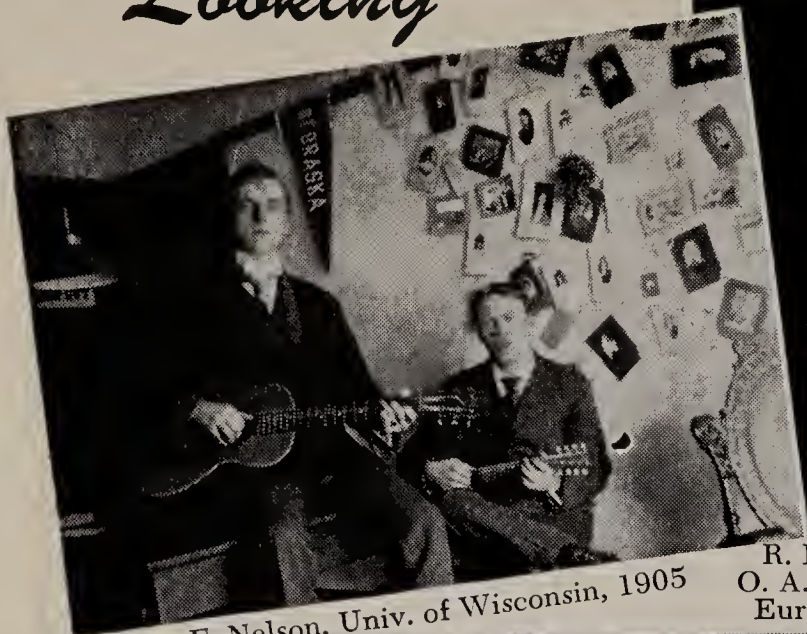
Looking to the Future  
Before Marriage



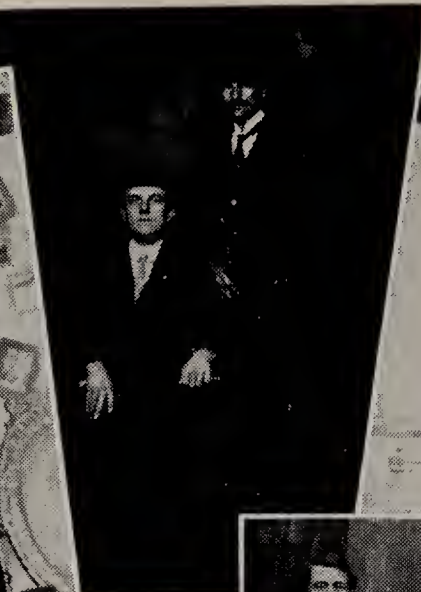


# Looking

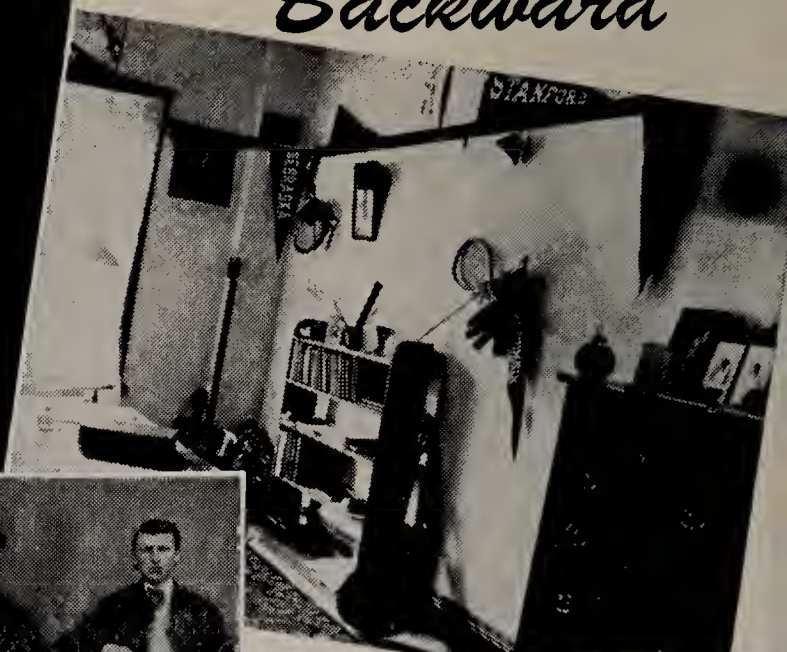
# Backward



R. Koenig, F. Nelson, Univ. of Wisconsin, 1905

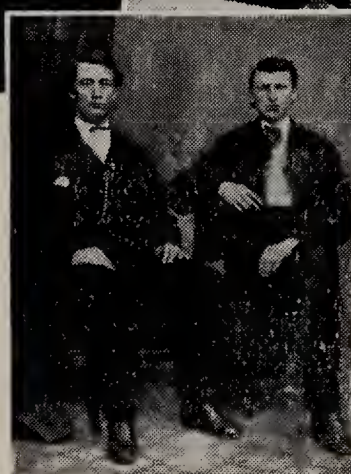


R. F. Koenig  
O. A. Postlewait  
Europe, 1913



R. F. K.  
College  
Room  
Wisconsin

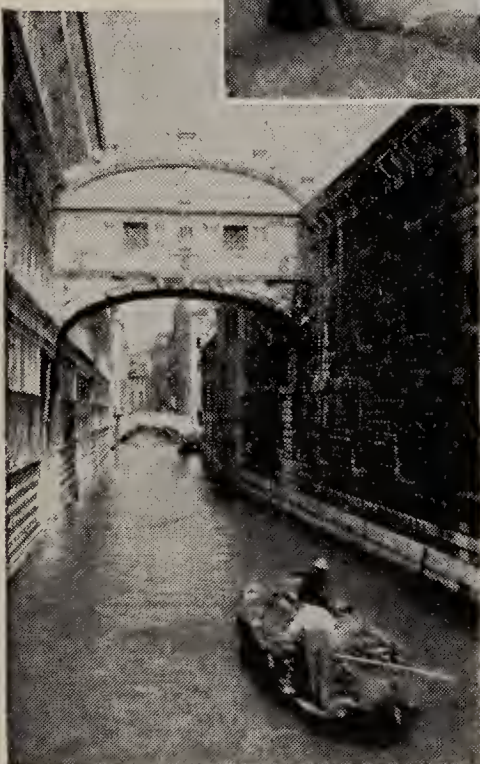
Mr. and Mrs.  
R. F. Koenig  
SS "Santa Paula"



Wm. Koenig and friend



Uncle John  
Vaupel,  
Regina  
and Spot



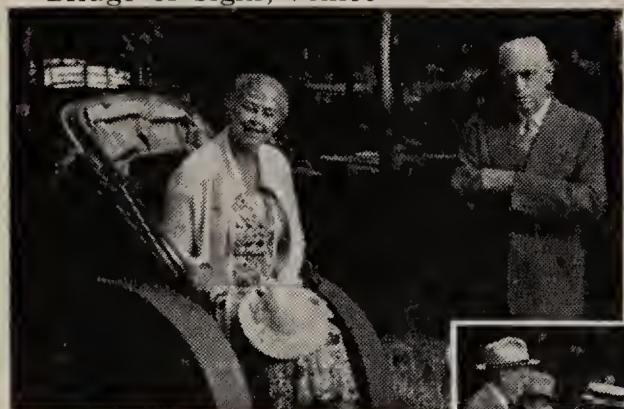
Bridge of Sighs, Venice



Freeport  
Depot  
Scene of  
Partings  
War  
Weddings  
College  
Deaths and Journeys



Concord  
Bridge,  
Conn.



S. E. Raines  
Katharine Porter  
F.H.S. Reunion  
"Class 1903"-1938



Anna Belle  
Koenig  
and  
Grandmother  
Rawleigh



W. T. Rawleigh

Log Cabin, Wild Haven



Gentlmen Farmers, Wild Haven



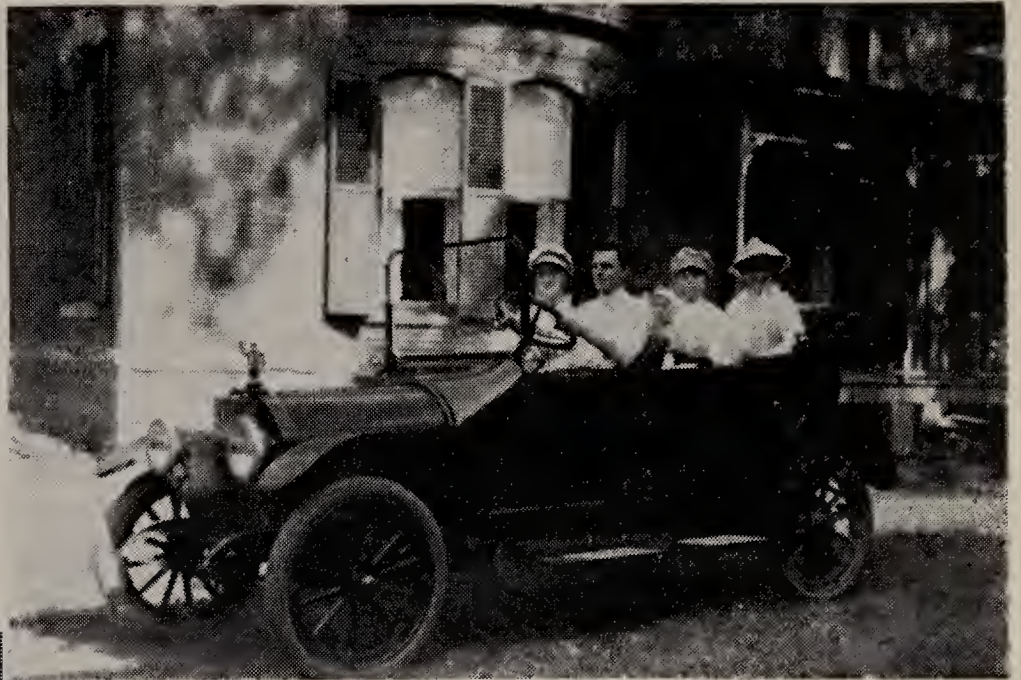
Horse and Buggy Days, Wild Haven



# Early Transportation



Surrey with fringe on the top  
Cora Koenig Chaffee and mother



The Wm. Koenigs' First Studebaker  
Robert Koenig, Cora Chaffee front. Rear, Mrs.  
Wm. Koenig, Carol Chaffee, Mrs. D. W. Hartman



Anna May Rawleigh Koenig and brother Wilbur.

## Pets



Tom Koenig and Pal



Robert F. Koenig and Ino



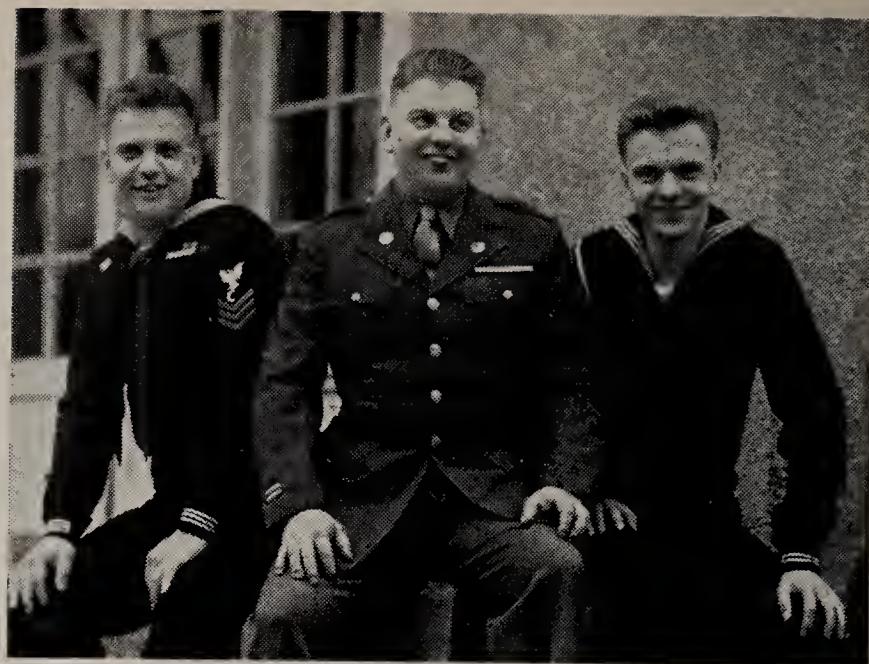
Tom Koenig  
and Freckles





"Bob"  
Enlisted World War I  
Heavy Artillery Officers'  
Training Camp,  
Fort Monroe, Virginia

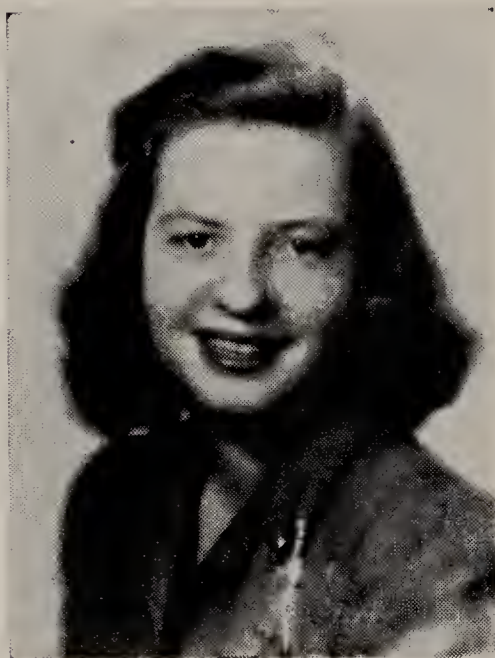
Bill, Wilbur,  
Tom—  
Enlisted  
World War II  
Tom, Navy  
Japanese and  
Chinese  
Waters  
Wilbur, Army  
Alaska  
Bill, Navy  
Pacific Islands



## *The Koenigs in the War Years*



"Bob"  
Freeport American Legion  
Post No. 139



Anna Belle  
William and Mary College  
Dramatic Reader  
(Service Camps, Convalescent  
Soldiers' Home)



Anna May  
Red Cross  
Freeport, Illinois



Bill, Navy S. C. 1C  
Great Lakes, University  
of Wisconsin, Naval Supply  
Base, California, Admiralty  
Islands, South Pacific



Wilbur, Army  
Camp Grant Medical  
Corps, Aleutians, Alaska  
Fort Richardson, Fort Lewis,  
Fort Benning



Tom, Navy, ETM 2  
2nd Lieutenant ROTC  
Cheshire Academy  
Great Lakes, Treasure Island,  
Japanese, Chinese Waters,  
U.S.S. Henderson  
Instructor Great Lakes

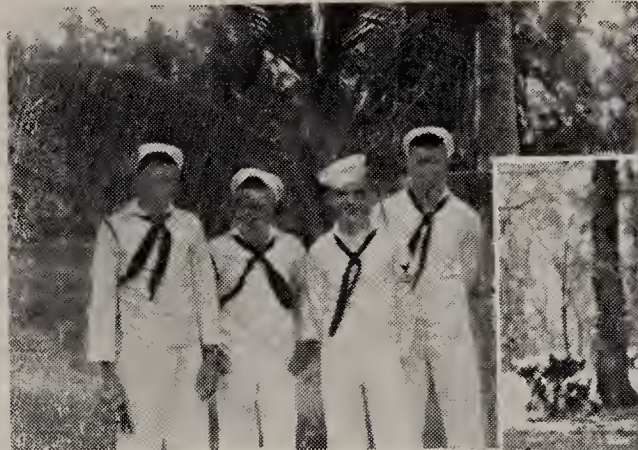


# Robert F. Koenig Sons in Service

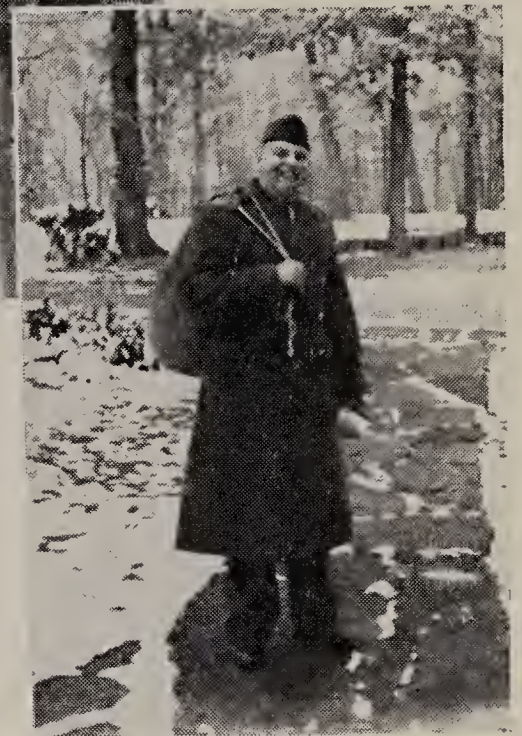


Tom  
in the  
Crow's Nest  
U.S.S.  
"Henderson"

Bill and Chums on Manus  
Island, S. P.



Tom and his  
pals, Pacific



Wilbur home  
from the war

Tom  
aboard  
U.S.S.  
"Henderson"  
Japanese  
Waters



Wilbur  
in  
Alaska



Bill  
with  
good  
catch  
South  
Pacific

Wilbur  
in  
Alaska



Wilbur, second  
from left, ready  
for embarkation



Bill and pals,  
Cooks' School



Bill and pals,  
South Pacific

Tom  
at  
Japanese  
dinner





# *The Robert F. Koenig Children's Hobby Houses*

## *Wild Haven Farms*



Anna Belle's  
Playhouse  
and Studio  
Erected 1932

Bill's Bee House  
Acquired 1938



Wilbur's  
Curio House  
Erected 1934

Tom's  
Magic House  
Erected 1940







LOWERING THE COLORS - SUNSET - WILD HAVEN '36



Family Living Room, City Home



Yellow  
Creek,  
Wild  
Haven



THE KOENIGS  
IN THE ROCK GARDEN  
WILD HAVEN, AUG. 39



Robert  
F.  
Koenig  
Family



Dandy  
and the  
family,  
Wild  
Haven

Below  
Family  
Enroute  
Alaska,  
S/S  
"Princess  
Louise,"  
1938

Wild Haven Garden

Right—Family at Plymouth  
Rock, Mass., 1934



Left—Pal and the  
Family



Below - Family  
Enroute South America,  
"Santa Paula," 1939





*Robert F. Koenig  
Family Reunion  
Wild Haven  
June 1949*



*In the Rock  
Garden*



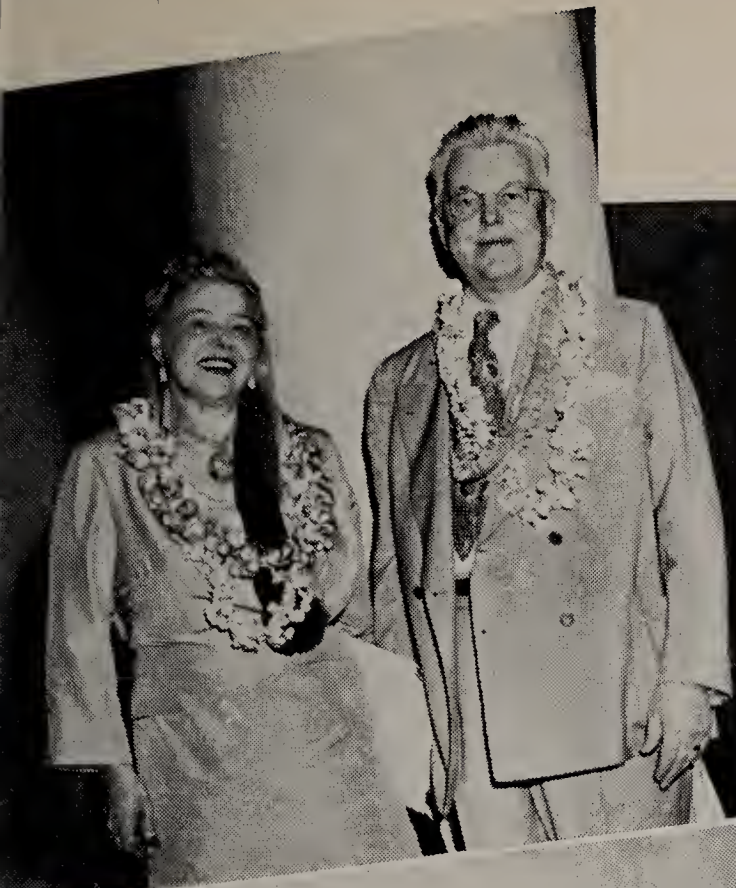
*In the  
Rose Garden*

*At the  
Pool*



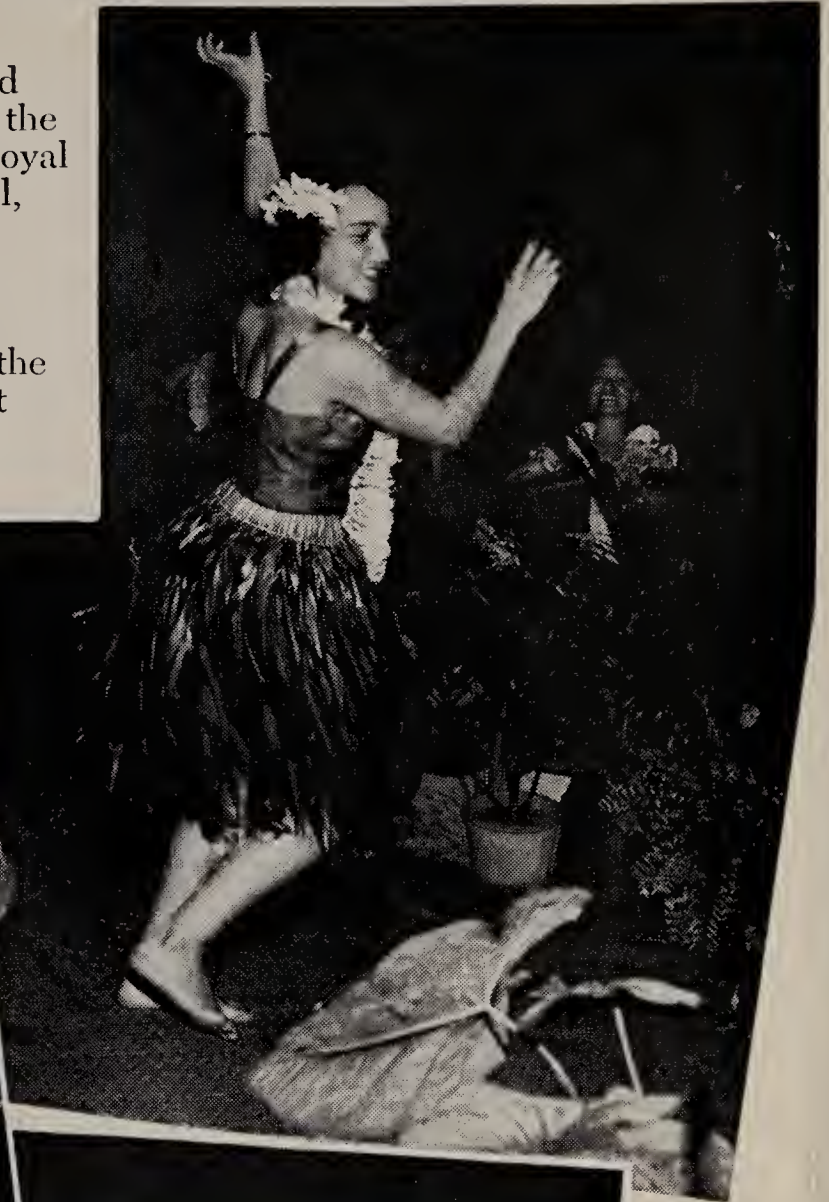


# *Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. Koenig in Hawaiian Islands*

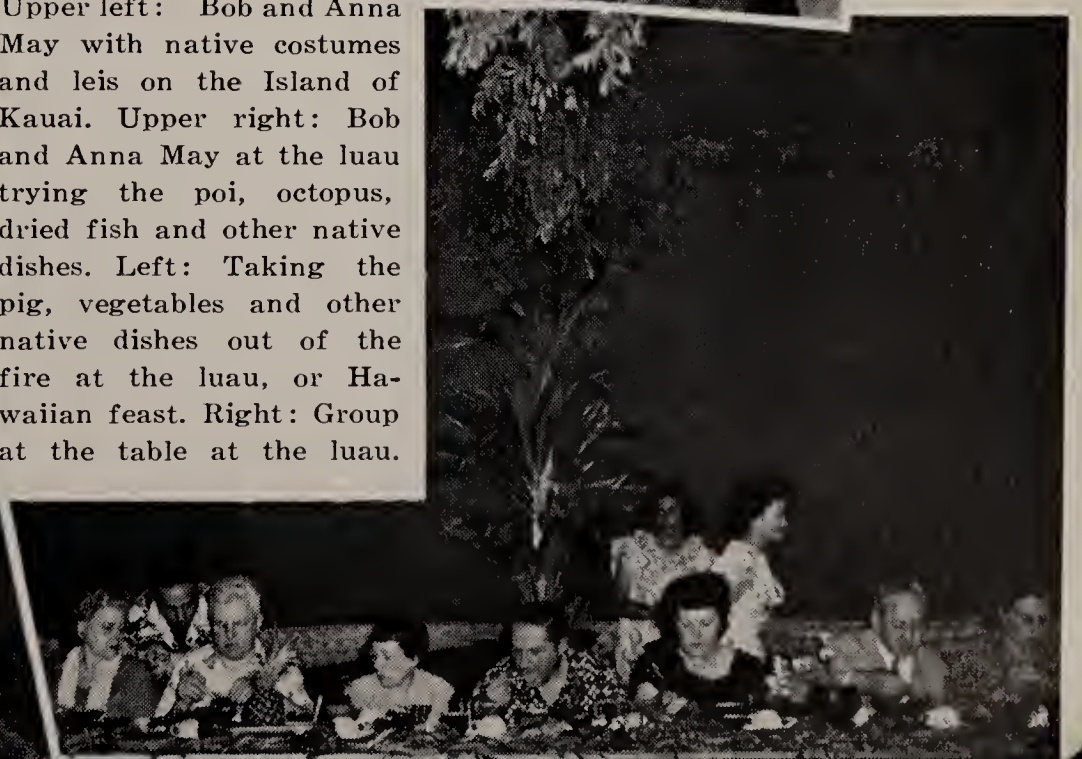


Left: Bob and Anna May at the portals of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, Honolulu October 1950.

Right: One of the hula dancers at the luau.



Upper left: Bob and Anna May with native costumes and leis on the Island of Kauai. Upper right: Bob and Anna May at the luau trying the poi, octopus, dried fish and other native dishes. Left: Taking the pig, vegetables and other native dishes out of the fire at the luau, or Hawaiian feast. Right: Group at the table at the luau.





## To All Men Greeting:---

Be it known to all men that **Robert H. Koenig** is an outstanding citizen in every respect.

That he has enriched the life of our city and county by his philanthropy, his presence and his graces.

That he is a true Christian gentleman and worthy of this and every recognition bestowed upon him.

In appreciation thereof, we the members of the First Methodist Church of Freeport, Illinois, wish to memorialize this day to his honor and therefore set our hand and the seal of the Church in testimony thereof.



*J. Sheldon Clark*  
On behalf of the Trustees

*John H. Rightingale*  
Minister  
On behalf of the Congregation

November 24<sup>th</sup> 1946



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# Friends Through The Years

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Louetta T. Rosenstiel, born in Freeport, Illinois. Educated in Freeport schools. French millinery designer in Chicago, Illinois. Married in 1910 to Ralph B. Rosenstiel. One son, Lt. Jerome B. Rosenstiel, architectural engineer. Lives in Freeport, Illinois. Friend of the family for many years.



Jane M. Derrick, born in Bakersfield, Missouri. Her family moved to the Indian Territory, now Oklahoma, when she was two years old. She attended grammar school and high school and had two years' college work in Oklahoma. Attended Chicago Art Institute for two years beginning 1926, after which she pursued the profession of interior decorator. With the exception of four years' work with the American Red Cross during World War II, serving in Africa, Italy and France, she has continued to pursue her profession in Chicago. Close friend of the family for several decades.



Ruth A. Winn, born in LaFayette County, Wisconsin. Educated in the public schools there, the Evansville Seminary and Platteville State Teachers' College, from where she was graduated. Taught German and History in Wisconsin high schools for a few years, then came to Freeport for business training. Graduated from Brown's Business College. Entered the offices of The W. T. Raleigh Company, Freeport, Illinois, and was made secretary to the treasurer, which position she has held to date.



Mary Henney Smithe, born at Cedarville, Illinois, a daughter of John and Agnes Henney. Has one son, Jack, and two grandchildren, Judith and John. A member of the Daughters of the American Revolution and the First Presbyterian Church, Freeport, and is well known for her philanthropies in this community.





# Friends Through The Years

## "DOC"

James O'May, born January 6, 1873. Graduated Simpson College 1900. Garrett Biblical Institute 1903. Sailor, painter, Methodist clergyman, lecturer. 32° Mason. Secretary Rock River Conference 20 years. Married the Robert F. Koenigs. Good friend of all the family.

## "STEWART"

Stewart J. Fitch, born October 1, 1884. Physician and surgeon. Graduated Chicago College of Osteopathy 1906. Hahnemann Medical College 1914. Schoolmate in grade school, classmate in high school and a friend forever after. Died September 26, 1950.



## "POST"

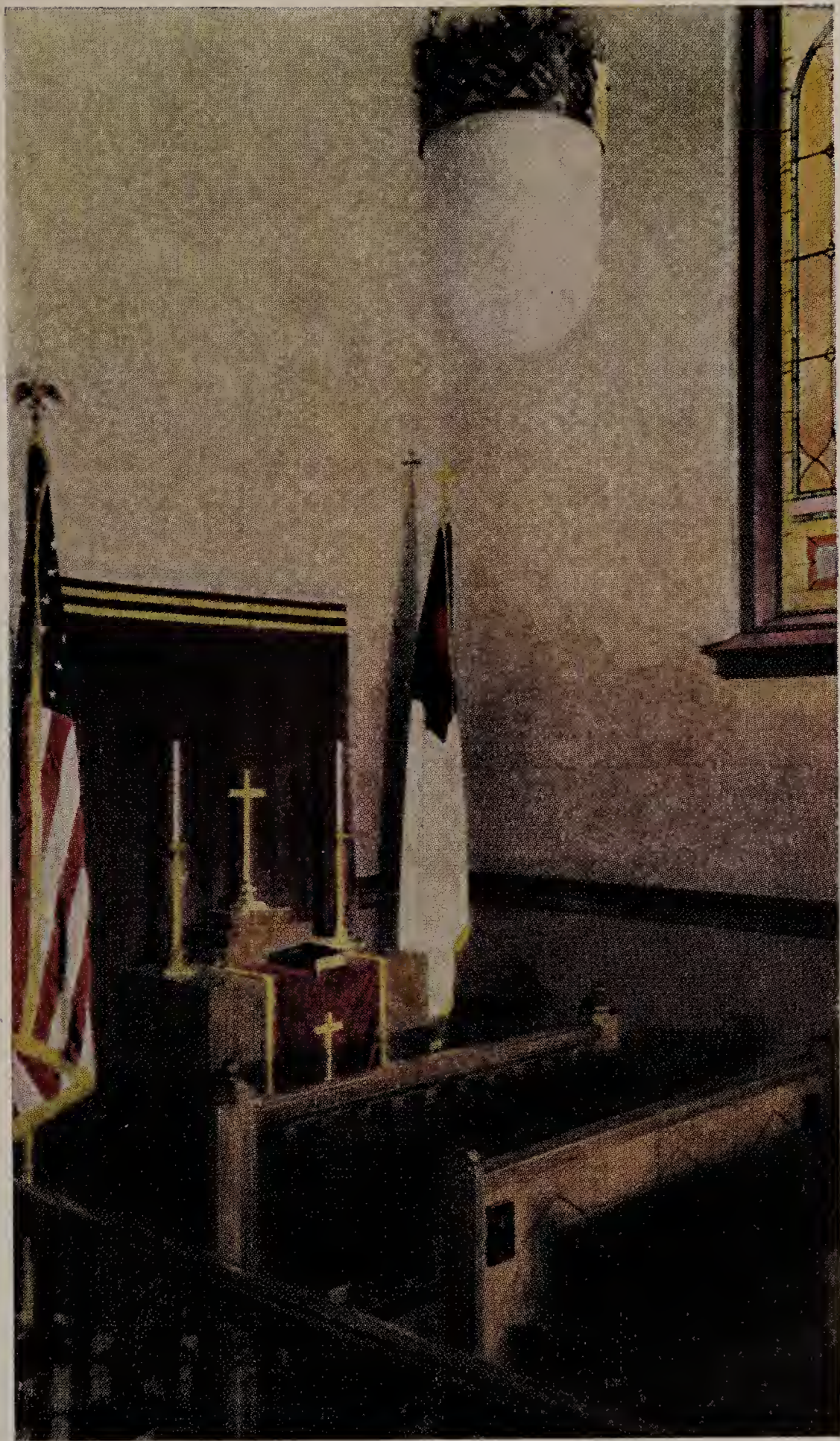
Orvis Allen Postlewait, born December 4, 1883. Mortician and manufacturer. Graduated University of Wisconsin 1907. Classmate in college. Mason, American Legion. European travel together. Good friend through all the years following.

## "SHERRY"

Arthur N. Sheriff, born December 18, 1887. Graduated from Yale University with A. B. Degree in 1913. M. A. Degree from Yale 1914. Phi Beta Kappa. Head Master Cheshire Academy, Cheshire, Connecticut. Friend, philosopher, traveling companion.







## PRAYER CHAPEL

First Methodist Church, Freeport, Illinois  
(Corner Stephenson and Cherry Streets)



Harmony and symbolic simplicity mark the furnishings and arrangements of the prayer chapel in the First Methodist Church, Freeport, Illinois.

The room is fifteen feet square, with a twenty foot ceiling. It is well lighted by two large Gothic style stained glass windows, one of which is adorned with Easter lilies, while the other bears the Constantine shield and cross. The floor of the chapel is of black and white marbleized linoleum tile.

Wall decorations blend from a deep maroon to an ivory. The ceiling is white. An ecclesiastical effect is obtained by a ceiling design copied from the cathedral window at Laon, France. A single bronze lantern hanging from the center lights the room by night.

Seating arrangements consist of three small pews fitted with kneeling benches. These, the chancel railing and the altar are all dark walnut. The trefoil, symbol of the Trinity, is carved on front and sides of the altar and on the pew ends.

Altar furnishings consist of a Bible and a satin finished brass cross with two matching candlesticks. At one side of the altar is an American flag; at the other a Christian flag.

Draperies, altar cloth, reredos, kneeling cushion at the chancel, and upholstering on the kneeling benches are maroon to harmonize with the wall decorations and with the two stained glass windows. At the southwest



corner of the chapel is a wall desk with a "Book of Remembrance" in which visitors may enter the names of service men or others remembered in prayer.

This chapel is for the benefit of all who seek a tryst with God, and its quietness and beauty are conducive to meditation and prayer. Here is a temple of refuge by the side of a busy street, a place for personal devotion in an inspirational atmosphere, in which business may be forgotten and God may be made very real. The chapel is open daily, and friends of any denomination are invited to make free use of it.

It was furnished by Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. Koenig in memory of Mr. and Mrs. William Koenig, parents of Robert F. Koenig, and was dedicated June 20, 1943 to those who kept loving vigil during the years of war.





East Side Recreation Center. Erected in 1950 by Mr. and Mr. Robert F. Koenig for the benefit of the negroes on Freeport's east side. Deeded to the Y.M.C.A. and operated as part of the Community Chest.



Playground Equipment presented to the King's Daughters' Children's Home, Freeport, in 1940 by Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. Koenig. Additions were made in succeeding years. Similar playground equipment was also presented to St. Vincent's Home for Children, Freeport, by Mr. and Mrs. Koenig.



Bowling Alleys presented to the Y.M.C.A. Freeport by Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. Koenig in 1939.





Player at Carillon Keyboard Cheshire  
Academy, Cheshire, Connecticut

(Below)

Organist at console Haygren Memorial Organ  
Chapel, Embury Methodist Church, Freeport  
Illinois



Interior Memorial Chapel  
Embury Methodist Church, Freeport, Illinois





### RAWLEIGH MEMORIAL ORGAN

A memorial organ was presented to Embury Methodist Church December 30, 1951 by Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. Koenig in memory of Mrs. Minnie B. Rawleigh.

Mrs. John Van Deest played the dedicatory concert, assisted by John Van Deest, baritone, and Ruie Ann Harriss, violinist.

The dedication litany was read by Dr. Allan Billman and the Reverend David Fouts, the ministers of the church.

The organ is a Haygren two manual and pedal organ with eighteen individual tonal stops, seven speaking stops in the great organ, seven speaking stops in the swell organ and four sixteen foot speaking stops in the pedal organ. It is operated from a most modern A.G.O. console which contains all accessories such as are standard today on the finest of pipe organs.

This organ differs from other so-called electronic organs in that the electronic equipment is not housed in the console but in a specially constructed chamber on the ground floor. The greater space for this housing makes possible the rich ensemble and varied solo voices of the traditional pipe organ.

The tonal resources include separate open diapasons for each manual and pedal division, six flute divisions of various strengths and colors, four violin toned stops



a clarinet stop, an echo stop, a smooth trumpet stop, an English horn and a harp organ.

A bronze plaque set into the wall of the chapel reads:

This Haygren Organ  
Presented to  
Embury Methodist Church  
By  
Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. Koenig  
In Memory of  
Mrs. Minnie B. Rawleigh  
July 7, 1873  
November 18, 1947

### CARILLONS

A carillon was presented to The Cheshire Academy, Cheshire, Connecticut, December 12, 1948 by Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. Koenig. It was dedicated to the glory of God and in grateful recognition of the sacrifice and devotion of the men of The Cheshire Academy who have served in defense of our flag and the country it represents.

A similar carillon was presented to the First Methodist Church, Freeport, Illinois, November 24, 1946. This was dedicated to the glory of God and in grateful recognition of the sacrifice and service of the men and women of the First Methodist Church and all Stephenson County, Illinois, who served in defense of the flag of our country.





Statue "Lincoln The Debater"  
Taylor Park



Museum of the  
Stephenson County  
Historical Society



YWCA

YMCA



Deaconess Hospital

## *Freeport Buildings and Memorials*



Masonic Temple



King's Daughters' Children's Home





Memorial Band Shell in Krape Park. Presented to the Freeport Park District in 1940 by Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. Koenig in memory of Wilbur Thomas Rawleigh and all Stephenson County men who died in defense of the flag.

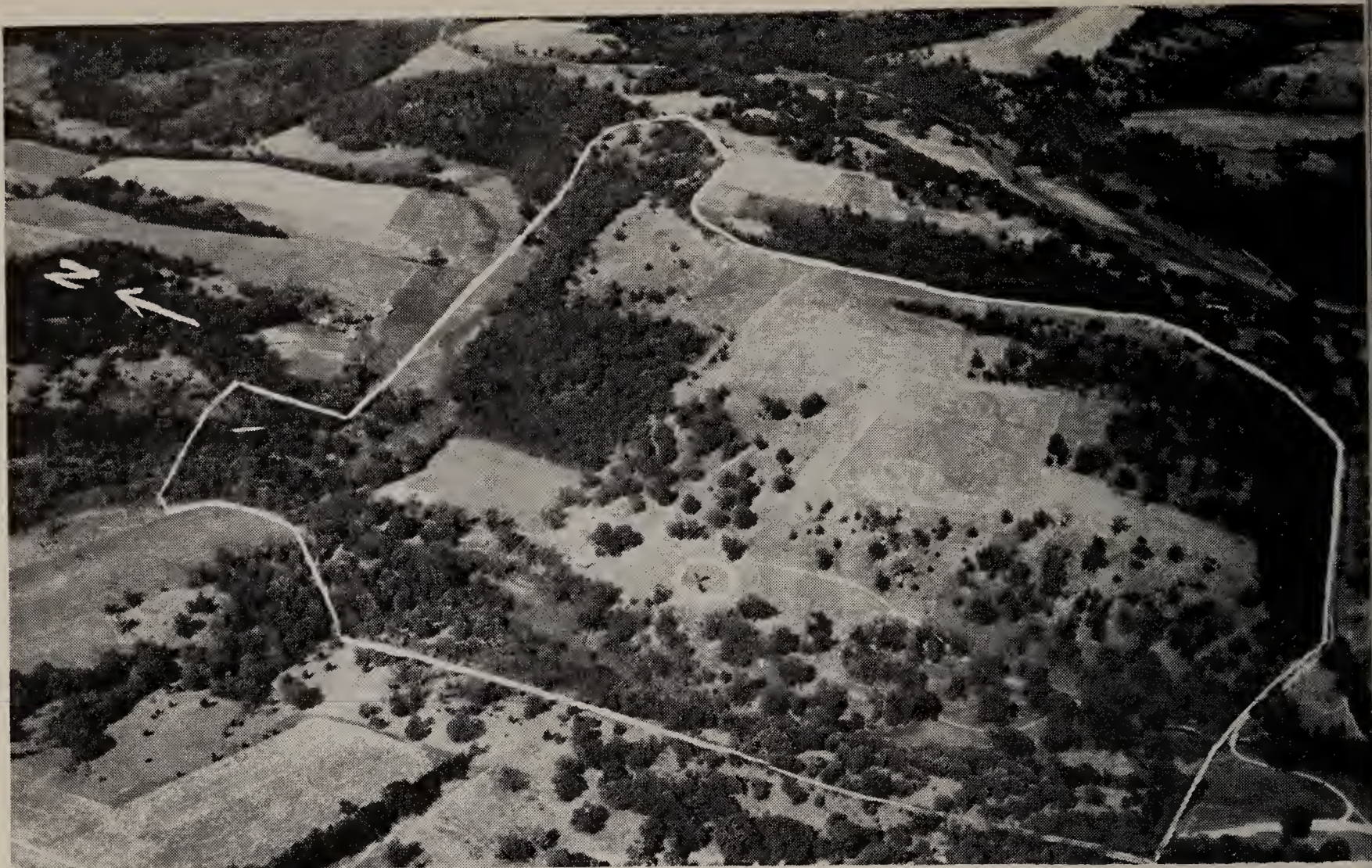


Shuffleboard Courts in Read Park. Presented to the Freeport Park District in 1949 by Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. Koenig and dedicated to Mr. Norman C. Sleezer, secretary of our local Y.M.C.A., who has encouraged sports in our parks for many years.

Similar courts were presented to the King's Daughters' Children's Home. These were dedicated to the matrons who have supervised the health and education of the children of the Home since it was established.

The courts presented to St. Vincent's Home for Children were dedicated to The Reverend Philip L. Kennedy, who has supervised and directed this institution for many years.





Canyon Camp. 160-acre tract given to the U. S. Grant Area Boy Scouts of America by Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. Koenig, May 1936.

Scouting was first established in this area in 1912, when Freeport was organized as a second-class council. Fifteen years later, on March 21, 1927, a group of men representing the communities of Galena, Savanna, Mt. Carroll, Elizabeth, Stockton, Warren, Lena and Hanover met in Galena, and a first-class council was formed, known as U. S. Grant Council.

On April 24, 1928, the council was reorganized to include all of Stephenson, Carroll and Jo Daviess Counties, Illinois, and Grant County, Wisconsin. This brought Freeport and other towns in eastern Stephenson County into the Council and gave it a financial stability necessary for successful operation.

In May 1936, Green and Lafayette Counties, Wisconsin, became a part of the U. S. Grant Council.

The council was incorporated under the laws of the state of Illinois in June, 1940. Forreston Township of Ogle County petitioned the council for membership and was accepted as part of this area on July 16, 1940.





Memorial Bench in Krape Park

Presented to the Freeport Park District May 29, 1949 by Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. Koenig and dedicated to Theodore Gunkel, who has efficiently supervised the parks for the past 30 years.

A similar memorial bench was erected in Taylor Park, Freeport, and dedicated June 16, 1949 to Edward A. Blust, a member of the first Freeport park board, distinguished churchman, business man and loyal friend.



Council Ring and Fireplace, King's Daughters' Children's Home, Freeport, Illinois

Presented in 1943 by Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. Koenig. Dedicated to women of the King's Daughters' Circles who have supported the Home so loyally since its organization in Freeport in 1926.

A similar council ring was presented to the Freeport Y.W.C.A. in 1942 and dedicated to the secretaries who served the Y so faithfully during the years 1917-1942.

The third council ring donated by Mr. and Mrs. Koenig was presented to St. Vincent's Home for Children, Freeport, in 1943; dedicated to the first staff at St. Vincent's and to Franciscan Sisters of The Sacred Heart who have devoted their lives and talents to care of children.



## FAMILY CODE OR PASS WORDS FOR EACH WEEK OF THE YEAR

1—Happiness	18—Courage	35—Thankfulness
2—Courtesy	19—Good nature	36—Appreciation
3—Tolerance	20—Compassion	37—Humility
4—Thoroughness	21—Sympathy	38—Loyalty
5—Patience	22—Painstaking	39—Fearlessness
6—Unselfishness	23—Fidelity	40—Love
7—System	24—Contentment	41—Peace
8—Kindness	25—Sincerity	42—Joy
9—Generosity	26—Forgiveness	43—Long-suffering
10—Graciousness	27—Endurance	44—Gentleness
11—Health	28—Thoughtfulness	45—Goodness
12—Charity	29—Politeness	46—Pride
13—Faith	30—Practicability	47—Industry
14—Hope	31—Soundness	48—Diligence
15—Cleanliness	32—Planning	49—Understanding
16—Humor	33—Determination	50—Honesty
17—Independence	34—Cheerfulness	51—Co-operation
		52—Punctuality

Admonition to the Robert F. Koenig family:

Study them — think about them — understand them.  
Practice.











Section II

ART COLLECTIONS  
OF THE ROBERT F. KOENIGS









## Chapter III

### Paintings







THE FIRST SEWING LESSON

EUGENIO ZAMPIGHI



## EUGENIO ZAMPIGHI

(1859 - )

Born at Modena, Italy, in 1859, Eugenio Zampighi was a professor at the Royal Academy of Fine Arts in his native city.

While still very young he dedicated himself to genre painting, with a preference for subjects taken from the domestic life of the peasantry. His art immediately attracted great attention, and his hold over the art-loving public has never weakened.

Very shy, and shunning publicity, there is practically no information available concerning Zampighi's personal life. Since he rarely exhibited, there was little newspaper or periodical comment on him. His pictures were no sooner finished than they were sold.

Lively coloring, freshness of touch, effective composition, and pleasing choice of subject are characteristics of his works, which are found in private collections all over Europe, England, America and Australia.

"The First Sewing Lesson" was a gift from W. T. Rawleigh to the Robert F. Koenigs in 1921. It was purchased in Europe in 1920, right after the first World War.





## THE STORYTELLER

A. DIANE

A gift from W. T. Rawleigh to the Robert F. Koenigs in 1924. It was purchased in Europe in 1920, right after the first World War.



A. DIANE  
(1867-1904)

A. Diane born in Milan, Italy, in 1867. Died in 1904.

First studied at the Academy of Bologna under Professor Sani and later in Florence under Dupre.

Recognized as a fine draughtsman; his figure paintings of simple peasants won instant appeal.

“The Storyteller” was an example of his storytelling subjects.

He was considered a good water colorist.





THE FIRST TRAIN ARRIVES  
IN FREEPORT

MRS. STELLA M. PERKINS



### MRS. STELLA M. PERKINS

Mrs. Stella M. Perkins was born in Winslow, Illinois, and raised and educated in Freeport, Illinois.

She studied art under Frederic Taubes, Marquis Reitzel and Briggs Dyer and has won numerous prizes in art exhibitions. Prominent among her exhibitions have been her water colors "Coal Yard on Jackson Street," accepted for the first exhibit of the Old Northwest Territory Art Exhibit in Springfield, Illinois, and "Harmony Boys of 1860," accepted for the International Water Color Show at the Art Institute of Chicago. The latter was chosen out of 365 pictures as one of forty to travel all over the United States. It was exhibited in all the important art galleries and now hangs temporarily in the Stephenson County Historical Museum, Freeport, where are also four other historical water colors by Mrs. Perkins.

Her series of historical water colors was started in 1935 (when Freeport celebrated its hundredth anniversary), to show life in Stephenson County during the past hundred years. The Freeport Woman's Club purchased 16 of the series and gave them to the Freeport Public Library, where they now hang.

The historical water colors by Mrs. Perkins hang in many private homes. The one illustrated here, "The



First Train Arrives in Freeport," hangs in the living room of Twin Oaks Lodge, country home of the Robert F. Koenigs. It was purchased by them in 1936.

Mrs. Perkins is a member of the Rockford Art Association, Daytona Beach Art League, West Palm Beach Art League, and Pen Women of America. She is listed in "Who's Who in Art."

For the last three years Mrs. Perkins and her husband have been having a wonderful time traveling to interesting places with a house trailer. They spent five weeks in Mexico, where Mrs. Perkins sketched and Mr. Perkins took kodachromes. Her lectures on these trips include "Over the Sierra Madre with a Trailer" and "Know Your Key West."



## JAMES O'MAY

(1873 - )

James O'May, the son of immigrant parents from Paisley, Scotland, was born in Menard, Massachusetts.

In his early teens he went to Boston and apprenticed himself to a photographer. Later he became a sailor on the Great Lakes, finally migrated westward to Iowa, where he taught school, was converted, and decided to enter the ministry.

In 1900 he graduated from Simpson College, a Methodist college at Indianola, Iowa, with a Bachelor of Arts degree and two years later he received a Master of Arts degree from this school. Mr. O'May continued his studies at Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Illinois, from where he was graduated.

Following his graduation he served as pastor of the Methodist church at Council Bluffs, Iowa, and several Methodist churches in the Rock River Conference, including Embury Church at Freeport. He retired from the active ministry in 1941, but since his retirement has served as "emergency preacher" for some sixty churches of various denominations.

While in his fifties Mr. O'May took up the study of art, in an endeavor to find a hobby that would keep him





YELLOW CREEK, WILD HAVEN

JAMES O'MAY

Mr. O'May presented this picture to the Robert  
F. Koenigs in 1938.



busy in his later years. He studied with the late Leon Lundmark, of Chicago, with John Hanny and numerous other artists. His oils hang in many homes. For years he was a member of the Chicago Business Men's Art Club, and for two years he was its president.





STREET IN TAXCO, MEXICO  
showing parish church

CARL PAPPE

This painting was purchased by the Robert F.  
Koenigs in November 1941.



## CARL PAPPE

(1900- )

Carl Pappé was born in Transylvania, Hungary, in 1900. At the age of six he was chosen in his district as being the most promising material for the making of an artist. From the time he was six years old until he was eleven and a half years he was trained by one of Hungary's famous master painters.

He came to the United States when he was twelve years old. Shortly afterward he was apprenticed to a noted Hungarian muralist, Stefan Hajas, in Cleveland, Ohio. He worked with this man during his school years and up until the time he was ready to enter the Cleveland School of Art, at Cleveland. This was in 1921.

He then went to live in the home of another noted Hungarian artist, Sandor Vago, in Cleveland. He studied with Sandor Vago all during his four years at the Cleveland School of Art. All except one year at this institution he was a scholarship student. He graduated from this school in 1925 and was invited to the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts on a scholarship. There he spent 24 months without a break and entirely on scholarship funds.

In 1927 he went to Paris for six months. On his return to the United States he established in New York a



school of art appreciation. Among his students were the Lawrence Tibbett twins.

He then went to Boston, where he established a studio. He painted and exhibited successfully there for three years, besides his work at the Denison School Settlement House, where he gave night courses in art. At the same time he painted Mother Goose rhymes in murals on the walls of the Beth Israel children's hospital there.

After this time he went to Easton, Maryland, where he established a school and taught and painted for four years.

He went to Mexico in November 1934, and in February of 1935 his first exhibition of Mexican figures in water colors was held in the Bernice I. Goodspeed galleries, in Mexico City. His exhibitions were held continuously and successfully at these galleries until September 1939. In 1937 Mr. Pappe was the only foreign exhibitor in the all-Mexican Macy show. He submitted 20 pictures, out of which 17 were sold.

In 1939 the Bernice I. Goodspeed galleries were moved to Taxco, where Mr. Pappe has resided, painted and exhibited ever since.

In 1940 the art department of the Congressional Library at Washington, D. C., purchased three of his wood block prints for permanent exhibit there. In 1941 an exhibition of 24 water colors, landscapes and figures



was purchased by the Madero Y Sindo Galleries, Panama City, Panama, for the galleries there. The same year the Fine Galleries of Boston, Massachusetts, purchased another exhibition of some 20 oils and water colors for their galleries. In 1945 Sanborns, Mexico City, exhibited 50 oils, water colors, brush drawings and wood cuts. Twenty of these were sold.

In July 1947 Mr. Pappe was invited by the U. S. Cultural Institute depending from the U. S. Embassy to exhibit in their new galleries at Yucatan 63. He exhibited 16 monotype figures and 16 large wood block landscapes, of which 16 were sold.

In April 1948 he was invited to exhibit in the galleries of the Cleveland School of Art. This exhibition of 15 large block prints was successful from an artistic and financial standpoint. From Cleveland the exhibition went on a circuit of important Ohio college towns, then back to the Ten Thirty Galleries in Cleveland, and from Cleveland to the Reading, Pennsylvania, Museum of Art. This museum purchased five of the prints, and the Art Department of the Congressional Library (the Penel fund) at Washington, D. C., purchased two.

In 1948 he was invited to exhibit at the Santa Barbara, California, Museum of Art. This exhibition consisted of 32 monotypes and 32 landscapes. It was a great success artistically.



Since that time Mr. Pappe has been doing etchings, water colors, oils, wood cuts, painting and developing certain new techniques upon which he has worked for a number of years.

Exhibits of monotypes and block prints have also been held in the galleries of the University of Kentucky at Lexington.

Mr. Pappe married Bernice I. Goodspeed. They have no children.



## KNUTE HELDNER

(1886 - )

Knute Heldner was born in Sweden in 1886 and came to America with his family when just a child.

He first exhibited paintings in 1915 and won first prize at the Swedish-American Exhibition in Chicago in 1924. He exhibited at the Century of Progress and at the Art Institute, Chicago, in 1934 and in San Antonio, Texas, in 1939; has exhibited primarily in the South. His paintings of Northern scenes are very popular — Duluth, Minnesota, Lake Superior, birch trees and bridges, etc.

Paintings of his have been in the collections of many prominent collectors — Warren G. Harding, former President of the United States, Dudley Crafts Watson, the Art Institute of Chicago. He is represented in the Milwaukee Art Institute, the Masonic Temple, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and the White House in Washington, D. C.



ETCHINGS  
OF NEW ORLEANS  
by  
Knute Heldner

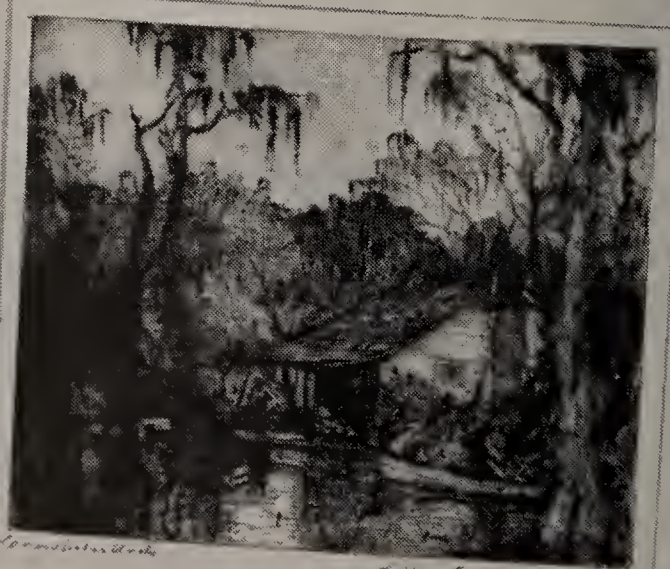


St. Louis Cathedral  
New Orleans



Ironwork  
Lace Gallery

Crawfisher's Shack



These etchings  
were purchased by  
Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Koenig  
November 1942





PATIO OF THE LITTLE THEATRE, NEW ORLEANS

MRS. KNUTE HELDNER





## THE HAPPY FAMILY

BALLESIO

Purchased by Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. Koenig  
December 1946.



## BALLESIO

The artist Ballesio was an outstanding member of the noted "Neapolitan School" of water-color painting in the late nineteenth century in Italy, which also included Aurelli, Ferrenti, Simonetti and Rocco.

These artists excelled in that most difficult field of the water-colorist: figure painting. In creating such a picture Ballesio would spend months on the drawing alone before proceeding to apply the color, which in itself was a prolonged process.

Egg white was mixed with the water (tempera) in some method which seems to have become a lost art. The purpose of this formula was, first of all, to confine the color within the most limited areas and prevent mixing, as in depicting a striped fabric. The egg white also served to keep the color from any possible fading.

Ballesio paintings have been greatly sought after in Europe and America. "The Happy Family" was sold by Findlay Galleries in 1909 to a discriminating collector, in whose possession it remained until the recent disposition of his estate. It is a charming example of the artist's work and of life in an age of easygoing enjoyment.





## THE DIFFICULT PROBLEM

R. LUZALTI

Purchased by the Robert F. Koenigs in December 1946.



## R. LUZALTI

Nineteenth century Italy produced a unique genre type of painting showing family life of the time in all its simple gaiety. One of the first painters of this school, active in the 1850's, was Chierici of Reggio; later members were Ballesio, Innocenti, and Zampighi of our own day. In the middle of the period came Luzalti, a graduate of the Academy in Rome. Luzalti also was influenced by a Bavarian genre school which specialized in peasant life.

"The Difficult Problem" is representative of the latter influence. The artist has selected typical individuals from the picturesque life of the Tyrol. We are not confronted with the same face doing service on different bodies, as not infrequently happens in figure paintings, but each person in the composition is a true character in the story. Here the clockmaker's problem seems to be the ageless one of getting all the parts back where they belong! And true to life, his neighbors are giving him the benefit of their experience . . . . .

The humorous approach and the meticulous craftsmanship make the painting a notable example of the school at its best.





L' AMOUR

FREDERITO ANDREOTTI



## FREDERITO ANDREOTTI

1847-1884

Frederito Andreotti was born in Florence, Italy, in 1847. He studied in Florence at the Florentine Academy, where his genius was soon acclaimed and later he was awarded the title of "Professor," considered a great honor. He was appointed court painter, and the king commissioned him to paint many many murals, portraits of the Royal family, and a portrait of Savonarola (which was executed with great depth of feeling and is reminiscent of the work of Valazquez in its masterly brush work).

In 1872 he visited England, where he was made a member of the Royal Academy and soon his work was much sought after. The meticulousness and beauty of his brush work made him famous, for he mixed on his palette the exact tone he needed and with swift and certain dexterity delineated on the canvas each area of light and shadow.

Here is a painter of remarkable skill, noteworthy for delicate work, dexterous technique, and masterly handling of detail. The painting "L'Amour" is a vivid example of his craftsmanship, as shown in the subtle color harmonies of the soft yellow and brilliant red. The feathery touch on the dress, the beautiful modeling of both



figures — the painting teems with a nobleness, loveliness of color, and sense of beauty.

This painting differs from paintings of beautiful court ladies and handsome fops with powdered wigs in colorful silks. Here are simple peasant folk, bathed in love . . . and Andreotti has portrayed a sweet melody; the voice of love . . . . love in beauty. And to love in beauty, as we witness it in this picture, means that little by little all sense of ugliness in life is lost.

Andreotti's work is found in homes and collections all over the world, and Americans who love fine paintings have been quick to seize any examples that conditions in Europe have made available.



## HOVSEP PUSHMAN, N. A.

Hovsep Pushman is one of the phenomena of twentieth century painting. In this era of experimentation and apparent groping toward new formulae of expression among virtually all schools of present-day painters, Pushman seems the one great example of a painter who is completely secure in the knowledge of what and how he must paint in order to express completely the inner drive of his talent. He is also unique among present-day painters in the power of the spiritual and emotional "drive" which motivates his painting.

To his audience, either of art critics or laymen, the very special technique which Pushman alone has developed is perfection itself. He can bring to radiant life objects which another's brush would leave completely inanimate. His is painting which not only comes from the artist's heart and his conviction that beauty and beautiful things are external, but seems to have a life and soul all of its own.

Pushman is not only a supreme craftsman but a deeply moving poet in oils. Master of glowing iridescent surfaces and richly beautiful textures and shadows, he is unique among American painters and one of the truly great among still life painters of all times.



Born in Armenia, he entered the Royal Academy of Art in Constantinople at the age of eleven, the youngest pupil ever admitted there. At the age of fourteen he was awarded the Academy's First Prize in both sculpture and painting. After considerable travel in the Orient, especially China, where he steeped himself in Oriental art, he came to this country when about twenty and for a short period studied at the Art Institute of Chicago. He then continued his art study in Paris. There he was the pupil of Lefebvre, Robert-Fleury and Dechenaud at the Julian Academy, where he won a number of medals for composition drawing and painting. Between 1914 and 1921 he was a frequent exhibitor at the Salon des Artistes Francais, where he was awarded the bronze, silver and gold medals.

In addition to his membership in the National Academy, Pushman is a member of the American Association of Paris and the Salamagundi Club. Paintings by Pushman are in many of the most important private and public collections both in this country and in Europe. Among the American museums in which he is represented are:

Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, New York.

Boston Museum, Boston, Massachusetts.

Detroit Museum, Detroit, Michigan.

Minneapolis Institute of Arts, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Montclair Art Museum, Montclair, New Jersey.



- / Houston Art Museum, Houston, Texas.
- San Diego Fine Arts Society, San Diego, California.
- Norton Gallery, West Palm Beach, Florida.
- Art Association, Dallas, Texas.
- Amherst College, Amherst, Massachusetts.
- University of Illinois, Urbana, Illinois.
- Museum of Art, New Britain, Connecticut.
- Milwaukee Art Institute, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
- Norfolk Art Association, Norfolk, Virginia.
- Rockford Art Guild, Rockford, Illinois.
- Canajoharie Art Gallery, Canajoharie, New York.
- Layton Art Gallery, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Characteristic of all Pushman paintings are the poetry, mystery and wonderfully glowing color woven into his studies of rare and beautiful Oriental still life objects. His richly built up palette, combined with meticulous craftsmanship, reminds one of the superb still life painting of Vermeer. As one of the important art critics mentioned several years ago, "Pushman creates a dream world in which, amid mysterious lights and shadows, the blossoms of time fade at the feet of gods eternal." To quote Mr. Pushman himself, "born in the Orient, loving Oriental legends, I try to convey my emotions on canvas with color, design and tone, elegance of form and grace of movement."





THIS BREATHLESS PACE

HOVSEP PUSHMAN, N. A.



## THIS BREATHLESS PACE

BY HOVSEP PUSHMAN

NOTE: This oil painting was purchased in December 1948 by the Robert F. Koenigs for their city home. The following poem by Mr. Pushman and the historical sketch and data starting on page 115 were furnished by the Findlay Galleries, Chicago.

This painting is composed of objects which came from the East — a plate from Sultanabad district, an iridescent bottle found in an ancient tomb, and a terra cotta horse, a beautiful one, which came from China.

*Why this breathless pace, little horse? Your hoofs  
bring echoes of lonely things, buried beneath the soft  
and golden sand.*

*Why this breathless pace? You whirl the dust to  
the scented hearts of magnolia flowers.*

*There are flowers on the Persian plate, and a light  
streams through the composition, enveloping it in golden  
light. The little horse with vermillion trappings is rac-  
ing in breathless pace.*

*Where? Why?*

*But sooner, or later, life's autumn will come with  
solitude, shadow and lingering lights. My little horse,  
my ancient beautiful little horse, why this breathless  
pace?*





## VISION OF PLENTY

HOVSEPPUSHMAN

Purchased by the Robert F. Koenigs in June 1950

It is known that a princess in the Far East possesses many objects, namely, dresses in silk, perfume bottles, plates, a gilded urn to wash her hands. Once they were objects of use, but today they are my precious possessions of past glories.

This painting depicts this with a figure of beauty and ancient origin standing in the middle of this wealth. What intimation has she for us? Contentment, or loneliness?

Light streams through the composition, striking her, and the bloom of color spreads down among the perfume bottles and the decorated plate. And so this painting becomes a poem of design and tone with elegance of form and the subtle grace of movement.

Hovsep Pushman.



The following letter excerpts were written by Anna Belle to her immediate family. They were not originally intended for publication. They were saved by Robert F. Koenig at her request simply because she wished to preserve for her own future pleasure their rereading enjoyment and memory. They are included in this limited publication with the thought that these wonderful moments might be happily shared with friends.

By special arrangement and appointment Anna Belle Koenig visited the artist Hovsep Pushman in his New York studio, and a report of her visit is included herewith.

New York

March 11, 1949

The afternoon I went to see Mr. Pushman was a very snowy, windy, dark day. I took him a touch of spring . . . . yellow blossoms and blue iris. He was very much elated with this and said he was going to take them home for his dear partner (wife) to enjoy also, as she has been ill of health recently.

His studio is up quite high in Carnegie Hall . . . . one huge window lets in all the light; for there is no electricity. To the right of the door was a small table against the wall on which was seated a Chinese Buddha, with two tall yellow candles on either side.

He wrung his hands with pleasure when he saw me and said in a rather mellow but high voice that his Buddhas and he had been anxiously waiting for me to come. I was the only visitor all that afternoon, arriving at three and leaving at a little before six.



First we talked for about an hour. He said that his wife was his very dearest partner. He had always wanted to paint — at eleven years of age he had entered the Royal Academy of Art in Paris. He wanted to study with a famous Frenchman; for a long time he was refused to so much as see him.

He worked very hard, married young, and later on won numerous gold medals for his work. At one time he did sculpturing too — his favorite is a head of his father, who seems to be his idol.

He said that he gambled on his life . . . he only wanted to paint. He only prayed for success; he still paints for painting's sake. His works are like children; some he cannot bear to part with.

The oils he uses are very expensive (\$35 for a small tube). He mixes many of his own colors. They cannot seem to be duplicated.

Life to him was a gift. If he painted without financial success ever coming, he still would have lost nothing. The whole thing is a gift which might never have existed anyway.

He has a private phone because of curiosity seekers. A sincere student he would teach for nothing. There are few.

Modern art, i. e., sur-realism, cubism, etc., are simply "Masks" of no value. If the viewer of a picture cannot understand a picture, of what value is it? Realism



is the only and golden key. This does not destroy or put any limitations on imagination. He adores poetry . . . . it is evident in all of his picture titles. His latest picture he has not named yet . . . . It was finished about five days before I saw it. Yet unsigned.

He has one light socket in the room (no lamps) . . . . this is used to plug in the light over his standard-easel for the paintings. He has excellent, keen eyesight and wears no glasses, in spite of his age, which must be seventy-odd.

I saw about fifteen of his paintings which he had brought out from his storeroom especially for me. Most of them are about the size of "Breathless Pace" . . . a few, a rare few, are slightly larger. All of them had the Oriental subject matter — with the opalescent vases, Buddhas, or ancient clay figures. He loves the rose, which often appears in his paintings. He uses now and then a white fragile Chinese blossom . . . name I forget, but it is the emblem for Eternity in China. All art originally stemmed from the Orient.

He has spent years in the Orient. His art collection is fabulous — both in sight and value. Objects are kept in glass cases around the walls of his large one-room studio (but in back is a storeroom partitioned off). He has had his studio in New York for twenty-odd years.

All of his collection dates back to B. C. and the first century, eighth century, etc. The opalescent-like



vases were used, for instance, for perfume back in those days. They probably sold for five cents. They were buried for centuries . . . when found later and the outer clay peeled off, the minerals in the soil had made them multitudinous exquisite colors which change in various lights. I saw my horse and the dish which are in "Breathless Pace." I recognized them at once. So, the dish is not in a museum but a part of his magnificent collection.

One cabinet he opened for me to see he said had remained unopened to other eyes but his for fifteen years. Most people he said did not appreciate its contents. One thing inside was a small piece of oriental rug—well worn—but the colors still vibrant and lovely. This object was thousands of years old and only four by six inches in size. I do not remember its exact age, but it was ancient.

Most of his pieces are from the Orient . . . but he pointed out a few rare beauties, i. e., the breast plate from some Egyptian, I believe, armor. Also a large wall tapestry of Spanish leather.

After seeing his collection and a number of paintings we sat down and talked for a long time again. It was getting twilight outside and with only the candles burning . . . the whole atmosphere was like a mystic dream.

We talked on and on, and I don't believe either of us thought much of time. He sat on the edge of his



chair but talked very slowly in his high melodious voice. He used his hands now and then, but mostly he spoke with his eyes. They never ceased to twinkle. I am sure both he and his wife have marvelous senses of humor. He said he was anxious to get back to his studio in Paris; life was too fast over in this country; it flew by before it was realized, let alone enjoyed.

He said that I must come over to visit him and his wife in their apartment, but did I mind if they were simple folk? He took my address and phone number, but it will be difficult to hear by phone from him. I intend to write him, and Mr. Findlay, too, soon.

When I left I tried to thank him for one of the most interesting and wonderful afternoons I've ever had . . . . but it was hard to get back to winter realism. So I just said, "You're an angel, Mr. Pushman," — and he grasped my hand and kissed it . . . .

That is all.

Anna Belle

Excerpt from Anna Belle Koenig's letter of March 21, 1949 covering dinner and visit at the home of Hovsep Pushman, artist.

Saturday I had dinner with the Pushmans . . . . very fabulous. Mrs. Pushman is just as charming and witty as Mr. Pushman. She was dressed in a long dress—looking like an Indian princess in a sari.



Their Japanese servant met me at the door . . . one of their sons suddenly appeared and I was ushered into the living room. They said they were all most happy and eagerly awaited meeting me. Then I was taken into the son's room to take off my coat — where, incidentally, were hanging on the wall several of Mr. Pushman's first oil paintings . . . small delicate nudes and landscapes; the beautiful typical coloring evident but not Oriental in the least.

The servant soon pitty-patted into the living room and told Madame that dinner was served. And what a dinner! First there was tomato juice, then chicken and the most delicious rice I've ever tasted in my life. They had a very intriguing ancient China gravy bowl — one end which poured thick gravy and the other end which poured thin, only thin gravy. Olives, celery, and the best sauterne wine I've ever tasted were also served. After this course came broiled mushrooms. Then some kind of bean sprouts, I think they were. It looked like celery but was much richer in taste — with some kind of thick red sauce. Then came dessert . . . four kinds of ice cream, French pastry, and sugar cookies in all different shapes.

I forgot to say blue cheese and bread sticks were served with the salad. Incidentally, I ate chicken — the conversation was so intriguing I actually didn't think about it until afterwards.



The table itself was beautiful — a sky blue cloth with white tiny lilies and candles as the centerpiece.

Mrs. Pushman got up from the table on one occasion to get a Japanese silk napkin she was telling me about. The napkin was as large as a card table cover! You would love them, Dad.

After dinner the candles were put out and only the lights above the pictures were left . . . there were about five of these in the dining room . . . all Oriental Pushmans except two portraits, which I believe were of his sons when they were younger. After inspecting these and having the names explained to me, we sojourned to the living room for coffee.

Subjects ran rampant . . . . Illinois, Indiana, I must reserve four seats first row my opening night for the Pushmans, when a child is born in China the family all wear black mourning for the life he must endure, Orson Welles was a friend of theirs and his (Jewish) mother was a very fine musician, **Alice** and Bill must surely come to see them when they come to New York. Mrs. Pushman has a German sister-in-law, subway rush hours, jokes concerning the mispronunciation of foreign words (all the family speak fluent French) . . . . and on and on.

The one son, Arsen, sculps as a hobby . . . . portrait sculpture mostly . . . . his most recent a beautiful little figure of his father. He has a fine collection of miniature heads which are ancient and museum pieces . . . .



i. e., an Egyptian one of hard stone . . . . no larger than your thumbnail, but beautifully marvelously executed both as to features and even expression.

Both sons are in the Persian rug business, like their cousins in Chicago. Armand, the second son, is a skilled musician and performed a concert for me on his French "Pouche" . . . . which, Willie, is an extremely small instrument modeled after a violin but no wider than four inches and about as long as a flute. It looks like a play-thing and in the olden days was used by the dancing master to teach his students the melodies. It derives its name "pouche" (meaning pocket) from the fact that it was so small it could be slipped into the back pocket of the teacher's trousers. Armand sends to England for his music; they are short pixie-like dancing melodies. The instrument is rare and there are few even in museums. He played with great skill and spirit — every now and then playing a sad little piece for his father, who likes the melancholy Armenian airs.

Some after-dinner liqueur was served later — and many boxes of chocolates were passed from time to time.

Dinner was at six thirty, and at eleven thirty I reluctantly said I must depart. One of the sons drove me home.

I took Mrs. Pushman a box of those chocolate sticks like I sent you, and tomorrow I think I shall send her some posies.

Anna Belle



## LUIS JIMENEZ y ARANDA

(Nineteenth Century Spanish)

In Spanish painting as far back as the seventeenth century the family name of Jimenez has been an illustrious one. According to family chronology, Ximenes F. F. Jimenez in the 1600's laid the cornerstone of the family's fame with his paintings of still-life subjects, a field of painting to which he apparently devoted his entire painting career. Subsequent heirs to his talent and name branched away from this field of pure still life, and nearly without exception subsequent representatives of this talented line seemed more inclined toward historical and genre painting.

In the nineteenth century records of the exhibitions at the Royal Academies of Seville and Madrid and the important shows in Cadiz and elsewhere in Spain, one finds an impressive listing of artists bearing this important name. Of this large nineteenth century group, Luis Jimenez y Aranda shares the place of honor with his brother Jose as the most brilliant stars of this amazing family. Both Luis and Jose were historical and genre painters in the grand manner: Brilliant colorists, inspired draughtsmen and composers on canvas, and painters of such fresh and spontaneous talent that their canvases never lack an enthusiastic and ready audience.





THE PRESENTATION

LUIS JIMENEZ y ARANDA



Luis Jimenez, thirteen years the younger, was born in Seville June 21, 1845 and has much the same international background of experience and art training as his older brother. By the time Luis became sufficiently of age to have convinced his family of his serious intentions of devoting his life to painting, his older brother had already made a name for himself. It was only natural that the younger Luis should choose a similar pattern of education, selecting the Beaux Arts School of Seville as his first source of formal technical training, with Rome and Paris in sequence for his advanced student days before establishing himself in his own studio in Pontoise in 1876. By that time he was an assured, mature painter with an established technical manner distinctly his own, though arrived at by intensive study of the work of earlier artists and the costumes and manners of earlier periods.

Luis Jimenez y Aranda's paintings, though done in the tradition of the lavish court paintings, have a verve, vigor and reality which make them infinitely more lively and interesting than one would dream to be possible with subjects done in the costumes of earlier days. Each of his compositions is a fascinating medley of brilliant painting, intricately interwoven patterns of color and luxurious textures; minute detail so subtly blended into a complete entity that it is only fully discovered on close study after the glowing beauty of the whole has been enjoyed.



Always his paintings tell a story with zest — a very human one though against a lavish setting. Miniature painters could not have rendered each figure portrayed with greater fidelity or with more radiant flesh tones than those which Jimenez handled on a far broader scale. His modeling is solid and fine, his portraiture vivid and well delineated, with each member of his groups a distinct personality. Yet with all the many separate features in his paintings to attract and hold one's interest, one is never distracted from enjoying the complete whole. His was a highly decorative talent, yet one built on such a firm foundation of quality that his subjects are treasured not only as beautiful designs and absorbingly interesting subjects but as fine paintings as well. He has so deftly combined consummate craftsmanship with the art of transferring to canvas a lively story that it is difficult to determine which of these skills he has to the greater degree.

As a consequence, the work of Luis Jimenez y Aranda once seen is long and glowingly remembered. In recognition of his important place in Spanish art, Luis Jimenez y Aranda was awarded the Grand Cross of the Order of Isabella as well as various honors from the Academies in Spain. The Museums of Cologne and Pontoise are among the many which display his work with pride in their permanent collections.



## PROFESSOR ADRIANO CECCHI

When one sees the delightfully original and exquisitely painted canvases of Adriano Cecchi, one cannot suppress a feeling of deep regret that so wonderfully talented and superbly skillful a painter spent such a large portion of his life teaching rather than painting. Unfortunately, this was the case, so that it is rare to discover examples of his gemlike, radiant compositions.

Both the life and work of Cecchi, judging the latter from the extremely limited number of paintings available for study, presented marked contradictions. In retrospect one would judge that Cecchi was born under the most ideal circumstances a painter could ask for. Son of an artist and member of a family which produced a number of capable painters and engravers during the late eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, one would assume that a normal and logical sequence of events would have been for Adriano Cecchi to follow the already established family pattern and become solely interested in a career as an artist. Certainly he did not need to overcome the problem of convincing an unsympathetic family of the importance of making a career in the arts.

In spite of his family's enthusiasm and their conviction that Cecchi would take his place among the great painters, he turned to teaching only a few years



after his student days. This is especially ironic as his success had been quickly attained. By 1880 he was a full Professor of painting at the School of Decorative Arts in Florence; his reputation as a brilliant young painter had been established; he had exhibited in Florence, Rome, Munich, and had spent two years, (1878-1879) in England, where his work was enthusiastically received.

There is no indication in any biography of Cecchi of what influences turned his attention to teaching. It must have been a most unusual series of circumstances to lure him away from such quickly won fame to the quieter satisfactions of academic life. Fortunately, his professorship did not end his creative work, though it drastically reduced the number of his paintings.

Actually this contradiction to the usual pattern of artists struggling a full lifetime for the same measure of fame which Cecchi chose to disregard is no greater than his complete turnabout from his early work.

Born in Prato, Italy, his earliest enthusiasm was in the field of wood blocks and, with no apparent interest in painting, he studied only wood blocks and various forms of engraving, first in his father's studio and later in Florence. With all indications that this would be his permanent medium, Cecchi suddenly did a complete about-face and became absorbed in painting. From that point forward he became outstanding in the field of painting.



In Cecchi's painting one finds the unusual combination of humor and everyday situations developed against a luxurious setting of elegance and richness in which one would expect more formal subject content. On the other hand Cecchi, as a storyteller, delighted in recording amusing incidents which had verve and sparkle with all the relish of a good joke. Yet, as a painter, he reveled in producing a composition of jewel-like delicacy comparable to miniature work.

Superb colorist, working in singing pure tones which ebb and flow in his composition from most delicate tints to deep toned accents, Cecchi's paintings sparkle with gay beauty. Textures are given brilliant life and reality by his fluid and assured brush. Yet virtuososo as he is as a painter, Cecchi never loses sight of his firm conviction that a painting can be exquisitely beautiful as an overall composition yet at the same time have warm human interest and appeal in subject matter.

For the most part his compositions were comparatively small ones, yet so perfectly balanced, so superbly handled that each one has importance and brilliance which would do justice to canvases of far greater size.

Adriano Cecchi is a painter whose life's work should have been infinitely more extensive in terms of number of paintings produced. On the other hand, they represent such perfection that one who enjoys fine painting is grateful for a glimpse of even a few examples.





DIVIDED ATTENTION  
PROFESSOR ADRIANO CECCHI

Cecchi's "Divided Attention" and "The Proposal" were purchased by the Robert F. Koenigs in June 1950.





THE PROPOSAL  
PROFESSOR ADRIANO CECCHI





TEA LEAF FORTUNE  
HARRY ROSELAND

Purchased by Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. Koenig in April 1951.



## HARRY ROSELAND

(1866-1928)

Judging from Harry Roseland's paintings, one would never dream that this late nineteenth and early twentieth century American painter had been born in Brooklyn, New York, and had spent a great deal of his life in states as far north of the Mason-Dixon Line as New York and Massachusetts. His paintings are so completely focused on subjects of the Old South and especially on affectionate interpretations of typical Southern mammies of days gone by, that one would presume he had spent his life steeped in the atmosphere of cotton picking, Southern plantations and the customs of the deep South of storybook lore.

Surprising though it seems, Yankee Brooklyn, New York, was Roseland's birthplace, with the date of birth being May 12, 1866. It was also in Brooklyn and New York City where he received his formal art training, under J. B. Whittaker and Beckwill respectively, followed by short periods of study in Paris and Berlin.

Although little is recorded regarding the exact period when Roseland first became enamored of the South and Southern ways, we find record of his first of many Southern prizes as being the award of the Bronze Medal in Charleston in 1902, following on the heels of the



award of the Silver Medal in Boston in 1900, and the Gold Medal in Boston in 1901.

Roseland's paintings, unique in their field, are distinguished for both their subject matter and for their gay color and decorative value. Certainly none of his contemporaries was able to vie with him when it came to depicting the lovable ways, the childlike superstitions and the infectious good humor of the old-school Southern mammy. This was a field he dominated with great capacity and verve — his paintings have a strong overtone of the same endearing qualities which make "Dixie," "My Old Kentucky Home," and the best known Spirituals, songs which are never forgotten and never fail to tug at our heart strings. The strong vein of sentiment and deep affection which runs through his work inspires immediate response.

Roseland painted in an era which has vanished from the American scene but which well deserved the perpetuation for the future which he so ably achieved in his fascinating, delightful episodes on canvas.



## JOHN ARTHUR LOMAX

( 1857 — 1914 )

Spanning the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries of English painting, John Arthur Lomax stands alone for his mastery of pungent, warmly human narrative combined into small, jewellike canvases of exceptional beauty. In some respects his painting has much the same flavor as that of the widely publicized English artist Denby Sadler, whose genre subjects have been engraved and reproduced so many times. However, whereas Sadler, who shared the same preoccupation as Lomax for purely storytelling painting, generally worked on a large, sweeping scale, virtually the entire work of Lomax was confined to small, intimate compositions of exquisite quality and charm.

As in the case of Denby Sadler, Lomax took the major portion of the subject matter of his paintings from everyday situations involving the frailties of human beings, painting them with affectionate tolerance and sympathetic understanding. Always he developed the details of background setting and period costuming with utmost care, using this documentary detail to point up and augment the flavor of the situation portrayed, the end result of this being that the observer immediately feels drawn into Lomax subjects in a warm, personal way.





FATHERLY ADVICE  
JOHN ARTHUR LOMAX

Purchased by the Robert F. Koenigs in April 1951.



With all the human interest and understanding of the most poignant elements of storytelling which Lomax introduced into his painting, it is readily understood why his paintings would have universal appeal. But over and above their interest for subject alone is the quality of his painting, which is both beautiful and outstanding.

Lomax, completely English as he was in both his choice of subjects and his handling of them, had had the great good fortune of exposure to the highly exacting and rigorous training in figure painting of the nineteenth century Munich Academy. He could have asked for no finer foundation for his ultimate career in the genre field than the years spent as a student in Munich. At the Academy there he was thoroughly schooled in the rudiments of figure painting and was completely indoctrinated with the importance of solid, fine drawing for which the Munich Academy was famous.

This is readily apparent in the sure fineness and strength of his brushwork and the degree of perfection with which each character in his paintings is portrayed. Individual figures in his compositions could well stand alone as separate portraits spontaneously and vitally presented. Yet at no time does his insistence on perfection of detail interfere with the oneness and total impact of the story he wishes to tell. His compositions are so subtly blended, so masterfully knit into a flowing pat-



tern of design that the details and technical mastery are fully discerned only after one has savored the delightfully pungent story and has begun to explore into the elements which made his paintings such gems.

Born in Didsbury, Manchester, in 1857, Lomax finally established himself permanently in London, long the center of British art. His recognition as a distinguished painter came far more quickly than usual. At the youthful age of twenty-two his work was first accepted for exhibition by the Royal Society of British Artists, and he was elected to membership in that important group shortly thereafter. Exhibitions at the Royal Academy, Suffolk Street, and other important London galleries followed, and for the whole period of 1879 until his death in 1914, Lomax figured prominently among the great in English painting of his time.

By no means a prolific painter, it is now very seldom that one sees examples of his work. In spite of this, his reputation persists, and when his paintings do appear on the market they are received with great enthusiasm. With all the new schools and approaches to painting which followed the period of Lomax, the unique luster of his work remains as bright today as it was during his lifetime.



## GEORGE GOODWIN KILBURNE

(1839 - 1893)

The nineteenth century English figure painter George Goodwin Kilburne is something of a phenomenon. One of the few artists who had the dexterity and disciplined talent to be equally at home in the media of both oil and water color and to handle both media with the same degree of strength and completeness.

It is not too unusual for a painter in oil to use water color as a secondary medium, employing water color for quick, free sketches and as a means to preserve quick color notes for future reference. However, it is the great exception when a painter has, as Kilburne, completed his water-color subjects with the same care and finished detail as his canvases in oil.

Actually, Kilburne is better known today for his exquisitely detailed small water-color figure groups than for his similar subjects beautifully rendered on canvas. This is undoubtedly due to the fact that so very few creative talents have been able to develop their mastery of water color to the point where it can stand alone as a strong, complete, finished and fully self-sufficient composition.

Pupil of the Dalziel brothers, Kilburne was a prominent member of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water





READING THE LETTER  
GEORGE GOODWIN KILBURN

Purchased by Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. Koenig  
in September 1951



Colors and during his lifetime had the great satisfaction of knowing that examples of his work had been selected for the permanent collections of a large number of English museums as well as for the Museum of Sidney, Australia. The Royal Academy, Suffolk Street, and the New Water Color Society all frequently exhibited his work, with the result that from about 1862 his water colors and paintings were increasingly familiar to the art-minded English public.

Although Kilburne's water colors give the immediate impression of having been done with the most spontaneous ease and simplicity, closer examination shows how far from the case that is. In actuality they are most minutely documented, with each salient detail of background, costume and feature painstakingly rendered. Yet the overall effect is one of flowing ease and grace. His complete composition is carefully built up, with contrasting color notes and shadows carefully placed to give third-dimensional form. His oils are treated in the same way.

Kilburne was a sincere, direct and exceptionally talented artist. Combined with these qualities were his imagination and unusual sensitivity to beautiful color chords which reflect throughout his work. His was an expressive capacity and love of beauty that would be outstanding in any group of painters. This is particularly the case in the too little developed field of water color.





THE INTERESTING BOOK  
EDWARD KILLINGSWORTH JOHNSON

This water color was purchased by Mr. and Mrs.  
Robert F. Koenig September 1951.



## EDWARD KILLINGSWORTH JOHNSON

(1825 - 1892)

In contemporary twentieth century art circles the mention of paintings in water color immediately brings to mind a freely handled medium far different in both handling and expressiveness from paintings in oil.

In contrast to the present-day techniques in this medium, we find among the painters of earlier periods those who had the capacity and skill to handle water color with as much precision, directness and detailed modelling of forms as other painters would produce only in oils. Of these, Edward Killingsworth Johnson is a very notable example.

Born in Stratford at Wembly in 1825, this nineteenth century English painter confined his work almost entirely to the medium of water-color painting and in this field achieved unusual beauty and strength.

During this period in English art history, acceptance in the carefully screened exhibitions at the Royal Academy and Suffolk Street, London, constituted recognition and achievement which all artists were proud to receive. Yet among these painters—contemporary with Johnson — who were regular exhibitors in these great London exhibitions, few had their work as widely exhibited as Johnson. As early as 1846, from the age of



twenty-one, Johnson was regularly invited to show at these London galleries. But in addition, Birmingham, England; Paris and the American exhibitions in Philadelphia and New York invited representation of his work.

This widespread interest in his work is readily understandable as one studies his special technique and realizes how remarkable it is to accomplish the detailed beauty and meticulous perfection which he developed in water color. The delicate nuances of shading, the subtle play of light and shadow, and the full roundness of modelling which his sparkling and radiant water colors feature are exquisitely achieved. The pure clarity and delicacy of his blending of color; the freshness and luminous qualities of his color patterns are outstanding.

Again unusual to water color, Johnson for the most part confined his painting to small figure subjects. These subjects were a challenge to his sureness of drawing which he met with the greatest ease. His figures, though going beyond portraiture in their storytelling content, are in themselves miniature portraits as finely drawn and fully delineated as one could ask for in the medium of oil. After studying Johnson's truly lovely compositions, one wonders why more painters have not schooled themselves in water-color painting of the type which Johnson carried to such a degree of perfection. The purity of color possible in water color and the delicacy



of rendering developed by a skillful master of this medium are glowingly beautiful and unique to this field. Water colors such as those of Edward Killingsworth Johnson are a joy both to study and to live with.

From approximately 1871 until his death in 1892, Johnson deserted London and established his studio in the County of Essex, enjoying there a quieter, more secluded life. But until his death in 1892, he remained an active member of the Old Water Color Society of which he was made an associate member in 1866 and a full member in 1876.





“THE CONNOISSEUR”

JOHN WATSON NICOL

Purchased by Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. Koenig in  
September 1951.



JOHN WATSON NICOL  
(1847 - 1927)

Painting collectors from the beginning of recorded facts on private collections have zealously sought out choice, small canvases to study and treasure.

Numerous anecdotes have been written of famous collectors who took great pride in showing friends and the public their impressive, larger masterpieces. Then, alone in their studies, they savored the beauty and fascination of their small, choice pieces.

Although John Watson Nicol had all the versatility and imagination to be a successful painter in a number of fields — portrait, genre and historical — and enjoyed the honor of being commissioned to do the portrait of Kaiser Wilhelm II for the United Service Club in London in 1903, it is to his beautifully finished, small figure paintings that the discerning eye of the collector is immediately attracted. These are indeed paintings one can easily imagine the collector enjoying for hours on end in private.

Son of the famous Scottish painter Erskine Nicol, John Watson Nicol was exposed at an early age to the endless amount of intriguing material available in daily life to a painter with sufficient imagination to see the infinite possibilities with the power of expression to



convert this material into interesting and beautiful patterns of color on canvas. The senior Nicol, member of the Royal Scottish Academy and exhibitor at not only the Royal Academy of London but also the National Academy in New York, made his "place in the sun" with his anecdotal, very human subjects as "Toothache," "Notice to Quit," and "Unwillingly to School." Consequently, it was only natural that personality studies should interest the son. John Watson Nicol, following in his father's footsteps, first was invited into the Royal Academy exhibitions in 1876 and from then for some forty-odd years was included regularly in their exhibition catalogues. It is known that he was an exhibitor in 1924, three years prior to his death, and it may well have been that this continued until shortly before his death. Also, the City of Sheffield honored him late in life with the purchase of one of his paintings, though he had no actual connection with Sheffield and their choice was not in the nature of rewarding him as an individual who had been associated with the life of that city.

A warm, pure colorist, Nicol developed a highly finished type of painting wonderfully well adapted to his subject matter. A true, strong draughtsman with a deeply appreciative eye for textural delineation and beautiful color patterns. Nicol's paintings are on the surface direct and literal. Actually, however, they are deceptively simplified compositions which required both imagination and an unusual degree of selectiveness to



achieve a highly pleasing surface simplicity combined with the most poignant use of those special details which point up his story vividly.





THE LOVE SONG

LUIS RUIPEREZ



## LUIS RUIPEREZ

(1832 - 1867)

The reference to Luis Ruiperez in "La Pintura Española" by A. de Beruete y Moret as one of the most brilliant painters in Nineteenth Century Spain is by no means an overstatement. Ruiperez's achievement in the field of both genre and historical painting more than justified Beruete's enthusiasm, as well as the confidence which the great French master Meissonier had in his brilliant and gifted pupil.

Born in Murcia, Spain, in 1832, Ruiperez enjoyed only the barest minimum of art training during his boyhood and early manhood, which were spent in Spain. Personal and family funds did not allow for travel to the Spanish art centers and for the tuition required by the art schools which might otherwise have been available to him. However he kept his goal high — by confidence in his own talent and by a driving determination to use that talent to the fullest. Finally, in his early twenties he was able, with the help of friends, to get to Paris, always the dream mecca for budding artists.

When Ruiperez reached Paris in the early fifties, Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier was already the toast of the art world there and, in fact, of Europe as well. For nearly ten years Meissonier had been consistently award-



ed the First Prize in Paris Salon exhibitions. He had won the Grand Medal of Honor at the Salon for his painting "La Rixe" which had subsequently been purchased by Napoleon III as his gift to Queen Victoria and Prince Albert to commemorate these sovereigns' visit to Paris. With all this fame and the demand for his paintings, Meissonier was extremely limited in the time he could give to teaching. Consequently, he accepted only the very few exceptionally talented individuals who he considered had superior promise. The very fact that this peer of the Paris art world allowed Ruiperez, an unknown and foreign born young painter, to enter his atelier as a pupil meant that Ruiperez had been minutely screened and had been accepted only after a thorough testing of his talent against that of the legion of other applicants that besieged Meissonier. A greater testimonial to the evident inherent talent of young Ruiperez could not be imagined.

The privileged and inspiring, as well as exacting, experience of studying with this finished and brilliant master was the great opportunity of Ruiperez's life. Of it he made the fullest use, in every sense of the word. The brilliant and jewellike technique which Ruiperez developed so magnificently, as well as his absorption with figure painting, is unquestionably in large measure attributable to this invaluable experience.

Meissonier did some few magnificent large canvases



of the Napoleonic Campaigns, such as the great "La Charge de Friedland" on which he reputedly worked ten years. But by far the greatest portion of his painting was confined to small paintings such as the "Napoleon I Campaign of Paris" (12½x9½ inches) for which 6090 Pounds Sterling, or well over \$30,000, was paid at the Ruskin Sale of 1882. In the case of Ruiperez, virtually his entire work was concentrated on small paintings, both genre and historical.

Ruiperez's work, notwithstanding all the direct influence of his master Meissonier, had strong overtones which seem to stem directly from Flemish sources. Like Franz Hals, Teniers, and others of Flemish and Dutch origin, Ruiperez brought such vitality of brushwork, such vigor of color and composition to his small paintings that the most descriptive single expression which can be used is that they are "great little paintings." His unerring draughtsmanship, with so much accomplished with a free flowing type of drawing, makes each of his compositions a vivid vignette of personality. Richness of color combined with spontaneous and zestful painting blends into a finished and forceful gem of painting which easily dominates many far larger canvases.

Although Ruiperez did some very fine French army subjects, as did Meissonier, he was mainly interested in a far-flung variety of types — "The Violinist," "Chess Players," "The Critic," "Sword Practice," "Muleteers in



a Poseda," "The Love Song," are titles of only a few of his paintings which indicate the wide range of his subjects. "Cabaret in the Time of Louis XIII" in the W. H. Vanderbilt Collection and "The Rendezvous" in the G. W. Vanderbilt Collection indicate his equal facility with romantic period subjects. The latter painting, together with "Muleteers in a Poseda," was painted in the year of his death, 1867.

Thirty-four years was far too short a life span for such an accomplished and superbly talented artist. But in the some fifteen years which he enjoyed as a mature and masterly painter Ruiperez made a brilliant record. Unfortunately, as a result of the limited time allowed him, very few examples of his painting are ever seen. Those that too infrequently appear outside of private collections fully bear out the enthusiastic testimonials which have been written on the work of this painter from Spain.



## AMERICAN PRIMITIVES

American primitives were discovered about 1920, and interest in them has increased beyond all expectations. The name "American primitives" seems to be the most descriptive, but often they are called such names as "pictorial folk art" or "pioneer," "artisan" and "amateur" art.

The English, Scotch, Germans and Italians have also produced primitives, many of which have been imported and sold in America. Distinct religious paintings have been produced by all of these nations and are found in most collections.

We are, however, most interested in the American primitives, which seem to have had their origin with itinerant painters who traveled around, painted houses or barns and often had the daughter or the lady of the house sit for a portrait, or they painted some of the nearby scenery, farm views and historic scenes.

American primitives are seldom found in commercial galleries, but usually in antique shops, where a painting or two appear even today and are more interesting to many collectors than are the other antique objects, mostly furniture, pottery, silverware, rare glass, etc.

American primitive portraits do not have the in-





HUDSON RIVER SCENE

FRED HODGES



terest and appeal to me that the more creative art has—the farm scenes, river views and historic scenes. Who cares to have hung among his other pictures Uncle Jim's Aunt Bessie or the grandfather of some Civil War veteran, all quite unknown, including the artist? A portrait is made because of the vanity of the subject, while the average paintings made with models, often the same in many of his paintings, display much better the creative art of the painter and tell a real story.

Not too many of the original primitives have been signed by the artists, although there are some pictures with the artists and dates of painting known.

The criticism of early primitives is that they have no soul quality as compared with most of our valued paintings. However, they portray phases of American life which are very interesting, and good primitives were produced from the Revolutionary days to the Civil War. Hardly any are accepted as primitives which are dated after the Civil War.

Although painting at the present time, Grandma Moses, because of her age, is producing many interesting pictures which might compare with American primitives painted in ante-bellum days.

An interesting fact about American primitives is that the first American primitive painters did not commercialize their paintings, but produced them as a sort of sideline in connection with their vocation, which was



the painting of houses and the signs on inns and business places. (Even photographs of these early signs make good collectors' items — as do the original fire signs which formerly were tacked on houses that took out special insurance for fire protection.)

Many years later Grandma Moses and Grant Wood painted "American primitives" which enjoy an extensive sale.

Some of the best and most recent books on American primitives are "Pictorial Folk Art, New England to California," by Alice Folk, "Primitive Painters in America 1750 to 1950," by Jean Lipman and Alice Winchester, and "Currier & Ives, Printmakers to the American People," by Harry T. Peters.

The book "Pictorial Folk Art" contains many splendid biographical sketches of the best known primitive painters, together with good illustrations of their work, a few in color. "Primitive Painters in America" has good text, with biographies of primitive painters, and is profusely illustrated with samples of their work. "Currier & Ives" is well illustrated and shows some good characteristic political prints, particularly of the Civil War period — what today we would perhaps call cartoons.

The painting illustrated, a scene on the Hudson River, by Fred Hodges, is not particularly valuable or beautiful, but it is a good example of primitive painting. We can imagine this itinerant painter completing the



picture at odd times while he was painting the family home and later presenting it to the daughter or the lady of the house as a memento of his visit.

This picture formerly hung in the home of an old Beloit, Wisconsin, family, the Kilbournes, and was purchased from them. They brought it from New York State.

Interest in American primitive paintings makes a splendid entree for a visitor to any small gallery or antique shop throughout the land and if persisted in may result in some valuable discoveries which were brought from some attic or storehouse of an early pioneer.







## CHAPTER IV

### SCULPTURES



Sculptures by Peter Hayard and wood carved totem pole by Chief Wha-kadim (William Shelton), Tulalip, Washington, together with historical significance of the figures on the totem pole.



PRESENTED ON  
THE SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY  
OF THE FOUNDING OF THIS BUSINESS TO

1889

1949



W. T. RAWLEIGH  
FOUNDER AND PRESIDENT OF  
THE W.T. RAWLEIGH COMPANY AND ITS AFFILIATES IN  
THE UNITED STATES, CANADA, AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND  
HIS CULTURAL CIVIC AND POLITICAL ACTIVITIES  
HAVE BEEN MANY  
SERVICE TO GOD AND MAN IS HIS MEASURE OF VALUE

The above is a good illustration of a bronze sculptured portrait by Peter Hayward of W. T. Rawleigh, father of Mrs. Anna May Rawleigh Koenig. It hangs in the foyer of The W. T. Rawleigh Company offices in Freeport, Illinois.

A report of a personal visit to Mr. Hayward's studio is recorded in the following pages by Mrs. Anna Belle Koenig Nimmo.



Excerpt from Anna Belle Koenig Nimmo's letter of March 21, 1949 covering visit to studio of Peter Hayward, Sculptor.

I met the sculptor Peter Hayward Thursday. Saw his studio, chatted with him there over coffee and cookies, and told him what I thought of his plaque of Mr. Sheriff.

Incidentally, he's done a fine job . . . It's amazing what really — just from pictures! I gave him a few pointers from what I knew, knowing Mr. Sheriff.

Mr. Hayward just won the National American Academy Award here in New York on portrait sculpturing. It's the second time for him. His complete heads are terrific — very lifelike. Says he thinks it would be nice to have a bust of Mr. Sheriff instead of just a plaque . . . I think, artistically speaking, the bust is a finer piece of art.

Mr. Hayward is the young man mother told me about last spring when she came up to visit me. She said he was at Jensen's and his name was "Peter."

Peter is quite an interesting person — he has never formally studied sculpturing, in spite of the fact he's been making a living at it and has been winning awards for 12 years. He is also a writer — fairy tales.

One of his most interesting pieces — practically all were heads — was a pianist at a piano — one hand is



raised high above the keyboard and the head is bent. The piece looks as though it were hewn out of rough rock — the back part of the piano is not sculptured . . . just rough rock, in which appear the shapes of muses if you look closely.

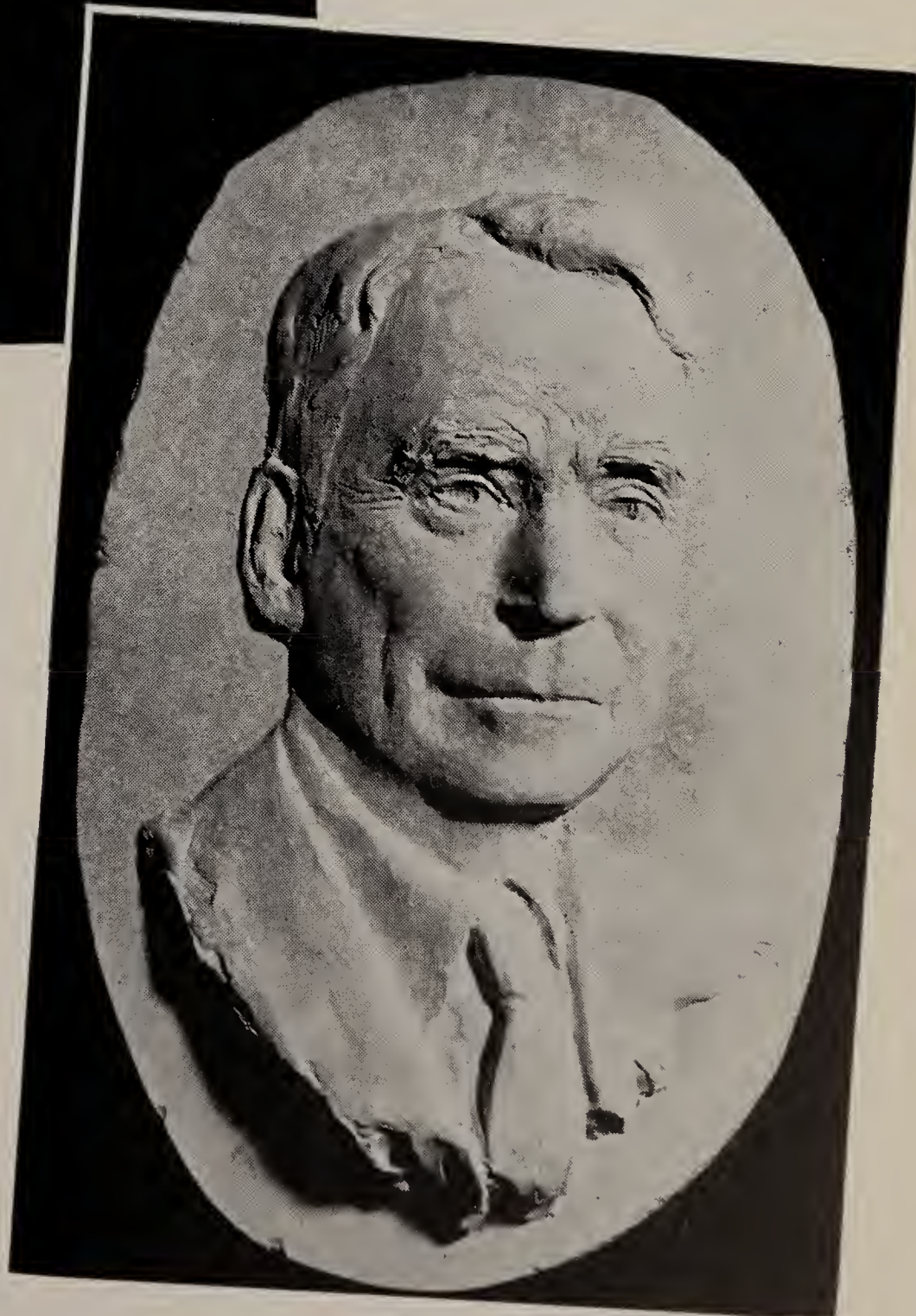
Mr. Hayward has a model Tuesday evenings and several of his friends come over to practice drawing. I am going tomorrow night after my dance class just to see what I can do.



Anna Belle Koenig Nimmo  
bust in the home of Robert  
F. Koenig.



The bust and plaque  
on this page are the  
work of Peter  
Hayward.



Plaster cast of bronze plaque in the  
library at Cheshire Academy. Dedi-  
cated to Arthur N. Sheriff, teacher,  
educator, administrator, in grateful  
recognition of an impassioned untir-  
ing life dedicated to the destruction  
of ignorance and intolerance and to  
the encouragement of truth, goodness  
and beauty. Presented to Cheshire  
Academy by Mr. and Mrs. Robert F.  
Koenig 1949.



### Biographical Sketch of Peter Hayward

Peter Hayward, son of Robert and Ina Phelps Hayward and grandson of William Preston Phelps, painter, was born in Keene, New Hampshire, in 1905. Graduated from Keene High School 1923. Attended Middlebury College in Vermont two years.

For twelve years before becoming an artist, he held various commercial positions.

In 1935, while convalescing from a broken neck and back, he sculptured a head of his daughter. Continued to play with clay and received his first commission while still in a plaster cast, in the summer of 1936.

He went to New York in 1938 and decided to make sculpture his profession, specializing in portraits.

First exhibited piece (a torso) shown in the National Academy in 1939 . . . followed by heads nearly every year. Won the Proctor Prize in 1948 and again in 1949. (This is considered the top portrait prize in the United States).

Has taught sculpture at the Riverdale Country School since 1948.

He began to paint in the summer of 1949 and had fourteen pupils in painting during the summer of 1951.





This portrait sculpture is always greatly admired by those who see it in the Koenig home. The young girl is of mixed race and has an unusual, intelligent and well chiseled face. An outstanding and impressive example of Peter Hayward's work.





This interesting landmark at Krape Park was purchased from the carver, a chief of the Snohomish Indians named Wha-kadim (William Shelton), and shipped in a special freight car direct to Freeport. Each figure on this pole symbolizes a special legendary story of the Snohomish Indians. The picture of this totem pole is included here because of the Indian art and the rarity of totem poles in the East and Central West. Most of them are found in the Northwest and Alaska. Their symbolism is an interesting study.



## THE STORY OF THE TOTEM POLE

In Krape Park\*

Carved by Chief Wha-kadim (William Shelton) of the Snohomish Indians and presented to the boy scouts of the U. S. Grant Area in 1935 by Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. Koenig.

In carving the images Chief Wha-kadim merely put in visible form the life lessons told him, when a little boy, in the form of parables or stories, by his father and mother. Fortunately he has put these stories in writing, which we reproduce here, somewhat condensed.

It may help our appreciation of them to know that a totem is not a figure carved in wood — such a figure is a mere symbol — but a totem is a spiritual being, which is believed to take the form of a plant or, more frequently, of an animal. Among the American Indians, a totem is the guardian spirit, sometimes of an individual, but more commonly of a family or tribe.

The American Indians are not the only totem worshipers. Every primitive people, when they have reached an advanced stage of development, have had their totems. The animal-headed gods of the early Egyptians,

\*(Condensed by William T. Hewetson from the book "The Story of the Totem Pole or Indian Legends" by Chief William Shelton and revised by the editors.)



pictured today on the costly tapestries sold in oriental bazaars, were their totems. So too the dragon, which plays such a prominent part in the art of China and Japan, is related to the totems of those nations.

Longfellow, in his *Hiawatha*, has shown that the folklore of the Indians centers around the stories connected with their totems. They are, indeed, an Indian mythology. As we read the stories of Chief Wha-kadim which follow, we get a glimpse into the deepest mysteries of the life of his people. The first story has to do with the figure of the whale on the totem pole in Krape park, and here it is:

### **The Whale, the Mink and Tut-te-eka**

One day the mink and his little brother, Tut-te-eka, went out fishing in a canoe, with a spear. While they were fishing a big whale came along and made the water go up and down. This made the mink angry and he called the whale "dirty thing" and "full of hot air," and other bad names.

Presently the whale heard and decided to teach the mink a lesson. So, coming close, he swallowed the mink, his brother and the canoe.

Now, Tut-te-eka was a smart boy, even if he could not boss his big brother, and after a while he said: "I have heard that when a whale dies he always goes to a creek. Let us feel around for the whale's heart, kill him,



and when he goes to the creek to die, we may have a chance to get out.”

After a long search they found the heart and Tut-te-eka began cutting at it with his flint knife. This made the whale very sick and after a while he swam to a creek, where he died. Then the mink began hollering and making a loud noise inside the whale’s stomach. He wanted someone to come and let them out.

An old man was making a canoe near the stream. Hearing a strange noise, he looked up and, to his surprise, saw the dead whale. Coming up to it, he again heard the strange sounds, and as he listened, he heard someone inside the whale’s stomach say, “This is the thinnest place.” Then the old man chopped a hole in the whale’s side with his hatchet, and out came the mink and his little brother.

Then the mink, instead of being grateful to his little brother, who had proved to be so much smarter than he, and had really saved his life, began making fun of him. “Look,” he said, “your eyebrows are all peeled off.” But Tut-te-eka answered him back, “You aren’t any better off. Feel your head, the hair is all gone.”

That was too much for the mink and he was ready to go home. The old man pointed out the way, and they were soon back with their parents.

The lesson part of the story is this: That you should not get mixed up with bad people, even though they are



your brothers. Tut-te-eka was truthful, kind and good, but was swallowed by the whale because of his foolish, boasting brother.

It took the genius of Longfellow to see in the folk lessons of the American Indians the human interest and dramatic power which are the essence of a good story. Yet even the tales of Hiawatha, fine as they are, lack the simplicity and naturalness of the originals upon which they are based. Many of the Indian stories were handed down from father to son and from mother to daughter, and no doubt many improvements in them were made as they were transmitted.

As they were intended to teach the way of life to children, they have a distinct moral tone. In fact, they were based on the principle that good stories make good boys and girls, and bad stories make bad boys and girls—a principle regarded by too many modern storytellers as an “old fogy” notion.

### **The Little Man With the Bright Colored Coat**

Once there was a family living where there were no other people. They were a very nice family and they had a daughter they thought a great deal of. One day a man came along and asked to marry the daughter. He was a nice enough looking young man, but he was not a high-class Indian and so they refused him.

“It would be a shame,” they said, “for our daughter to marry into a low-class family.”



But the girl loved the young man and married him, anyway. Then the parents were ashamed of her and moved away to another place, leaving the young married couple to live in the old place. This young man, he was really not much of a man. They had nothing to eat and were very poor.

After a while a son was born to them — a fine baby, and he grew very fast and soon became a smart little man. He made a bow and arrow for himself and practiced shooting. Soon he began bringing home birds with fine feathers, and one day he asked his mother to take the skins with the bright feathers on and make him a coat, and she did. Then he asked her to make a bag out of coon skin, and she made the bag, and he called it Chlh-lohoh, and he carried his arrows in it. And he became a great shooter with the bow and arrow. He could kill anything. He was a very smart boy.

And, when his parents saw what a smart boy he was, they became much ashamed that he had such poor parents, and so they decided to get rid of themselves. In the morning when the boy was about to start out, the mother said to him: “My son, your grandfather moved away and left me here. If you should ever look for him, his name is Bic-bic-way-ah. Just mention it and people will know who you mean.”

That evening the boy came home lugging a big elk he had killed. He looked all around for his father and



mother. He wanted to show them the big elk he had slain with his bow and arrow. But he could not find them. After a time he found a huge heap of ashes and, poking around in the ashes, he found the bones of his parents. They had burned themselves to death, in order that they might not disgrace their son who was so much better than they were.

Then the boy remembered what his mother had told him and went off to look for his grandfather. Everyone he saw admired his fine coat of feathers and liked the boy, because he was so well-built and so smart. And one old man tried to claim him for his grandson. But the boy was too smart and he said to himself: "I don't like him. He makes too much noise."

After a long time he found his real grandfather and liked him, for he was a nice old man, and the boy was very happy. He went out hunting with the old man's two sons, his uncles, and killed more game than both of them put together. He was the best hunter in all the country, and everybody praised him.

The lesson part of this story is this: When it was told to children, they naturally wanted to be like this boy, who started with nothing, learned to shoot all by himself—did everything of his own will—and so became a great man.

### **The Black Bear and the Grizzly Bear**

We regret that space will permit us to give only a



bare outline of this interesting story, which centers around the figure of the bears on the totem pole.

According to Chief Wha-kadim's story, a brown bear and her two children lived with a grizzly bear and her two children. The big strong grizzly bear was always picking on the smaller brown bear. After this had gone on quite a while, the brown bear became convinced that the grizzly bear intended to kill her. She therefore called her two children to her and told them just what to do if the grizzly bear should kill her. When the sky grew red in the west, she told them, they would know she had been killed. Then they were to lie in wait for the young grizzly bears and kill them. After that they were to take some grease, a bow and arrows, a spear, an echo and a handful of nice weather, and start for the home of their grandfather, who was very wise and would save them from the grizzly bear who would certainly follow them.

The grease, they poured on an old log, over which the grizzly bear slipped and fell, thus delaying her. The arrows, they paid to a little trail, who led the grizzly off the main trail, causing her to lose time. The bow they gave to a crab apple bush, which caught the grizzly's hair and held her a while. The echo led her away from the path among the hills and a crane to whom they gave the spear put one leg across a river and let them pass over on it; but when the grizzly came, the crane let



him slip off into the river, and this delayed the grizzly some more. The little bears finally reached their grandfather and were saved.

The moral of this story, as you probably have guessed, is that "if children follow the advice of their mothers, no harm will come to them."

### **Hoh-Kwy, the Little Diver**

In a certain village lived Mr. Crane and his bride, the little diver, Hoh-Kwy. The little diver was a good wife and the crane a fine husband, and for a time they lived very happily together. The crane was a skillful fisherman and he brought the diver the choicest bits of fish.

One day the diver pretended to be very sick and the crane went out to get her some good nourishing food — something she was very fond of. For days he did this and yet his wife did not seem to improve. One day he came home unexpectedly and found that his wife, instead of being sick as she pretended, was carrying on a flirtation with a woodpecker.

The crane was so furious that he immediately stabbed the woodpecker to death. If you will notice you can still see the bloodstained feathers on the woodpecker's side.

Then the crane decided to punish his wife. He flew with her to the top of a tall cedar tree and tied her there



with a rope. The little diver struggled so hard to free herself that she bled and if you look you can see a red streak down the tree, left by her blood.

The diver's parents offered a reward to anyone who should release her. Several tried but only succeeded in getting beyond the center of the tree. All the rest fell and perished. The one who did get higher failed to reach the diver but had to turn back. And when he reached the ground, he could not stand upright but had to crawl like a snake.

Then a woodpecker offered to release the diver. He flew up to the top and untied the rope. The diver was saved and all the people were so glad that they gave the woodpecker all their property and they were all very poor for the rest of their lives.

The moral is that when we do wrong we not only suffer ourselves but make others suffer also.

The next story has to do with the figure of the Deer and the Wolves. It is too long to give more than a mere summary.

### **The Deer and the Wolves**

The deer family is known as fleet of foot, but not very smart. The wolf family is both smart and tricky. One day the wolves were playing a game called Shaw-uts, and the deer decided to join them. They thought they could play the wolves' game just as well as the wolves themselves. And the wolves were smart enough



to let them think so.

When it was too late the deer found they were no match for the wolves in their game. It was the rabbit that told them what the wolves were up to. But before they could get out of it and away, the wolves set on them and killed them all.

The moral of this story is that unless you are sure you are smarter than another, you had better not play his own game with him, for you are sure to get the worst of it.

### Sway-Uock

Sway-Uock is the ugly old woman on the totem pole. She was not only ugly but very cruel. One day she visited a village where a band of Indians lived, and she caught all the children she could find, put them in a big basket she was carrying, and took them home.

When she got home, she built a huge fire and cooked and ate the children. It wasn't long until she was hungry again and so she made a second visit to the Indian village, and again caught all the children she could find and carried them off to her home in the forest.

It happened that among this second group of children was a little hunchbacked boy, who was smarter than the other children. As the old witch put the children, one after another, into her basket, he kept climbing to the top of the heap. As the old woman went through the woods, she passed under a tree with a low-hanging



limb. The little hunchback, who was watching for this very thing to happen, reached up and caught hold of the limb and pulled himself free of the basket. Then he watched to see what the old woman would do with the children. When he saw her build a fire, cook and eat them, he ran home as fast as he could and told the Indians. Of course they were all very sad but they did not know what to do.

After a time old Sway-Uock made a third visit to the village. This time she filled her basket with little girls. As she walked through the woods, the girls discussed what they would do to save themselves. At last they hit upon a plan. When the old woman started her fire and was dancing about it until it should get hot enough, they waited till her back was to them, and then they all rushed at her together and threw themselves against her, and their combined weight was so great that the ugly old woman tumbled into her own fire and was burned to death.

Of course, the lesson of this story is that "united we stand, divided we fall." Even women, if they will combine, can accomplish wonders.

### **The Eagle Brothers and the Mink**

This is our last story, and it is similar to that of the Deer and the Wolves. There were two eagle brothers who were very strong and quick. The mink, who was neither strong nor quick, always made believe that he



was other than he was. As a matter of fact, he was a mischief-maker and a liar.

The eagles had a beautiful sister and the mink wanted to marry her. So he pretended to her and to her brothers that he was a great man, and he was such a successful liar, he made them believe it. As a result, the sister and the mink were married.

The eagles were fond of play and their play was pretty rough. They invited the mink to join them. His wife, who had found out he wasn't what he pretended to be, advised him not to play with her brothers. But the mink said, "I can get around so they cannot catch me."

Before the mink knew it, he was badly wounded and almost dead. The eagle brothers were very sorry and they and their sister doctored him and nursed him back to health. But they had discovered that he was an impostor, so when he got well, they drove him away, and he went back to his own people.

The lesson is very much like that in the story of the Deer and the Wolves. We should not get into something we know nothing about.



## CHAPTER V

### The Romantic History and the Creation of Venetian Glass Tapestry and Stained Glass Windows







Ancient and Modern Venetian Glass





### The Romantic History of Venetian Glass

If we should quote the claims of Pliny, the Roman historian, A. D. 23 to 79, who wrote of the discovery of glass, we should say it was made then, but other historians have thought he was mistaken. However, it is a known fact that the Egyptians were early in the field of skilled glassmakers. From the 5th century A.D. there are records of glassmakers in Italy.

Just how the industry reached Venice is more or less a matter of speculation. Some writers tell us that the secrets of glassmaking were kept alive in the Orient and were carried back to Venice by merchants from that city who maintained trade with Eastern points even during the Dark Ages. Others say that when Rome was sacked some of the glassworkers of that city sought refuge in Venice and kept the art alive there throughout the centuries. Probably there is some truth in each of these accounts.

In any event, about the end of the 11th century Venetian glass began to be mentioned by contemporary writers, and by the 13th century Venice was famous as the source of beautiful glass. In 1291 glasshouses had become so numerous that they were regarded as a fire menace and laws were passed forbidding furnaces within the city. As a result of legislation, the glassmakers



were concentrated on the island of Murano, just outside the city limits, and it was from this island that the art of glassmaking spread throughout Europe and eventually to the Western Continent.

The period of Venetian glass in many respects was the golden age of the glassmaker, provided he could accept honors and riches as a just exchange for personal liberty. While the nobles had complete liberty to go and come as they pleased, the glassworkers were virtually imprisoned on the island of Murano, so that the secrets of manufacture should not become known. But to reward them for their curtailment of liberty, they had astonishing privileges for commoners of that time. They were under the immediate jurisdiction of the Council of Ten, and they had the right of coining a certain number of medals on the day of the blessing of the waters of the Doge; and if one of their daughters married a noble the latter did not forfeit his nobility and the children were noble. If, however, one of the workers attempted to leave the island he was punished with death.

During the years of 1547 to 1549, discontent raged among the glassworkers of Murano. Instead of asking for less time to work (the modern method), they complained that so much time was taken by observances of church and state and the restrictions of labor under legal enactments, that the working year was reduced to thirty-five weeks, and that other manufacturers from



India, France and England entered Venice freely to the disadvantage of Venetian workmen. Their complaints were brought before the Dogaress Alicia, and she was able to obtain permission in 1550 for a party of Murano glassworkers to travel to England, Flanders, Spain and France.

So the secrets of glassmaking of Venice spread to all the world.

Today the little island of Murano, though greatly deteriorated, and looking more like a fishing island, is still the center of Italy's glassmaking. Workers continue their work in the little kilns in large sheds and, though the type of glass has changed greatly, there is still a great variety of glass merchandise.

Walking along the small canals on the island of Murano one will see small boats with cargoes of beads scheduled for all parts of the world,—Egypt, Zanzibar, India, Central Africa, South Sea Islands, Peru, Canada, and even to our American Indians, for all sorts of native costume beading.

The modern Venetian glass has more of the solid and interesting inside decoration like the old paperweights. Mirrors, tableware, and electric lighting fixtures, and many other things made of glass are still products of Murano. But Murano no longer has the fine villas and gardens or the richness of a few centuries past when the workers were prisoners.





Ancient and Modern Venetian Glass





### The Creation of Venetian Glass

The dictionary definition of Venetian glass reads, "A kind of glass made for decorative purposes by the combination of pieces of glass of different colors fused together and wrought into various ornamental patterns." Venetian glass is blown glass.

Research tells us that ancient Venetian glassware was first made as containers for drinking and later became more ornamental. Its two main characteristics were elegance and lightness. Very few specimens of this old type glassware remain today. They are treasured masterpieces of artists such as Zori Ballarin and Angelo Beroviero.

The ancient "glasshouses" of Venice (and later nearby Murano . . . separated from Venice by a lagoon) had different factory buildings just as in our modern plants today. Usually the owner lived on the same grounds. There were stone houses; buildings for the workers and their ovens; and one building which contained the master's oven, his office with files of experiments, and his handful of trusted helpers.

The furnace rooms had high windows so the sunlight could not dazzle the worker's eyes. Little boys (sons of the workers or future apprentices to the master) were kept day and night to keep the fires going and turn



the sand glass. Barrels were placed conveniently for broken glass. The furnace heat was intense; if it went down, the quality of glass was injured.

The furnace itself (arched from end to end and about the height of a tall man) held three crucibles before each of which was the opening or "bocca,"—meaning mouth. Through these openings materials were put into the clay pots in which the glass was melted. The melted glass was then taken out in a copper ladle (when it was to be cooled or tested for casting) or directly on the end of a blowtorch.

A few steps from the furnace was a smooth plate of iron on a heavy wooden table and upon this the hot liquid glass was poured to cool. From there it went to the blowtorch . . . reheated in the furnace . . . fashioned with tongs and shears . . . and finally placed in the annealing oven.

The straight part of the furnace (some twenty feet long) was the "annealing oven" where the finished blown pieces were placed on lehr pans (which moved slowly for many hours) until the glass had passed from extreme heat to almost air temperature.

Hence, the whole process took place within the limits of one furnace . . . the melting, conversion into glass, and annealing by fire. The most delicate vessels ever made in Murano were made in this way and at least one of these old furnaces is said to be still standing. And



furnaces made nowadays are substantially like it in every important respect.

As to examples of this beautiful old Venetian type glass, note the bowl in the picture with the three figures. Likewise, the bowl in the photograph with the modern glass basket and covered dish with the unusual 'costumed' handle. See the illustration with the four blue matching pieces; also examples of ancient glass. Take note of the characteristic fragile quality and graceful lines in these pieces. Though these artistic creations are all light weight, they are of durable glass, which came through the annealing process and experimentations with many combinations of melted ingredients.

The Three Wise Men, the other three figures, and the basket and dish are all examples of modern Venetian glass. Note the more solid and highly decorative purpose of this newer ware. Ancient Venice and little Murano have given their glass secrets to the New World . . . and part of the New World is now in Murano.





“Tree of Plenty”



### TREE-OF-PLENTY TAPESTRY

Made in Kashan, Persia. Central motif is Tree of Plenty in old ivory, with two small Trees of Happiness and four cypress trees, guarded by protecting lions.

Notice the butterflies all through this tapestry. It is well named the "rug of happiness." The outer border shows animals in flight through the woods.

Mr. Rawleigh secured this tapestry during his travels in Europe in 1931 and presented it to the Robert F. Koenigs as a Christmas gift.





## CATHEDRAL WEST WINDOW

First Methodist Church, Freeport, Illinois

“Christ Walking on the Sea”

These windows were erected at the building of the First Methodist Church in Freeport, Illinois, in 1904 and are included in this volume because of their artistic merit and the rarity of this type of window at the present time. Since this installation about 50 years ago the cost of this work has become almost prohibitive for most churches.





## CATHEDRAL EAST WINDOW

First Methodist Church, Freeport, Illinois

“Christ in the Temple”

The artistic merit of the two cathedral windows causes many travelers to look up this church. They wish to gain admittance to the sanctuary and sit in the pews for meditation and prayer — with a feeling akin to that which is felt in sitting in many of the great cathedrals of Europe, especially Milan.







Section III

WRITINGS OF ANNA BELLE KOENIG NIMMO









## Chapter VI

### Biography





## A KEYHOLE PORTRAIT

1942

Most people say that in telling the story of one's life one ought to begin at the very beginning. I am sure this is most correct, and little Annie (of whose life I'm going to tell you) would agree also; but strange or not strange as it may seem to you, we shall have to begin Annie's life story some six years after her birth. In truth, our Annie always said she was too young to remember about her past up to this time.

I shall contrive to shorten this scope of time, therefore, by saying that she was the first daughter born to a happy, moderate family one October day back in the year 1923. Annie was destined to be the only daughter of that family. One brother, Tom, followed after, but twin brothers had preceded her footsteps. It always seemed to Annie that the first thing, or things, which came to her notice in the wide world were not her mother or her father or grannie, but twin brothers, Willie and Bill. Willie was "short" for Wilbur, and Bill was "short" for William.

At the age of six Annie was a freckled-faced, red-headed girl, full of anything but sugar and spice. In her early youth, I regret to say, she was not very much of a lady. Reprimanded often by her mother for this fact,



Annie simply declared that she thought nature never meant her to be one.

The tomboy daughter gave up playing with dolls at the tender age of seven. Let me say, in due regard, however, that she was forced to do so. This force came mainly in the form of the twin doctors who now operated on everything within their grasp. Let me say in the defense of these medical men that they operated extremely well, as they left nothing unopened. Their only fault, and indeed it was small, was that they neglected to sew up their patients once their dissecting was over. Annie didn't mind mending a few slit stomachs now and then, but she was not domestic enough to keep including chopped fingers, battered legs, and broken arms. It is sadly believed that here she also became allergic to sawdust, which later brought on her hay fever.

Many are the stories I've heard about warrior Annie. Often when the little twins were caught in a brutal fight, against odds, a speedy messenger was dispatched for Annie, who promptly dropped her cart-wheeling and came panting and 'roaring' to the assistance of her beloved brothers. It mattered not what the issue at stake was, for Annie was always ready for anything.

Her cart-wheeling, by the way, was the sore distress and worry of the entire neighborhood. It seems that her front lawn had two levels, separated by a stone wall, about three feet high and a foot wide. She was an ex-



pert at cart-wheeling and used to zip along the narrow ledge at a tremendous rate of speed. The neighbors chewed their nails and held their breaths, although I don't doubt they often had thoughts along another line.

With cops and robbers, and Indians and gangsters, the only daughter still had time for other things. One afternoon she and a small friend played barber shop. Unluckily for her little friend, who is said to have possessed at one time beautiful, long, golden curls, Annie was the barber. Needless to say, when the job was done to the satisfaction of both, a certain mother of the neighborhood was horrified. Another mother was mortified and very much ashamed of her wee daughter. The other child wore a cap for months; bless Margie!

Nothing was safe from Annie, not even beer. This all came about one lonely, rainy Saturday afternoon, when she and another chum, Millie by name, invaded papa's cellar and emerged with a sparkling bottle of Budweiser. After stuffing themselves with pretzels, the young ladies "had a few drops." I say drops because they soon recapped the bottle, still three-fourths full, and hid it away in the icebox.

There was quite an uproar that evening at dinner when father opened up a hopelessly flat bottle of beer. It was so flat, in fact, that you could almost walk on it. The twins were first questioned, and sternly reminded that it was the principle of the thing, when they denied



their guilt. Imagine the surprise when dear father found it was his little daughter who'd drunk the beer.

As years passed, Bible reading became one of the established rules of the household. Father was very strong on this point. For Annie, however, it was one of those necessary evils. After dinner the whole family gathered together and, taking turns on verses, read a chapter from the Bible. After this was done, each of the four children was asked to recite from memory a Bible verse. Annie's favorite verse was always "Jesus wept."

The family orchestra was also a family tradition. It met Saturday night of each week. Papa played the bass viol, mother the clarinet, Bill the cello, Willie the violin, Tom the flute, and Annie the piano. Playing the piano made little Annie "the lead," so to speak, and she really relished it, being enabled to tell mother when she squeaked and papa when he was off tune. When guests came to the house then, the family entertained with their music. Let us give benefit of doubt and say it was music, anyway.

It wasn't long before our Annie sallied off to get a higher education. She went to junior high. The chief thing she recalled here was the merit and demerit system. Every time she got one hundred in spelling or something nice like that, the teacher gave her a merit, but every time she shot paper wads or flunked a test, she got a demerit. Usually Annie broke about even around



report card time . . . so she'd set to work!

Alternately, on Friday afternoon the pupils in "home rooms" were asked to read a story before their class. Well, when it came Annie's turn she'd read a story, ask them how they liked it, and then announce she'd written the story. Then everybody would agree that she ought to have a couple of extra merits for her labor. This put her just a few merits ahead of her demerits. It also lessened the report card shock on her parents.

Little Annie was not really so talented, dear reader, but she liked to think she was. While in junior high she also took part in an operetta. She did fairly well, but she discovered then that she couldn't sing. Her best work was done in oratory. About this time she won several medals, pins, and a pennant. I don't know though as this was much to her credit, however, because talking a lot always seemed to come so naturally to her. Brother Bill once said that it was a crime to give women medals for talking, they overdid it usually as it was.

Little by little Annie began to grow up. She never lost her habit of getting into mischief and playing tricks, however. I remember one very naughty thing she did during her last days at junior high.

It seems that there was a very pretty little girl in her class, who was a favorite of all the boys. I don't think Annie was jealous, but she had a horrible habit of wanting to create mystery and havoc. So one day dur-



ing recess, Annie wrote "I love you" on a slip of paper and put it on her schoolmate's desk.

The delighted but coy little schoolmate, seeing the note, began asking who'd written it. Each boy said that the other had done it. The teacher entered the room and found out what the uproar was about. She promptly asked what boy had written the note. Naturally, not one boy confessed. The poor boys were then deprived of playing basketball for two weeks!

I really think Annie was a little sorry when she saw the consequences of her trick, but she didn't dare tell anyone about the truth of the matter. I guess she thought two weeks would go by rather quickly, anyway.

Every summer she went on trips with her parents and brothers. Once they went to Yellowstone Park, another time to the San Diego Fair, the White Mountains, historical trips through New England, Canada, and such places. Her father, you see, believed that travel was one of the best educations to give a child. Annie, never liking to study particularly, firmly believed it was, by all means, the best education in the world.

Finally Annie was almost grown up. Her freckles disappeared, she no longer took pride in climbing trees, and she even gave up cart-wheeling. Then, after two uneventful but happy years at high school, she left her home town and journeyed to the distant state of Rhode Island. Here she went to boarding school. Many were



the exciting, wonderful and unusual times she experienced here, but this, dear reader, constitutes another long story.

## THE FAMILY ORCHESTRA

1939

Oh, those memorable Saturday nights when the whole family gathered together, for at least once in the week, and formed the proud family orchestra!

This occasion was not only looked forward to by the family and the neighbors, but it was also the most important event in the week's program. Father never excused any member from taking part, except, of course, if one were ill, and then such pieces were played as "John Brown's Body," with the sick person's name inserted instead of John's. These sessions lasted for two rounds of an hour each with a fifteen-minute interval for rest in between. They began at precisely seven thirty in the evening and lasted until nine forty-five. The family usually began being quite enthused with the idea . . . . and ended feeling quite desperate at the close of practice.

The orchestra at the beginning of its career had only four members, but as the family increased so did the orchestra, until it ended up with six sturdy strong players.

First there were the twins, Willie and Bill, Bill playing the cello and Willie the violin. Next came mother,



who tooted on the clarinet. Willie always said that the reason women played wind instruments more than any other kind was that you needed strength to draw bows over strings and women had more wind to use up than men did. Sister Annie banged on the piano, composing the fourth member of the group.

Later, after brother Tom arrived, a flute was added; still later Dad joined, having the huge task of sawing on the daddy of the cello, the bass viol. Father, who was last to play in the group, had really directed in the beginning.

Throughout these practice times on Saturday nights there was now and then conflict about which piece should be played. When Bill wanted to play "Chin — Chin — Chinaman," Annie wanted "Brahm's Lullaby." When something such as this occurred several minutes were spent by Bill getting Annie's goat . . . telling her not to shout at him because he wasn't deaf and, furthermore, teasing her about her temper, which he said suited her red hair. Alas, however, Bill's hair was black, and when he called Annie a redhead, Annie tauntingly told him she'd rather be a redhead than a blackhead.

Finally father would settle the question, deciding that all would play "The Unfinished Symphony." After "The Unfinished Symphony" had been truly finished many other pieces were played, during which it was not unusual to have someone say "Stop, you're flat — flat as



a pancake,” or “Wait a minute, I broke a string.”

After an hour of such, refreshments like ice cream and cake were served by Mother, and, beginning once more, the second half started. The evening usually ended with a brisk military march as, “Under the Double Eagle,” and then the children were marched off to bed.

This orchestra played not only for its own enjoyment, but when friends or relatives came they were entertained by it too.

Those happy days are gone now, for the family is separated into the four corners of the States, but they will linger on within our minds, at least, and bring to each of the six members unsurpassing and dear memories.



## Chapter VII

### Travel





## ROME AND POMPEII, ITALY

1937

Rome, Italy, to me is the most fascinating city in the world. However, I have never been around the world. This fact, even if I do some day make that wonderful journey, shall never change my first impression of Rome.

Leaving our hotel on Sunday afternoon for a walk, Cherub and I were very much surprised to have several policemen stop us. They made queer signs and started speaking Italian in the most rapid manner. If they had told us we were about to be exiled to China we would have smiled just as sweetly as though they'd told us where we could buy an all day lollipop. Nevertheless, we continued on our way . . . in hopes of finding a horse and buggy. The afternoon passed, and still we found no carriage.

We returned to our hotel which, by the way, had one of the most beautiful dining rooms I have ever seen. The room was very large with a four foot border around the ceiling vividly depicting in oils a Roman chariot race. It was a magnificent sight, more beautiful and precious to me at a glance than walking three or four hours through an art gallery!

An Italian at the hotel told us the reason we were



stopped by the policemen. On Sunday in Rome one side of the street is reserved for walking in one direction; the other side is reserved likewise for walking in the opposite direction. Which goes to prove the old saying, "When you're in Rome do as the Romans do."

In the evening we found a horse and buggy to drive amidst the magnificent, towering ruins which are illuminated by huge colored floodlights. Winding in, up, and around the great hills which are bordered by large casinos we stop and gaze down.

There below us, outstretched o'er the low lands, we see Rome the Magnificent City in all its ancient, yet modern splendor. There, are lights of a huge department store . . . . while just beyond lies the towering splendor of the ancient Coliseum. Just over there is the great Pantheon. This building has a huge hole, or opening, in the top while just below it is a large drain which gradually slopes down, allowing the rain water to leave the building. Circling the whole round building is the first balcony. Still higher above that is the second, which nearly reaches the huge opening at the top. To give you an idea of how dizzy you might feel from the height of the second balcony . . . . from below, looking up, you can just see little specks moving slowly above you.

The next day we travel to the ancient city of Pompeii. Surprising to us is the fact that though a great deal



of Pompeii is “uncovered”, two thirds yet remain hidden unknown to man. However, we learn excavations are being made.

“Buy an umbrella! Buy an umbrella! You don’t know how hot it is in there, Lady!” is the first cry you hear. Entering through a small slanting stone gateway, we see our first sight of Pompeii. The streets are very narrow; being made of brick, you can see the deep impressions of the chariot wheels. We notice the small marble drinking fountains where horse and man drank. We hop from one side of the street to the other and come to our first house.

We see clearly the impression marks of fine wall paintings. The favorite color seemed to be a deep red. How the people made a dye which lasted all those thousands of years is still a mystery.

As we pass on our way to the Amphitheatre, we stop to admire the printing on an ancient store which, when translated, says, “Vote for Cassius . . . he’s the man!” Just yonder is where Caesar Augustus made a famous speech.

We come to the Amphitheatre, which is not as large as the one in Rome, but some say more impressive. It is said that it was during a gladiator fight in this arena that Vesuvius spit forth her stream of hot melting lava which destroyed the ancient city of Pompeii.



## MEMORY OF THE RHINE

1937

The dock was thronged with people. A whistle blew. A gangplank was hoisted. Slowly the white ship turned and headed down the river. I felt a little sad, leaving the waving throng back on the pier. But I didn't know anyone. I was exalted though when I gazed at those healthy people with their kind, ruddy faces and broad smiles. It was a pleasure to be alive.

I can still remember them. I saw them a year ago but it seems like centuries now. I don't recall the town we embarked from. It was just a happy, sunny little town; fresh and clean in the early morning air.

The ship was very modern and I could hear the hum of the motors below. Many of the people on board were tourists, like myself.

Here it was before me, the Rhineland. It had never been described to me, and now I know why. There are no words in any language qualified to speak of it.

Beside the blue water, on the lap of the river bank, magnificent green hills held hands for miles around. They rose leisurely toward the heavens. Every inch of every one was laid off in cultivated areas, rich with crops. It reminded me of a patchwork quilt. Never have I beheld such utility of soil. Not a foot was wasted.



Leaning over the deck railing, now and then I saw a castle high on the summit of a hill. Bold, strong, and beautiful they were. They looked as though they might outlast time itself. There are legends about these castles. Weird tales filled with a sad beauty.

Someone told me that on Fourth of July Night a display of fireworks was given from one of these old fortifications. People watched on the river below. It must really look like Mount Olympus then. Skyrockets come zooming forth and bursting through the black night, in their blazes of shimmering glory. But I thought it was incomparable in daylight.

The hours sped by and luncheon time approached. Lunch was a good meal, but, as usual, we had to beg for the simple water and butter to go with it.

After lunch I tried to buy some post cards, but I got my marks mixed up. I gave up when the vendor insisted I was trying to cheat him. I think he swore at me.

The sun began to set and the shadows deepened on the green hills. It was strange and mystifying. The whole world seemed to revolve around the Rhine. I was there in the middle of it. As the white ship moved on, the impression became deeper and deeper within me.

It was a year ago, but it seems like centuries now. Take away my material things of life. Bury deep every one. But you can never deprive me of my thoughts and memories . . . like those of the Rhine River Valley.



## MADAME TUSSAUD'S WAX MUSEUM

1937

If you were to enter a large impressive building in London, England, and were to walk over to a counter, where a lovely, young lady was handing out printed material, and ask a question to which you received no reply or even recognition . . . do you know where you'd be?

You'd be in Madame Tussaud's Wax Museum talking to a dummy. Wax dummy, that is. And no matter how beautiful, or ugly, or lifelike all the people grouped around you seemed . . . as you entered from one room to another . . . they would all be mute, and they would all be dummies.

For Madame Tussaud's Museum is the largest and finest collection of wax figures in the world. Its inhabitants actually seem to speak and breathe, they are so lifelike.

This collection contains thousands of notable figures representing every nation, type, color, and creed of man in the world; past and present. Florence Nightingale, Jack the Ripper, Thomas Jefferson, Edward VIII, Napoleon, the red Indian, the Chinaman, the Asiatic, Prehistoric Man . . . they are all there. Many entire



scenes of history are depicted in intimate detail and exact dimension. These are all so vivid and each figure so perfect, the onlooker feels as though he himself is timeless in age and that at any moment George Washington or Marconi will turn and speak to him.

One of the most interesting of all rooms in the museum, to me, was The Torture Chamber. It appears small and dark and damp at the end of a narrow passageway. Therein, notables of the crime world are assembled . . . their heads all neatly sitting in a row, on illuminated shelves to one side of the room. The room itself contains all the forms of ancient torture with wax victims depicting great suffering and unbelievable agony.

The room is pitch dark except for a tiny red glow in the center and along the sides of "cell-like boxes." As our eye is drawn toward the glow in the middle of the room, we advance and see a mangled corpse lying on a guillotine. The head is completely off the body, a huge pool of blood lying under it.

To the side of the room are row after row of human heads. Under each is a tablet telling to whom the head had once belonged, why they were killed — and how.

Next we see a man sitting in a tiny cell, his head bowed, thinking, no doubt, of the gruesome horrible death which each moment comes closer. Perhaps he has been told he would be placed under a machine



which, when cranked slowly, will tear the skin and break apart his bones; or perhaps he will have a finger, an arm, and then a leg sawed off, his eye plucked out and ground like ham; then his body slowly roasted over fire.

We pass on to see a man tied to a stake while water slowly drips down upon his forehead until he is driven insane. We see a queer box-like cabinet inside of which is a man sitting on and surrounded by huge steel spikes. These sides are pressed together until there is but a bloody heap of cracked bones and mangled flesh. We pass around to a few more spectacles such as this, then reach the open fresh air to gather our thoughts and recall the entertainment we have just witnessed. Marvelous? Yes, but my heaven, what a place to spend the night!

## BULLFIGHT IN MEXICO CITY

1938

One of the things most travelers always look forward to seeing in Mexico is the Spanish bullfight. This interesting "contest" takes place at four o'clock every Sunday afternoon. It is not a sport, for the opponents are unequal (the bull weighs approximately one-half ton, and the man 140 pounds). Several men fight the bull, but only one at a time. It is a dramatic tragedy, for the bull always dies. (A notable exception was a Martinez bull in the Madrid ring of 1923 when Chicuelo was



unable to kill him).

The fight we see now is conducted not by professionals, toreros, but by amateurs, novilleros. Each one of these men, in order to be classed as a professional, must have first the acclaim and approval of the spectators. The price of our seats today in American money is a 'scalper' four dollars, but this perhaps is not so much considering that we are going to be able to see the usual six bulls killed.

As we enter the arena-like outdoor stage where the fights take place (Plaza De Toros) we hear the exuberant Mexican band playing the forever popular "Tippi Tippi Tin." Climbing up to our seats we see that today most of the spectators are not Americans but Mexicans, many dressed in their full decorative and beautiful native costumes. The seats on which we sit are nothing but boards (like a football stadium), so we buy from a little Mexican boy, for 10 cents, the use of some stuffed cushions.

But now, with a great shout of the audience, an arena door bursts open and out comes the grand parade: Consisting of three matadors (each kills two bulls), picadors and their horses, bandilleros, and a beautiful chariot. All these men are dressed in magnificent genuine gold and jeweled costumes of brilliant colors.

After these performers parade the full length of the arena, the bandilleros and one matador take their places behind their boxes (burladeros) built on the sides of the



arena; permission to begin is secured from the presiding official; and with a blast of the trumpets another door is flung open and out rushes the enraged bull! The bandilleros (sometimes called capers) advance from their little boxes farther out into the ring, and one of them begins to wave his red and yellow cloth at great speed. The bull, attracted by the motion, rushes toward this man. The matador soon takes over with his cape.

The spectators hold their breath as the bull bears down upon the man, which, to us, looks like certain death. However, the matador steps nimbly aside as a mighty shout is raised by the audience! (The audience, by the way, never considers a matador really good unless, after the bull has rushed past, he has a few of the bull's hairs on his coat). This process continues for a short time, each man doing his best to come the closest to being missed by the bull. If things look too warm he runs for his little box along the side of the arena.

As our eyes drift from this spectacle for a moment, we notice the enclosed little boxes at the very bottom of the arena seats. Here is where the President, other famous people, and those who have had recent deaths in their family sit (unseen to everyone else) and view the bullfight. These seats are extremely expensive. We have seen Edward G. Robinson, the famous movie actor, just before we entered, and we are told that in one of these little boxes he probably sits now.



Glancing back to the arena we see that the picadors have now come on the scene. These are men, mounted on padded horses, who goad the bull with long spears. All horses (which are old) wear blinders, and each rider is partially light armor-clad. Riders must be marksmen as well as able horsemen.

There is constant danger of goring to all the types of bullfighters as the contest ensues in its various stages. All men must be ever alert and nimble; for one mistake can mean death.

Risk is present and expected. If the men are cowards or poor fighters, the audience yells for *el toro* (the bull). Cushions, cokes, and profanity are common weapons of audience disapproval.

Now, as we look into the arena we see that the bull has sharp, long, pointed steel darts stuck into him. This time, instead of using a cloth to arouse the bull, the *bandilleros* proper wave these elongated colored darts (*bandilleras*) and yell fiercely at the bull. As the bull rushes past, each man (separately) sticks two at a time into the bull trying to come as close to his neck as he can. He sometimes misses, however, and the darts go into other parts of the bull's body; perhaps his eyes. When this happens the maddened bull rushes frantically around the arena, trying to jump over the *barrera* (arena wall).

By this time, if you are cruel hearted enough, you merely grip your companion's arm and wait for him to



faint. Strange to say, at this point it is not the women who are leaving, but the American men.

Now the matador advances, this time with a cruel sword hid behind his cloth (*muleta*). The bull bounds past him and, as the animal does so, the sword is driven from the front through the arch of the bull's shoulder blades. The frenzied bull, stamping and raging about the arena, makes a gruesome yet fantastic sight with the red blood oozing out of his many wounds down his silken black hide.

If the matador strikes well the animal sinks to the ground and dies; if not (woe matador), another gentleman steps up behind the bull and cuts the jugular vein. Thus, with a moment of silence, death comes in the afternoon.

With a blast of the trumpets the chariot drawn by the coal black horses arrives; a rope is placed around the bull's horns, and he is dragged off the field amidst stirring music.

After this, the other five bulls are fought and disposed of in the same manner. (On festive occasions greater numbers of bulls are killed).

A bullfight is really a glorious incomparable pageant of colorful death. It combines the arts . . . . music, drama, dance, and sport. It is an unusual contest: The physical against the mental. Bulls bred for fighting have been known to charge elephants; they have outrun



horses at 25 yards; they have killed lions and tigers. But scrawny man still has his power of brain.

I eternally look back to that unsurpassed afternoon in Old Mexico, and long fervently for the time to once again salute those glorious Spanish bullfights.

### A TALK ON ALASKA AND THE YUKON

Delivered at the Freeport High School Assembly

October 5, 1938

There are few other countries so different from any other place as Alaska, the Land of The Midnight Sun.

To make this interesting journey, we left on the Northern Pacific Railway and traveled through the Dakotas, which this summer had much improved crops from those of former years. We passed through the 10,000 Lake Region, which is called the Bad Lands of North Dakota.

We pass through the twin cities, St. Paul and Minneapolis, and through the beautiful Rocky Mountains, which is partly the same trail blazed by Lewis and Clark in their expedition of 1805. The mountains, the tall towering pines and the rippling of the tiny streams seem to make you believe that you are living in the very period of Buffalo Bill and Kit Carson, those famous pioneers who blazed an everlasting trail across the pages of History.



At the town of Mandan, North Dakota, we stopped for an Indian Ceremonial Dance. This consisted of the Indian children jumping first upon one foot then the other while their elders played upon the drums and yelled fierce Indian calls. If you were not throwing pennies to the children, you were slapping at enormous mosquitoes, which, believe it or not, were larger and just as plentiful as we have in Freeport.

We leave our train permanently at Seattle. Here we spend an interesting day going through this beautiful seaport town which is probably most famous for its unusual markets, many blocks long, where the ships, trains and trucks bring in all products such as fruits, vegetables, and fish, which they sell at this spot very cheaply.

The next day we board a ship to the ports of Vancouver and Victoria. Victoria, in British Columbia, is like a beautiful spot of old England. The architecture of the houses, government buildings and several palaces is that of the English. Our time is short here; so we see only the main points of interest such as the huge bell used in the Boxer Rebellion. We also see the Pendray Gardens, which are shrubs and trees trimmed into shapes like bears, airplanes, chairs, birds and such.

It is said that in one district of this quaint bit of old England live as many as fifteen millionaires. It seems that people from all over the world, after they have made a tidy fortune, come to Victoria to spend the rest



of their lives, and, in my opinion, I don't blame them.

We stop only long enough at Vancouver to board our ship, The Princess Louise, for Alaska. The night we sail the bands are playing; the people singing, waving and throwing confetti. (We know no one in Vancouver, but we wave to all like friends as our ship floats slowly out into the distance, leaving the lights, friends, music with a wonderful feeling in our hearts if we will soon return).

We find the next morning that our ship carries about 250 people, not including the crew. It was made in Scotland and is commanded by British officers. We carry such products as steel beams, fruits, and vegetables. In order to grow things in certain parts of Alaska, the soil must be transported from other regions and, this being difficult sometimes, the ships when they come bring many products. We have excellent food on the ship which, though English, is prepared by a Chinese cook.

During the journey the ship is our "home" and during the day we stop off at the intensely interesting ports of the Alaskan seacoast. Some of these little towns we stop at are: Prince Rupert, Ketchikan, Wrangle, Skagway, and Juneau. These towns were once all large gold mining places, but now have decreased in population from such extremes as 15,000 to 6 people. Their population consists mostly of Japanese, Chinese, Eskimos and Indians. For their living these people do mostly fishing,



lumbering and mining.

They are all very well known for their hundreds of Indian carved totem poles. Most famous of these seems to be the Thunder Bird Totem, which has for its legend this: The thunder bird is said to have lived high up in the mountains and glaciers. The noise of his wings was like thunder, and he had upon his back a lake, which when he flew about spilled and caused rain. In the souvenir shops one has to be extremely careful when buying miniature totem poles and beadwork not to be sold Japanese work.

Juneau is the capital and has for its chief interests a large museum (filled with Indian and Eskimo curios) and the huge Mendenhall Glacier. The glacier is reached by car going about 15 miles from Juneau which, by the way, is about the longest highway in this part of Alaska. We can readily see this is an exquisite and breath-taking sight as we climb perilously about upon it. The prettiest spot is the huge ice cave, which reflects blue, green and yellow upon the ice.

Another day on board ship our boat stops one-half mile from the gorgeous sight of Taku Glacier standing right midst the water. The distance, we are told by the First Officer, Jim Hamilton, at whose table (at dinner) we sit, is measured by the echoing of the ship's whistle according to the stop watch.

Soon we leave our ship at Skagway for a daylight



journey to White Horse. Martin Itjin, an old settler of Skagway whose greatest pride seems to be in having once met May West, shows us the largest gold nugget in the world. This is a huge rock staked and chained to the ground and guarded by a scarecrow. Some people say that it must have taken a great deal of gold paint to cover this rock. Martin also showed us an old cemetery where many old settlers of that town were buried. He remarks in his good humor, after telling us how a man (by the name of Knob) had been shot by a drunkard; how this drunkard had dug up the body of the man, and the only thing that remained in that grave now was the knob of a man.

We leave Skagway on an old railway train and journey through the picturesque mountains of Dead Horse Gulch, where the Trail of '98 still remains. We stop at a town called Bennett, which now has but a population of six people, who run the restaurant for the tourists. After lunch we climb to the top of a small hill, where we see the remains of an old Indian church. I say remains because any time the Indians want wooden boards they merely come to the church and go home with a good sized portion of it.

We have left Bennett almost a mile behind when we see the frantic figure of a woman running down the hillside waving wildly to us. The engineer, finding someone has been left behind, very accommodatingly



backs his train all the way to pick up the woman. The lady is very much embarrassed as she climbs aboard, and all the passengers, especially the men, begin laughing. The train proceeds on once more for another mile, only to back all the way up again because the poor woman found she was on the train going north when she should have been on the one going south.

Later in the day we finally arrive at White Horse, where, hurrying over to a small river, we are just in time to hear a young Canadian Mountie tell how the salmon fish jump seven or eight feet over the falls to go to the spawning ground. One young lady is not listening quite so carefully to this explanation, however, for she soon turns and says very sweetly to the mountie, "I say, is this where the salmon go up the river to spoon?" The Canadian Mounties are very popular, as all the young ladies wish to have their pictures taken with them.

This evening for dinner we have moose milk ice cream and moose meat. There are few cows in Alaska, if any, and unless you want canned milk, you drink moose milk. That evening later on, after seeing a movie of an Eskimo woman cutting open a seal, I wished very much that they had let the poor dinner moose live. After the lecture, my father and I (on the way home) read the paper. At that time it was 11:00 P. M.

✧ The next day we left White Horse and Skagway and boarded the boat once more for the journey homeward.



The last night on board ship is by far the most entertaining. This night we have what is called "Carnival Night" or "The Captain's Ball." At nine o'clock, after a special dinner, the festivities begin. The first thing is the dance, to which almost everyone comes dressed in costume. That evening I had a great deal of pleasure in portraying a bold, fierce and cruel pirate. After the dance, prizes are given, games played, and we all join in a community sing. The last item of the evening is the Midnight Snack.

In a few days we dock at Vancouver for a few hours of sightseeing and shopping before we board the train once again. We stop on our homeward journey at Lake Louise and Banff. Lake Louise and the hotel are surrounded by huge mountains and a large glacier. The blue green lake bordering the beach makes one of the most beautiful locations for a chateau in the world. Lake Louise, in my opinion, is more beautiful than Banff.

After we have seen these last two spots, we bid good-bye to new friends and Alaska, hoping we may some day meet again in the unforgettable and beautiful Land of the Midnight Sun.



## Chapter VIII

### Poems





## SLAVE TRADE

( A Study in Rhythm )

1939 — 1941

Pull, pull, pull ye hundred heathen blacks!  
Cower, cower, cower under the whip that cracks  
Strain, strain, strain your knotted twisted backs  
On . . . ever on to the coast that lies beyond.

We have cane, cane, cane for that stinkin' tradin' ship  
And there's gold, gold, gold that lies within the grip!  
Tighten, tighten, tighten those packs to your sides  
Or I'll slash, slash, slash your swollen festered hides.

Chains on their legs that sever to the bone  
Packs on their backs that lay them prone  
A hundred godless animals that moan and groan  
Weighted with the cane they're dragging to the maine.  
O'er valleys, o'er deserts . . . like mountains that you scale  
Past crawling sights that make the black turn pale  
Fever ridden swamps with their vines that rip  
Waiting for the blacks that fall and slip.

A weaker lags back, and she begins to whine  
Her hands claw the air, to heaven she makes a sign  
Lips ooze red, but onward moves the line  
Cries pierce ahead; their hearts are molden lead.

Cruelty urges on a white devil's zest  
A whip curls roun' her sunken black breast



Silent calm death stalks upon the scene  
An' spreads a long cloak 'tween the black an' green.

Blistering red sun parches a body left to rot  
But the blacks plod on . . . deep envy at her lot  
Death the final goal for which they all plot  
Coming like a bridegroom, ushering on to doom.

Crawling, dirty water, slimy ugly meat  
Clotted, bloody skin like leather for their feet  
Blazing, scorching sun . . . torrid red moon sets their pace  
A white devil's greed drives an endless futile race.

White man rides in splendor on steaming black shoulders  
Every pound an' bamboo stick cuts like granite boulders  
Faster, ever faster they're urged to tighter hold 'er  
But a swamp lies on the line, a curse drives from behin'  
Bearers slip on slimy bottom, and slide into the seething  
sand

A devil's cry rings forth . . . but only air fills his hand  
The red hot coals of Hell are fanned  
And deeper, deeper sinks the damned.

## THE TAPESTRY OF LIFE

1942

Incline thine ear, thou worldly man,  
Cease one moment thy labors futile.  
And thou shalt hear my words of sand,  
Words of a Weaver, which nations ban.



So long, long ago that it now seems a dream,  
There dwelt a man who wove The Tapestry Supreme.  
He thread his needle with love, help, esteem;  
Departing from earthly portals — left his tapestry  
to mortals.

Some have sight of that ancient Tapestry ever sublime,  
And weave their threads to follow in that line.  
They are great within this time—but, oh, so few are they,  
For most men heedless stare, then turn the other way.

There're weavers who glimpse That Tapestry now  
and then;  
And beholding weave a thread quite fine.  
But very thick and coarse are usual blends  
So, this weaver sees most tapestries of men.

There're those who see The Tapestry and rend the  
threads to dust,  
For they are those whose hearts hold hate, and fear,  
and lust,  
Because they torture Man they also torture God.  
But as dust to dust; their tapestries to sod.

Heed, oh mortal man, you discern the tapestries of life,  
Four threads — excellent, good, medium, bad —  
all within yourself.  
The needle, too, you hold within your hand,  
— God help you weave the tapestry of Man!



## BLACK SOLILOQUY

1942

The waves of freedom's shore lap against my feet  
The fragrance of summer's blossoms lies heavy on the air  
The waters draw me down and cast reflections back to me  
Alas, my mind and body are clean and fertile as the  
    richest soil  
But my reflection is dark.

God made the grasses green and the sky blue  
He made the sun red and the moon yellow  
The flowers he tinted in a hundred hues  
My brothers he coated in ivory white  
Alas, what a contrast to me in their ivory white.

Blue eyes replaced by inevitable brown  
Long golden hair exchanged for kinky black  
Red lips are dyed a greyish brown  
Ivory skin is coal black  
Alas, God painted other things in blending hues,  
    but left me solid black.

White blossoms in the dust  
No contempt for the dustless — only envy  
The waves of freedom's shore lap against my feet  
The fragrance of summer's blossoms lies heavy on the air  
Alas, no golden hair, red lips, or ivory skin — just  
    black, black, black.



SHELLS  
(or The Lost City)  
1944

Up from the bowels of the black, black earth  
Rise the people of dead Corfu.  
Day has crawled, the night bears wings,  
Through the streets they go, go . . .

Out of the catacombs of the ancient, ancient  
Out of the past springs the new.  
No sounds of the living do they make,  
But a mumble, mumble, like a cannon's quake.

Shadows from another world they are.  
Hopeless, helpless, futile they are.  
They breathe but their hearts no longer beat;  
Shrill, short, shivering sirens . . .

Down into the bowels of the black, black earth,  
Sink the people of dead Corfu.  
Night has winged and another day crawls  
'Tis a Grecian city of lost, lost souls.

Author's Note: In the Second World War Corfu (Grecian City) was being bombed out of existence. During the day the people lived in the ancient catacombs of the dead . . . venturing forth from their holes only at nite.



## MARCHING TO JERUSALEM

1944

Oh, Life?

Life is like a game

A game of musical chairs;

You're at the party

Going where?

No invite did you receive

Still everybody's playing

You might as well deceive

Smile, grab a seat.

First here and then there

It doesn't really matter

King - sting, pleasant - peasant

Keep the music's patter.

The guests all change

Some laugh

But some are strange

Get left behind.

Chop away the music

Throw away a chair

A part is finished

Are you there?

Still in the game

But growing old



The circle's the same  
Little, bigger.

He took your seat?  
You take mine  
I'll settle for a slab  
And pay my fine.

It doesn't seem dim  
'Til you've lost your chair  
Well, you couldn't be with Him  
Unless—you'd been there . . .

### AERIAL MELODY

1944

Demon of my mind or  
Angel of my thought,  
Thine ethereal notes sublime  
Whirlest me from site and time.

Thy spinning o'er the ebony keys  
Thy twirling on the virgin notes  
Are like unto a billion eyes to me  
Gliding past all memory.

The strength of thy unfailing mind  
The power within thy fingers nimble  
Didst make the animate to find  
Inanimate, possessor of life and rhyme.



And so they sang one song together  
Those two so unlike  
And they found the absolute the better  
Though they could tell not why or whether.  
  
With dewdrops and with thunder  
The two did journey on  
So fast they didn't even wonder  
Why the past perpetuated blunder.  
  
But suddenly the music stopped  
The spell fell broken all around  
The silence sifted moments 'til they dropped  
The soldier rose; the concert stopped.

Author's Note: This poem is the ensuement of being the sole unseen audience to an impromptu piano concert by a lone soldier in Phi Beta Hall one rainy afternoon in Williamsburg, Virginia.

## POEM TO AN UNCLE

1944

Ah, how many ways there are  
To cry  
Like the rainbow colors  
Of a white oyster shell  
Multiple and liquidescent  
  
Sorrow lies so akin  
To happiness



To enter a room, find him gone  
To possess a hope, stabbed in darkness  
Faiths and beliefs  
Once  
Like the laughter  
Of angels

Ah, how many ways there are  
To cry  
Varied and multiple  
To weep inside  
Without  
A sound  
Shredding heart  
Like blood confetti

Deepest, saddest  
Of all  
Pain unseen  
But molded pearls  
Of a white oyster shell  
To wear around your throat  
Knighting you  
Human  
With a searching  
Soul.



## WILD AMBROSIA

1944

Into the depths of the fleeting winds  
I searched one eve for Right  
While barefoot I walked  
In the perfume of the nite  
The moon had lit the candled stars  
The trees in patterned lace  
Danced memories back to me  
Like music o'er my face  
And along my moonlit path  
Soft breezes murmured back  
All my thoughts were wine to me  
For each returned to thee.

## “AHORA”

1944

Night on the beach  
Of Acapulco  
Velvet mountains lie at peace  
Beneath the royal sky  
We are sitting on the sand  
White creamy sand  
Phosphorating the palms  
Outlined against the shore far back  
Swaying silently in the sea breeze



With bare feet  
We dig our toes into the sand  
It feels cool and soothing  
Lying flat on our backs  
Lengths apart  
We gaze up

Each is alone  
In the distance  
Is the lapping of the waves  
The rumbling of the surf  
Turbulent thoughts  
Ebbing and flowing as wine  
Now, now, now

Only now . . .  
Each has its time  
Its place  
Its purpose

In the East  
A falling star  
Nearer, nearer, nearer  
And there - - -  
Eternity!

Peace in one's own time  
Peace . . . where you find it



The wind blows in  
Tanging the foam and  
Stirring our hair  
We rise  
Humbly

Striding over the sand  
Through shells  
Past rocks  
The palms again  
The net hammocks and  
Low music

Going 'home'  
Our backs are turned  
Stars, mountains, water  
No longer

But for a moment  
Just for a moment  
We saw  
Eternity . . .  
At night  
On the beach  
Of Acapulco



## DOS DESEOS

1945

Pancho, a la Mexicana  
As plump and pudgy as, oh, so gay  
Way down from Veracruz  
He sing and strum guitar all day  
The sun is vary hot there  
Ze Beeg Berthas and Tequilas mucho strong  
Las flowers stinko every where  
Mountains so beeg, and za burros so wee small  
Pancho 'ave many muchachos  
But he no care to waste ze time in work  
He have two wishes only  
And zey are not to stay and work  
To Los Estados he want to go  
Za fountain of Ponce de Leon  
---Young forever, he want it so  
He have always double mannana  
And all his little life  
He hear about ze people who  
Walk on Clouds  
Chust as though ze soared and flew  
Pancho get all listo  
And when ze day it finally come  
He vary vary pronto  
Board his little mule and exit



Za road ees vary long  
Pancho he are so short an'—mountains so high  
He vary so exhausable  
When at last he see Californy nigh

He ride right in  
To make himself at home  
But zere ees awful din —  
A big man grabs and gots him

“Que pasa?” Pancho yell  
But ze cameras click, an' ze lights, an' everybody holler  
Nobody give a damn  
And Pancho don't either, 'til ze give him twenty dollar

Ze paint his face  
Give bueno clothes and beeg guitar  
Mucho lace  
All he have to do ees smile an' sing

Tarde, Pancho rises  
An' he go find again his mule  
Standin' by a water side  
---But Pancho see in agua . . . an' sink he is a fool

Cause Pancho ees him  
An' him is Pancho too  
---But young an' vim  
---Ze hombre he see zere!



An' zen Pancho sit  
He remembers what his wishes were  
---Clouds an' Youth  
He recalls zis country's lure

In Mexico  
Mountains, so high he walk on clouds  
In Estados  
Paint zat change him young again

Zen Pancho laugh  
He did see ze link  
Laughed loudly . . .  
He go back to Mexico . . . what you think?



## Chapter IX

### Monologues





## RECIPE FOR MOURNING

(A Radio Hash)

1939

Note: The success of this monologue depends upon the accurate and even lowering of the voice when the 'result' is given. Use high voice for Rosie Ruby and low voice for the getting-up exercises; latter capitalized for clarity.

One morning when Aunt Marion went downtown to do the marketing she left Uncle Willie home to listen to the radio and copy down the morning recipe which the well known radio cook Rosie Ruby would dictate to the listening cooks all over the country. Uncle Willie had rather a hard time of it though . . . because he got two stations at the same time. First was Rosie Ruby giving her daily recipe, then a broadcast of morning getting-up exercises. The result was as follows:

A very cheery good morning to fellow cooks and friends everywhere. This bright and sunny morning I shall tell you how to prepare my wonderful new recipe called, "Aunt Rosie Ruby's Everlasting Cup Cakes." Are you ready? JUMP RIGHT OUT OF BED and break one egg gently ON YOUR BENDED KNEE. RAISE AND LOWER RAPIDLY one half cup of sugar, while you add slowly one tablespoonful of vanilla TO YOUR PARTNER'S OUTSTRETCHED HAND. THAT'S FINE. NOW STAND ERECT AND INHALE DEEP-



LY two cups of flour AND EXHALE one half cup of chopped nuts. Mix thoroughly BY SWINGING YOUR LEFT ARM AND RIGHT LEG AT A MODERATE PACE. Taking one half pound of butter, smear it on YOUR HAIR AND BRUSH VIGOROUSLY. Pour one half glass of milk INTO YOUR NIGHTCAP and mix the batter thoroughly. TO MAKE YOURSELF MORE ENERGETIC RUB Spry shortening ON ALL OF YOUR TOES. Don't forget to sift the flour OVER YOUR HEAD UNTIL YOU LOOK LIKE AN INDIA RUBBER MAN well sprinkled with Vernies Vanilla. In about ten minutes you may stick YOUR FOOT into the cakes and see how they are coming. TO RECEIVE MORE FREEDOM TAKE OFF YOUR ROBE and beat it to a fluff. ROLL YOURSELF OVER AND OVER AGAIN UNTIL YOU are the size of a walnut and will fit into a pan. BOUNCING ON YOUL HEELS, place the cakes in the open oven. WAITING UNTIL YOU ARE PUFFY and lightly browned BRACE YOURSELF and open the oven door. What a lovely surprise! YOU ARE NOW READY TO STAND ON YOUR HEAD. To make the frosting take three squares of chocolate AND BALANCE THEM ON YOUR NOSE. Now, take powdered sugar and sprinkle it AROUND YOUR HIPS WHILE SWAYING SLOWLY. Taking one half cup of milk, pour it DOWN YOUR BACK. Mixing these ingredients you smear the frosting UP AND DOWN YOUR SIDES and the cakes are finished!!



SOCIETY WOMAN'S LECTURE  
ON MEXICO  
1943

Note: Stage directions are minimized for easier reading. Props essential are: Lectern, cricket, frilly hat, small serape, pointer. The camera is, of course, imaginary, as are the screen and gentleman aid.

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. What a pleasure to be with you! This evening I want to talk to you on a subject which interests me greatly . . . Mexico. I have called my little lecture, "Mexico, Land of Romance," Ha..Ha..Ha.. and I'm going to illustrate it from time to time through the courtesy of the Fui Camera Company. "Fui" means, "I was," in Spanish. I don't know 'what I was' . . . but phooey!

I do hope that you'll be interested in Mexico. I suppose that when students some of you studied it in geography classes. I firmly believe that a well-bred person should become acquainted with all parts of the world. Speaking of school days, I went to college too, and in my day we always had that old quaint saying, "College-bred means a four year loaf on father's dough." Ha..Ha...

Now, will the boy with the camera back there move just a little more to the right please? Thank you . . . Now here is the screen (*pointing*) . . . Can you all see it?



You can? Well now, isn't that amazing! I wonder how many of you have ever been to Mexico? Just hold up your hands; I won't misunderstand! No?

May we have the first picture please? (*Cricket*)

Now this is Mexico! . . . This big pink splash you see right here. (*Outlines*) These other green and yellow and purple things are other countries, such as...as...a..a.. well, they're other countries. (*Turning side to the audience on this speech*)

Mexico, by the way, should always be pronounced, "Me-hee-co," not Mexico! Me-hee-hee-co. . . . have you got that? Me-hee-co! . . . Mexicans are very particular on how we pronounce them. They're just like us, ladies and gentlemen; they have the same emotions, the same desires, the same smell, the same color . . . except the Indians; they variate from a dark, morose brown to a light chocolate, cocoa brown. Like after when you've put the marshmallow in!

I might say just a word about the history of Mexico. It's a very old country . . . very old. They spend most of the time having revolutions. Many of the people are always killed, which proves very fatal. One of these famous upsets came during the time of Carlotta and Maximilian. Maximilian was born in 1832, supposedly his birthday. The times were very difficult for Carlotta and her husband. Unfortunately, Max was finally hung by his supporters. They gave him a lovely funeral



though. Everybody came; they said it took eight men to carry the beer. There were processions and processions . . . flowers all over the place. The bouquets were in all different shapes — like horseshoes! These had beautiful sentiments written on them, such as “Success.” Well, this is enough history . . .

A word about the land itself. Rural life is predominant, found mostly in the country. The cities are, of course, more modern. People are business-like and courteous. One custom I remember very well . . . was that of a Mexican man always kissing your hand on introduction. I think this idea of chivalry is delightful! Chivalry, an old custom, of course, is the attitude of a man toward a strange woman.

As to government, Mexico has a president . . . like us . . . not a king. This is really much better because a king is the son of his father — but a president isn’t. To be a president thus, is a little more democratic! However, in attribute to our English friends, it is very true that a king never has a vice. A president always has. To be a citizen of Mexico you have to be born there or else, neutralized.

(*Cricket*) The next picture please. This is the Rio Grande, which means, “enormous water.” Actually it’s a muddy creek. But it is picturesque . . . very, and full of little fishes. Its banks are surrounded by green trees and . . . a . . . bottle caps. Every year the little fishes go



up the river to spoon . . . a spawn! They say that Samuel Butler wrote his famous book "The Way of all Fish" here.

(*Cricket*) Now this next one is the bus we journeyed down in, after we crossed the border. There are third class buses, and second class buses, and first class. They're absolutely all alike . . . except that some carry third class cockroaches, some second class roaches, and some first class. The nearer you come to first class, the bigger the cockroaches. Naturally, there are fleas, too. (*Lifts hat and scratches*) . . . Isn't that silly? Ha..Ha.. But whenever I talk of these rides I'm always so reminded. Confidentially, one day I had fleas for three days! Yes . . .

Well now, we must go on. When we arrived at Mexico City the first thing that we saw were two huge volcanos . . . they don't run any more. (*Cricket*) Picture please! These are called, "Ixtaseewadl" and "Popocatapeellar" . . . the sleeping man and the sleeping woman. The only way I could tell them apart was by looking at them. One has more curves than the other. Now, you can see by the extra curves that this one is . . . (*turning to screen*) Boy, please! . . . This is not the volcano! I'm sorry, everyone. This is our guide, Sancho Pancho. — Well, as long as we're here I'll tell you about him. He made a fine guide. He was a plump, jolly, little man with a darling little moustache. I just love moustaches,



don't you? They tickle so! Ha..Ha.. He had an amazing sense of humor too! Now and then he got his English mixed up. One evening he came hilariously in to call on me . . . asking me if I had a nite-dress! Of course he meant an evening-dress . . . but I didn't know that until later!

(*Cricket*) Oh, yes; these are the famous pyramids of the Sun and the Moon. You see how high they are? Here are all the steps that lead to the top. Right here . . . you know how steps come? (*Gestures*) The reason that I wanted to point this out to you was that it had something to do with religion. (*Thinks*) I, a, don't know just what — but I do know that it had something to do with it. Ha..Ha..

(*Cricket*) Oh, these are the roaming Cancioneros, singers. At nite they come around to serenade you. They sing divinely. I remember one song they always sang at the end called, "Buenas Noches Mi Amour." In our own language this would mean something like, "So Long Sugar Puss." These singers are always accompanied by men who play the violin, coronet, and bubble base. As I said, Mexico is a very romantic place. Honeymooners often go there. One young man, there on his honeymoon, afterwards came back and wrote the charming book, "Travels With a Donkey."

The next picture please. (*Cricket*) The next picture please! (*Looking out at boy*) It's what? It's stuck!



. . . (*Waits, distressed. Hums vainly*) Well, while we're waiting for the camera I'll tell you a little bit about the bullfights; these are every Sunday afternoon at four . . . P. M. There is a great deal of pageantry and fanfare connected with these fights. First there is the blare of the trumpets . . . Too ta doo da dee . . . (*mimics blare*) Then the toradors, picadors, and matadors all march solemnly in. Some of them throw their hats to the audience. (*Gesture*) Then the horses prance in! It's very exciting! . . . Then the bull comes in . . . (*This part is all acted out . . . rushing around stage waving serape*) . . . snarling . . . raging . . . The matador waves his cape . . . again . . . and again . . . and again! . . . From this, the famous saying "Throwing the bull" originated! The bull almost gets him! The audience goes wild! . . . Claps its hands and yells, "Oleje! Oleje!" Senioritas throw flowers! It's thrilling . . . thrilling! I always get so excited when I tell this . . . Of course the matadors, and picadors, cuspidors, and all the others play their parts. The cuspidor, for example, a . . . a . . . well, those names are all so much alike. I wrote a book on this which explains everything. Tells exactly what everybody does. I have some copies which you can purchase later for only 25 cents.

Is the camera ready now? Oh, fine. (*Looks at watch*) I see my time is drawing to a close . . . so I'll go over the next pictures rather rapidly.



Yes, this is the famous Desert of the Lions. It . . . a . . . really isn't a desert, and there aren't any lions. I don't know why on earth they call it that! But they do, and anyhow it's very famous.

This, is one of the famous cathedrals in Mexico. Oh, I remember this one. I remember it because it's very ancient and it's supported by eight peers . . . all of which are, unfortunately, cracked.

(*Cricket*) Please hurry young man! This is one of Diego Riviera's morals . . . a . . . murals! Riviera is a very famous artist. He has quite an imagination! You know, he does those big pictures of huge men and nude women. He paints some from memory also. This one is called "The Temptation of John" . . . a very lovely thing.

One last word. Perhaps you may all think that traveling in Mexico is difficult and tedious. Oh, it's not. You see many Americans there . . . famous movie stars such as Bettie Davis, Bruce Cabot and Errol Flynn. One always makes fast friends.

Of course, Spanish is spoken; but you don't have to know the language. Why, I have a friend who traveled all over Mexico on three simple words, "Si, como no?" which means, "Sure, why not?"

And so, dear friends, if any of you are thinking of traveling to Mexico — my hearty answer to you one and all is, "Si, como no?" Thank you!

Author's Note: This monologue was delivered in the musical review "Words and Music" at Town Hall, New York, 1949.



## LET'S REVIEW THE BIDDING

1949

(This is the pseudo society woman playing bridge. She is the type who belongs to all clubs in town, without knowing the names of half of them. An actual table and cards may be used for effect if desired, or just a single chair is needed. The compact, etc. may be used as wished. Rose sits to her right, partner across from her, and Mabel (the hostess) to the left).

Let's see now, how did the bids go? (*Adjusts her glasses*) I can't seem to see a thing! (*To Rose . . . showing her cards . . .*) Is this a diamond? Oh, you're my enemy aren't you, dear? Ha..Ha.. in the game, I mean. My, I never wore glasses before; just got these yesterday. I don't know how in the world I ever got along without them. 'Course I can't see too well yet; doctor said they improved the sight of me tremendously though. Mabel, would you mind repeating the bids, darling. I forgot them. (*Nods*) What did you say? Well, . . . did Louise actually see him out with her? Hm, I suppose it was bound to occur sooner or later . . . Imagine they thought they'd be safe in the movies. Well . . . that's Life! But I surely feel sorry for her; this is her third one that didn't work. Oh, yes! You didn't know? Well, I'm sorry . . . I'm not one to talk; I wouldn't have said a word but I thought it was common knowledge (*Shakes head*) Ha.. Ha.. God's own country is Heaven . . . her first



grounds were cruelty, you know. Well, didn't you ever notice her eye at the time? Of course, she still maintains it was a tennis ball. (*Laugh*) She never plays the game, you know!

Girls, we're lucky to have husbands — I mean, husbands like ours. Take my Philbert . . . He's not handsome, it's true; but he has that certain Something . . . I've never been able to put my finger on it . . . What, Rose? That's all right — I know what you're thinking of me — please, go ahead and tell me! We're all friends. Oh, you saw Philbert at the Atomic Atom Club Saturday night? Ha Ha, of course . . . my, a Rose by any other name would smell as sweet . . . you're an angel to tell me! But you see I knew, dear. Yes, my niece from Philadelphia was visiting us over the week end . . . Why, that's all right, I know you wouldn't have said a word otherwise. I understand perfectly . . . (*Smooths hair*) Well, thank you; I am pleased with my hair these days, Rose. They really do fine work in My beauty shop. Why don't you try them sometime? (*Sweetly*) Of course they may not carry your dye . . .

Yes, let's do review the bids. (*Puts cards down; gets out compact and puts on lipstick*) Do you like it, Mabel? It's a brand new shade. "I Double Dare You," it's called. (*Picks up cards*) You said two spades, partner. I wonder, what should I do . . . is that a command bid, or can I pass if I have a Bust? — Girls, that reminds me, did you



know that Ellen Bigtop won five thousand dollars on that music program over the radio? (*Plays card*) Yes, I was listening at the time . . . her voice was perfectly hideous! It sounded like a base viol . . . sort of sawed out . . . My, what fabulous luck she had! The MC kept feeding her the answers though; no wonder she finally hit the pot. It was big enough — the pot, I mean — five thousand dollars!

Now, what was I doing? Oh, I played. It's your turn, partner . . . Oh, oh, oh . . . never undress your King, darling. It leaves him wide open! . . . My, how I'm talking this afternoon! Isn't it mad! Philbert says he simply can't abide women who talk incessantly while playing bridge; but I always say the best part of an afternoon game is just getting together and learning all the news! Don't you think so? Me, I guess I'm a born Socialist; I just adore parties. By the way, is it true Hally Hopeful is expecting again? (*Shakes head unbelievably*) Well, how she does it I'll never know! They're getting a new car too. Oh, yes, I don't like to talk but their old Buick is only five years old . . . it has a good body and excellent chaos.

My turn? You don't mind if we review the bidding? I wasn't really concentrating. Dear me, what'll I do? (*Thinks to herself*) Um, um . . . no, nevah lead with your ahce . . . Well, I'll play this one! (*Plays card*) What did you say, girls? Hubbert Huggeston? Well, he isn't that



old, Mabel darling! He's a live wire all right. They say he's shocking even for a bachelor . . . at least, that's what I hear. I couldn't really say myself . . . (*Noticing card on the table*) What? Oh, how on earth did that joker get in the deck? You dealt this, Mabel. Just a minute . . . let me see . . . no, I still have enough. It's all right! (*Playing another card*) I'll save my one eyed Jack. Oh, I shouldn't have said it, should I? Well, I have another ace to take the trick.

Say, have you girls tried that new rhubarb pie that was in the paper the other night? Oh, you know what rhubarb is, Mabel . . . It looks like celery gone bloodshot. Well, it's perfectly delicious! It is not bad for your indigestion, Rose! Digestion is carried on in the stomach through the aid of acrobatic juices, and rhubarb has plenty of them!

Oh my, speaking of stomach, that reminds me of Philbert. Honestly he's getting such a rummy . . . (*takes cards from table*) . . . tummy. I mean, my trick, dear! I must stop and get his trousers at the cleaners before I go home. He spilt a whole bottle of "My Sin" on them the other night. I never realized it was so potent before; the bathroom smelled for days. (*Gets out compact*) My, just look at these terrible freckles again! I've tried everything to get rid of them . . . pancake, bleach, PuBary's Pack — I looked like a frozen leopard with that; spots all over me! Nothing seems to help my face; it's just dread-



ful! By the way, did you girls know Phoebe Beebe had another facial uplift the other day? Isn't that what they call it? Oh, great heavens yes, didn't you know? Well, she calls it, "Shopping Trips to the City." "Shocking Trips to the City," is my name for it! (*Plays card*) No, I don't believe in such things. Phoebe is a deceiver; she wears a false face. Well Rose, God knows what you are. I mean, Heaven gave you — all of us — certain faults and it is ridiculous to try and change all of them. (*Looking at cards and waiting impatiently*) In fact, it is impossible for some to overcome even the simplest faults. Your play, Rose, dear! I'm speaking in general terms now, of course. Oh, did I play wrong? (*Watches play*) Good, partner, I knew you had that trump. (*Smiles loftily at Rose. Waits for Mabel; takes trick*)

Don't be cross, Rose; it's hard to concentrate when we're all talking so. Now take your time, dear. (*Watches play. Looks at own hand.*) We lost that didn't we partner? Well, we can't take them all . . . (*Glancing at own dress*) Oh, don't you like purple, Rose? I've been noticing your gown, dear; it's beautiful. Nonsense, I'm not just being nice; I remember thinking it was a lovely print when I first saw it at Poofers on the sale rack.

My turn? (*Plays card*) Thank you. Wouldn't that get you! I just happened to remember — little Egbert wanted me to bring him a surprise from the party. Mabel dear, could I have that adorable little wooden cat you



had sitting by the pussy willows on the table? Oh, it's not wood? You don't say! It's bronze and all the way from Italy? Why, I had no idea . . . I thought you just picked it up at the dime st - - - I mean . . . well a flower will do just as well. I'll pick one from your garden as I leave. You don't mind, do you dear? Just a bouquet of bignonia will do. (*Hums gaily*) What, darling? My turn so soon! You bid no trump last . . . a tramp . . a trump . . Oh, dear! Everybody has been talking so . . Would you mind if we reviewed the bidding?



## Chapter X

### Stories





## THE BELLS OF EDELWEISS

1939

It was in the country the rural part of old Lucerne where horses, heads skyward, pranced over the snow covered road. The very sleigh bells on the harness tinkled "Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas!" As the sled glided merrily over the brilliant gleaming snow the old Swiss bells pealed the tidings to the whole village. The mountains too took up the cry and echoed it one to another. Crystal white flakes scurried through the air dancing to the earth as the sleigh came nearer and nearer the beautiful Jungfrau. There, high on the side of the mountain sheltered by watchful towering pines, nestled a tiny log cabin.

The little home looked snug and warm as the smoke from its chimney rose into the winds and twisted its way heavenward. Inside, a young Swiss maiden was joyfully preparing a Yuletide feast. There was a soft sparkle within her eyes as though she could scarcely wait for some exciting event. In the middle of the room was a long table with wooden bowls set upon it. At the side of the cabin, in a mammoth hearth, three logs blazed brightly scattering their flickering shadows about the room. As the girl moved busily, her old grandmother rocked contentedly by the fire.



Suddenly she turned and spoke to the old woman, "You do not think the weather too bad . . . too cold for safe traveling, do you?"

For a moment the old lady was silent; then smiling she said, "Weather very cold, but snow is not too much. Worry not; they will arrive."

The maiden turned back to her work once more, but the troubled frown remained. Grandmother seemed always right; still the wind was bitterly cold and the mountain trail ever dangerous. Only the sure-footed and cautious could travel it. Yet, she remembered both her father and Johan had done so many times.

Early that morning, with the first ray of light, her father had set out on snowshoes to meet Johan at the halfway point of the mountain trail. Johan and the maiden had been friends since childhood, but now, with the passing of years and fleeting time, their families had separated. Hers had left the little village years ago when her mother died. Time had passed but had not changed. Today Johan had promised to climb the great Jungfrau and have Christmas dinner in the little cabin on the other side. Was it any wonder the eyes of the maiden were lit with such a sparkle?

Setting a kettle on the glimmering fire, the girl saw the flames lowering and noticed that the great wood crotch was again almost empty. So catching up her shawl from the table chair and wrapping it tightly about her,



she opened the cabin door and stepped out to the snowy path.

Stacked by the side of the cabin was a towering pile of logs. She was gathering these when suddenly she stopped. Straight and taut she stood. Her back was to the path but the logs fell from her arms. A feeling of bitter cold came over her. A great numbness and the pulse left her. She turned almost reeling.

Her father was stamping up the narrow winding trail. He dragged a limp form after him.

The maiden gasped; running forth she forgot the heavy snow and sank deep within it. Struggling she fell. Then she waded and pushed through the stinging flakes. "Father, father, what is it? Johan; is he hurt? Father!"

Inside the cabin once again she learned that her father, not finding Johan at the halfway point, had continued on. Some several hours later he'd come upon him. Half buried under a great white drift. He'd worked over the boy. Again and again he had worked over him. Finally, half carrying half dragging the lad, the two had reached the cabin.

But now no one was speaking. Each was feverishly busy at his own task. Johan's boots and cap lay in a little pool of water on the great wood creak. Steaming and steaming.

The room once cooler was slowly growing warmer. Cool bandages had been applied. Artificial respiration



was given again and again. The father and girl took turns. Their arms grew heavy with the rubbing. Their faces were flushed in the firelight and their eyes burned. Harder and harder they worked.

The flavor of hot soup began to fill the room. Anxiously the eyes of the old grandmother turned and turned over her shoulder. But the only voice was the low musical tock of the carved Swiss clock.

And as its hands turned, the three laboured. They laboured on and on praying as they bent back and forth, back and forth. Hours passed.

Then a wooden spoon fell to the hearthstone. The maiden raised her tired eyes as she worked. And they fell again bright on the cold clenched hands beside her. A nod passed and her father took his place.

The girl rose and began once more to apply the cloths. Time passed.

The sun grew cold and began to hide. The evening winds came and knocked at the cabin door. The ice drops rapped and tapped at the window panes. And the white snow blew and flew. And on and on they toiled.

Suddenly the teakettle began to sing. The clock flew fast and three hearts stopped. Then it happened. The eyes of the boy opened.

Blankets! More blankets! Bandages, cloths! Faster went the bent arms. Faster! Stronger came the breath-



ing. Stronger! Warm soup was brought. The boy was moved to bed. Still no one spoke.

The girl knelt to give him broth. Slowly, very slowly Johan smiled.

The stillness broke then and sobs shook the little log cabin. Eyes were drenched with tears as 'round the bed they crowded. Voices spoke faster than the wind, than the clock, than even the world spun. Tears and laughter were one.

“How,” whispered the girl, “did it happen?”

No voice answered, but eyes spoke as the boy pointed to the floor where he had lain.

There on the wooden planks, crumpled beside his clothing, lay three tiny Edelweiss flowers. Edelweiss. Highly sought and highly treasured Swiss emblem.

The firelight danced and Christmas entered again that cabin room. The teakettle shouted and sang. Soft laughter rang. Then the clock stood still; the wind hushed low. And that room was the world and the world was love.

In the valley below a sleigh was gliding over the snow covered road. Melodious bells from the old Swiss church were pealing. Crystal white flakes scurried through the air; and horses, heads skyward, were prancing. Their bells tinkled. The mighty winds picked up the tinkling music and hurled it high into the sky. Great



snowcapped mountains caught the cry and echoed it around God's heaven one to another, "Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas . . . . ."

## THE HAPPY WOODCUTTER

(A Christmas Fairy Tale)

1942

A long long time ago, so long that it now seems a dream, there dwelt in a village of snow-capped mountains a happy old woodcutter. "Timothy" was his real name but the villagers always called him, "Old Tim."

He was a poor man. Indeed, all the earthly goods he had were his little log cabin, his garden, his flower bed, and his faithful worn hatchet. But Old Tim thought himself very lucky.

All day he would wander in the deep fertile forest. Each time the great yellow sun smiled his garden grew. The sweet birds sang for him. The winter moon never forgot to guide him home. The twinkling summer stars told him the hour of nite. The whispering music of the evening wind ever remembered to lull him to sleep. And so it was each day, one day after the other. Old Tim thought himself greatly blessed to have all these wonderful things, and he thought he was very very rich.

But he treasured something else above all. His



curly-headed little grandson, Peter. To him Peter was the sunshine of the morning, the fragrance of flowers, the song of birds, the dancing stars, and the sweet moon of twilight. He was all these things in one.

Peter had lived with his grandfather all of his happy ten years. His mother, you see, had died when he was born and his father shortly after. Some villagers said Peter's father had died of a broken heart. But other folks had frowned on this and said there was no such thing. A broken heart. How very ridiculous indeed!

So little Peter had been brought by his grandfather to the small log cabin by the great forest. The boy was a handsome lad with deep brown eyes and hair as yellow as the midday sun.

While Old Tim was chopping down the tall trees of the forest, Peter would spend the long hours of each day carving tiny figures in the little pieces of wood his grandfather brought him. Indeed, the hours were very long for Peter because he was lame. He could not walk. One of his tiny legs was much shorter than the other. But it had always been thus for little Peter and he didn't seem to mind. He did not know, you see, what it meant to hop and skip as other children did. He was not able to go to school, so he had no playmates like other boys and girls. His friends were the birds and animals he saw from the window by his big poster bed. His playmates were the hundreds of toy soldiers, the shiny ladies, the



bent doctor, the slender birds, and the little reindeer he had carved with his own nimble fingers.

Their cabin was on the outskirts of the village, near the forest. The old woodcutter would smile when he thought about this. In the long winter evenings, by the side of the great blazing fire, he would perch little Peter on his knee and crinkling up his long red beard he'd tell Peter he lived on the petticoat of the tiny mountain village. Then the old man's deep laughter would ring through the swinging pots and kettles, through the heavy oak table, and the frosted panes of the icicled windows. This story was as old as Peter could remember, but the way grampa moved his big red eyebrows up and down and the way his nose wrinkled and crinkled when he told it; these things never failed to make Peter feel warm and cozy. The two of them would laugh until the old cabin rafters sang like the bells in a steepled church.

Peter was feeling especially happy these past few days, and this morning the excitement grew. For here it was, the day before Christmas! When grampa had hugged him good-bye that morning he'd told Peter he would ask Mr. Hingle to stop chopping trees an hour early. For, today, grampa was going into the village.

Grampa was going to bring Peter a surprise. And he was going to get him some medicine too. You see, the fire had gone out the other evening before grampa had come home. Peter had pulled the blankets up tight



around his little chin, but with his stiff lame leg he wasn't able to rise from the bed. He'd tried very hard but he almost fell.

When grampa had come home he looked very worried. But right away he built a big roaring fire and made Peter some hot herb tea. Grampa had said it was sniffles, bad sniffles. Tomorrow he'd get some medicine.

Then he'd promised Peter a great surprise. And now it was that time! Peter had been wondering all day what the surprise could be. It seemed to him that grampa would never come.

Outside the cabin a strong wind was blowing. The sound was deep and low. Through the window Peter could see the great trees wave and bend as snowflakes piled high against the windowpanes. He coughed a little and looked at the tiny hopping flames of the fire.

Then he laid down the little wooden angel he was carving and tucked his fingers under the folds of the covers. He drew them up snugly to his quivering chin. Would grampa never come? It grew dark outside. Peter could see his breath when his throat tickled, and he coughed just a little. Where was grampa?

The wind moaned low. And the wind moaned lower in the forest beyond.

The moon was higher than usual when the old woodchopper trudged up the snowy cabin path. He was



smiling softly, for over his shoulder was a beautiful green Christmas tree! It was the most beautiful Christmas tree in the world. It was as green as the new velvet grass of spring. And it shone and sparkled. On its branches were little red berries like crimson ornaments. And the crystal snowflakes on its needles glistened like the sparkles of silver.

When Old Tim reached the cabin door he held the tree behind him and chuckled as he lifted the latch. With a mighty push the heavy door flung open.

Old Tim clutched the tree tightly, then it fell from his grasp. The fire was out. The cabin was cold as stone. Little icicles hung to the windowpanes where steam had been.

The stars blinked as the door flew shut with a great thud. Old Tim ran to the big poster bed, "Peter, my Peter," he cried.

Only yellow curls were visible. Old Tim threw back the blankets, and the little wooden angel fell to the floor. Great sobs shook the old man. He fumbled with his hands as he sank by the bed. And his broken breath made quiet wafts of little circling steam.

All day long he had thought of this moment. Early that morning he had cut the beautiful tree he had chosen for Peter's surprise. He'd asked Mr. Hingle if he could leave an hour early to go to the village. But Mr. Hingle



said there was work to be done. He told Old Tim it was foolishness. There'd be time enough when he was through. Christmas was for idlers and fools. Such a thing, indeed! There was work to be done.

So Old Tim had chopped trees and more trees, piling them high in the crusted snow. It was harder to chop in the wintertime. When Old Tim was done it was almost dark. All day he'd kept thinking of little Peter's cough. When he'd finished the last tree he tramped into the village as fast as his old legs would carry him. On the way back he picked up Peter's beautiful Christmas tree. He and Peter would trim it that evening.

Now the Christmas tree lay fallen by the cabin door. The medicine in his pocket lay useless in its tiny box. The fire was gone. The yellow curls no longer moved. And the little wooden angel was dead and broken, before it was finished.

Old Tim rose and dragged his tired legs through the door. A moment later, arms laden with logs, he returned. For many hours he chopped and pounded and cut. Then he picked up the green Christmas tree, and the melted snowflakes fell from its branches like crystal tears. From its staff and branches he whittled and whittled; until he had made a lovely white cross. All nite long he labored.

With the first light of morning Old Tim hauled his rough log shroud into the folds of the forest. In a little



clearing beneath a tall straight pine he dug a shallow grave. Then he lowered the shroud and began to cover it with earth.

While he was digging he grew very very tired. It was as though he'd put his own heart inside the log box with the yellow curls and the little lame legs. He seemed to be losing strength and the task was hard.

When he finished the sun was just rising over the great snowy mountains. From somewhere a bird had begun to sing. A gentle wind was whispering among the trees. Christmas morning.

The lonely old man knelt down. From his heavy sheepskin jacket he drew forth the carved wooden cross of the Christmas tree and, placing it on the strewn earth, he bowed his head to pray.

An ethereal sweetness fell upon the air. A solemn stillness descended all around. A bright bright light began to shine.

Old Tim looked up. The cross was gleaming with a light so bright it seemed to burn. Its brilliance hushed the trees and calmed the wind. It glared as the sun and it glowed as the moon. Its loveliness radiated the whole valley. Then suddenly there burst forth from the wooden cross a band of pure white lilies.

The happy woodcutter fell forward. For lo, he had seen the flowers of Paradise.



## MY FATHER'S HOUSE

1950

Once upon a time, not so long ago, there lived in a green valley of vast hills an old man named Mr. Timreh. All day long he tilled the soil, for he was a farmer.

But Mr. Timreh was also something else. Something very different from other people. In fact there weren't many men in the whole world like Mr. Timreh. He was a hermit.

Most people didn't know him by any other name. Even the folks down the hill always called him "the hermit." He lived alone of course, as hermits do, in a large grey house which stood in the middle of a circle of large green trees. When the trees were all in bloom, you couldn't tell that the house was grey. In fact, then you couldn't see the house at all.

But passersby on the road knew it was grey, for in the winter the trees were lean and bare and they could see through the branches. Snow was on the ground then and the limbs touched each other, as though holding hands to keep prisoner Mr. Timreh in his big grey house.

Smoke was never seen coming out of Mr. Timreh's house even on the coldest bitterest day. But no one ever bothered to see if he was warm or had enough wood for



his fire. Mr. Timreh was a hermit and he did not like visitors.

Now and then the Rash famliy, who lived down over the hill, saw their neighbor in the fields. He had to feed his cows and chickens and pigs even when the ground was hard and icicles hung on the barn and corncrib. Mr. Timreh didn't seem to mind the weather though. In fact, he hardly seemed to notice it at all. In the winter Mr. Rash saw him trudging back and forth to the barn. In and out of the sheds went the hermit carrying pails, buckets, hammers and saws. His back was bent and his white hair flew in the wind.

Mr. Timreh took good care of his animals. He didn't like people but sometimes he patted his old horse for hours. His cows were clean, his pigs were round and fat, and his chickens brought the best price in the town market.

Mr. Timreh never went to town himself. He left his chickens cleaned and ready in a big box by the side of the road. The money was always mailed, and he received this one letter every week.

Once a year he got another letter. This came from Reverend Jones who wrote to thank him for the money he sent to the church.

Mr. Timreh had met the Reverend one spring many, many years ago. He had come to thank Mr. Timreh for his first gift. The two of them had sat down that day,



under a tree, and talked for almost half an hour. That was a long time for Mr. Timreh to talk to anyone. Afterwards, Mr. Timreh had asked the Reverend to never call again. Reverend Jones never did.

Mr. Timreh always paid his debts. He seemed happy and never lonely. He loved his farm, his animals, and the big green hills.

When the winds were warm, the butterflies flying, and the whippoorwill singing Mr. Timreh was seen quite often by passersby on the dusty road. He never saw them but they saw him.

He was outside in the wintertime too, but most people stayed at home when it was cold and dreary. They didn't see the hermit on those days. They saw him only when the birds sang and the air was warm with clover sweetness.

Sometimes, from afar, Mr. Rash saw the hermit in the morning, winding his way among the whispering cornstalks. Through the corn he'd go, to a little clearing by a muddy stream where the cows liked to wade. Here in a small hollow was an old stump. The hollow was a long distance from the road and it was hard to find even when you knew it was there. It was hidden by the bank of the stream and three great oaks which grew in the wood across a rail fence.

The three oaks did not belong to Mr. Timreh but he thought they were very beautiful. He had loved this



spot ever since he discovered it many years ago when he first bought the farm. He came to this place of the stump every morning of the four seasons of the year. Sometimes he also came when his work was done and the yellow sun was setting. Sometimes when he couldn't sleep at nite he would come in the pale light of the moon. He always felt happier when he left.

Mr. Rash told some of his friends about seeing Mr. Timreh so often winding his way through the corn. They all laughed and said the old hermit was indeed queer and odd. Then some folks began to wonder, and these decided Mr. Timreh had buried his money. He never came to town. He never spent his money. Surely he hid it there, somewhere near the cornfield by the little clearing near the muddy stream. Mr. Rash only smiled at these ideas and did not trouble about them. For he was happy just as he was. He had a fine wife and a little golden-haired daughter. She was only five years old and her parents loved her very dearly. Indeed, Mr. Rash called her his "Treasure."

"Tress," as her daddy called her, was a happy sunny little girl. She spent her days out of doors picking wild daisies for her mother, playing with the chickens, and chasing the gayly colored butterflies that danced on the lawn.

Tress had no brothers or sisters. Sometimes she played with her little cousins who came to visit when



their father helped with the hay or plowing. But most of the time she played alone.

One morning after Tress had helped feed the chickens and she grew tired of gathering yellow flowers she saw a huge butterfly perched right on the grass. He was bright red. The biggest and most beautiful butterfly she had ever seen.

She began to chase him. Over the grass she ran. All the way down to the dusty road where the white gate stood. The butterfly flew over the gate and sat on a big white pebble in the middle of the road.

Out through the gate ran Tress. But the butterfly heard her coming and began to fly down the winding hill. So after him ran Tress, forgetting all about her mother's warning never to go out the big white gate.

Never had she disobeyed before and she did not think of it now. She only wanted to catch the lovely red butterfly. She ran and ran, but each time she almost caught him he would whirl into the air again. She climbed under a log fence once. Another time she stopped to pick lavender flowers by a little muddy creek.

It was there she lost the butterfly. She bent down only a moment to tie her shoe, and when she looked up he was gone. So she sat down on the water's edge to rest, for she was hot and tired. Her pretty dress was brown and dusty now; her hands were scratched and dirty. Her yellow curls hung damp about her forehead.



She was very thirsty. She looked around but nothing seemed familiar. She had never been farther than the white gate before. And she'd promised she'd never go. Oh, they'd never look for her here! Little Tress began to cry.

As she was sitting there, her eyes wet with tears, she heard a great "moo." Looking up she saw in the distance a large cornfield. On the other side of the cornfield fence was a big bossy cow, mooing and mooing.

Then Tress saw him. He was winding his way through the corn heading toward some oak trees. A bent old man it was with a large straw hat pulled over his eyes.

"Maybe he'll give me a drink of water," thought Tress. "Then maybe he'll show me where the road is so I can go home."

"Oo hoo!" called Tress as she scrambled up from the water bank, "Oo hoo!"

But the old man didn't hear her. He kept right on winding through the corn.

Tress' little voice wasn't very strong. "Perhaps bent old men don't hear very well," she thought.

So she started running after him across the meadow toward the cornfield. The old man had his head down. He didn't seem to even see the cornstalks as he passed through them. He was going somewhere very fast.

Tress was tired running. Her long yellow curls were



damp again and her forehead streaked with dirt. But she had to talk to the old man, or she wouldn't be able to find her way home!

Suddenly he disappeared from sight. Tress had been watching him though, and she followed as fast as her little legs could go. Finally she saw him again, kneeling in a little clearing by a big wooden stump. The old man was bent almost to the ground. She was only a few feet from him now. His back was turned and he looked like he might be digging.

"Mister," called Tress. "Mister!" But the old man was muttering to himself. He didn't hear her. "Mister," said Tress again as she came closer. But still he did not answer.

Tress came up behind him and tapped him on the shoulder. Quickly the old man turned. He almost jumped. He turned so quickly he knocked Tress down.

"Oh," she cried as she tried to rise. Then her eyes widened. The old man was standing over her. He looked like a giant scarecrow. His shirt hung down over his big hands. His trousers almost covered his shoes.

His hat had fallen off now and his long white hair looked like great icicles. His nose was thin and sharp as daddy's axe; his mouth was red as blood. But his eyes! Never had Tress seen such eyes! They were like dark caves, but they moved like witches on brooms of fire. They seemed to eat her.



“Yah,” yelled the witch and he swooped her up into his arms!

“I want,” stammered Tress. But the witch put his great hand over her mouth. She couldn’t cry; she could hardly breathe.

And the witch began to carry her through the corn and over the fields. He held her tight as steel and when her long yellow hair caught on the waving stalks he didn’t stop. He just pulled her through and went faster and faster.

He looked very angry. And he was very rough. He held her so tightly it hurt. His fingers cut her arm like claws on a hawk. When at last he took his great hand from her mouth, Tress was so frightened she only closed her eyes. And closed them tightly.

Then they came to a house. A big grey house with trees all around it. And the witch carried her inside. He put her in a room, a very dark room it was. It had no windows, no chair, no bed, no rug. Then he slammed the door and locked it!

Tress tried to push it, but it wouldn’t budge. She groped about in the dark. Her shoe came untied again and she stumbled, bumping her head on a wall. Then she sat down on the floor and began to weep. She wished she’d never seen the old man who turned into a witch. She wished she’d never chased the red butterfly.

Tress got up and pulled at the door again. Then she



cried and cried. She was hungry and hot and tired and thirsty. After a while she sat down in a corner. A little ray of light crept under the door and lay silently on the floor.

Everything was very still and quiet now. Tress brushed the hair out of her eyes and tears fell in tiny drops on her small plump cheeks; like dew on the petals of a rose. Soon she fell asleep.

When she awoke the little beam of light under the door was gone. It was all darkness now. She was afraid, and she couldn't remember where the door was. She searched and searched but she couldn't find it. Then she heard a noise. The witch had come back and was muttering to himself. She heard a rattle of pots and pans. A great terror seized her. The witch was going to eat her!

"Let me out, let me out!" she screamed. Then she ran to a corner and waited. She waited a long time. Then she shouted again, "Let me out, let me out!"

After a while the key turned in the lock and the door opened. There stood the witch with a long tall candle in his hand. The gleaming flame danced over his bony face, and his shadow on the wall looked like a giant spider.

"Where are you?" he grunted. "Where are you?" His great holes blinked and he held the candle high above him. His feet dragged as he came farther and



farther into the room.

Then the moment came. Tress jumped up and through the door she ran. The witch turned and went thumping after her. Tress ran behind a table. Then she spied an open door; she could see a tree and bright stars twinkling over it.

The witch grabbed her over the table. But Tress was quick and out through the door she flew.

“Wait, wait!” croaked the old witch.

But Tress paid no heed. She flew over the path and by the trees and out onto the dusty road. Her feet had wings.

“Wait, wait!” cried the witch.

The dust caught in Tress’ throat and she slipped on the pebbles. But the moon was shining and it lit the road and the great hill ahead. She looked back but the witch was not there.

In his big grey house he was sitting at a table. There were two bowls of hot porridge on the table and two spoons beside them. But he did not eat.

All afternoon he had worked in the fields. The sun had been hot and the day long. When evening came he had put away his chickens, fed his pigs, milked his cows, and patted his old horse. For a long time he patted his horse.

And the witch grew ashamed for what he had done. She was only a little girl and he had locked her in a dark



room. He had not given her even milk or bread. He had been very rough with her, perhaps even hurting her when he picked her up and carried her.

But she had come where she wasn't wanted! She had caught him in his secret spot. No one even knew where it was before. She had spoiled his whole day; the many many hours he had spent there before. It was no longer his spot. His place where he could be alone and away from the world. She had spoiled everything. Years of pleasure and quiet and solitude. Everything; everything she had spoiled.

But she was only a child. A very little girl with long yellow hair, fair white skin, and big frightened blue eyes.

Frightened blue eyes! Mr. Timreh went to a drawer and took out a glass. He saw peering back at him a long red nose, hollow eyes, and straggly matted hair that hung like a hundred white icicles. He looked at the hand which held this sight. It was gnarled and thin with nails like claws. The witch put the glass away.

Then he went back to the table and sank down on the wooden bench beside it. He held his bent old head in his gnarled hands and his mouth moved without sound. He thought and thought, and the candle dripped on the wooden table. The porridge bowls grew cold. But he did not see these things.

He thought of a time many many years ago. He was a young man then. His hair was brown, his nose



freckled, his back was straight, and his hands were long and skilful. His eyes used to dance then, and he wore a smile as often as you wear a pair of shoes. He was happy. And he was young, oh, so young!

His business was good. He bought well; he sold better. His customers liked him and they liked what he sold. His best friend was his partner. He loved this friend as a brother. He was the happiest man in the whole world.

Then something happened. His partner disappeared. He could not understand it. There were debts to be paid; a great deal of money was missing from the store safe.

Mr. Timreh worked very hard. He sold his business to pay the debts. And still he worked. His partner never returned.

Later Mr. Timreh moved away, to the country and became a farmer. He lived all alone and people called him "the hermit." The years bent his back and gnarled his hands. He never saw his neighbors and few saw him. He was old now and his hair was white.

Mr. Timreh thought of all these many things and the candle burned lower. He thought of the partner who had left him alone and he thought of the little girl he had left alone. Alone in a dark room. He had wanted to punish her; punish her for nothing as he had been punished.



Mr. Timreh suddenly felt infinitely old and exceedingly tired. A great pain came over him. His heart ached like it had never ached before. It beat with a thousand wings; it beat as though it would burst. He could scarcely breathe and he gasped for air. Great tears filled his eyes and they burned like fire. Then suddenly it broke.

Back home at the Rashs the neighbors were gathering. They came from all over the countryside, and they carried guns and knives and clubs. Mr. Rash was leading them down the hill. They shouted and cursed. Their faces were drawn tight and cruel in the light of the torches. The women came behind, crying and wailing.

The moonlite threw their shadows on the dusty road, and they danced like goblins. They marched down the hill, past the fields, and up the road. They came to a mail box and they tore it from the ground. They turned into a path and came to a circle of tall trees. They cut the murmuring trees with knives as they passed. They stamped on the wild flowers and spit on the earth. They picked up rocks and threw them ahead.

Then they came to the steps of a big grey house, and they stopped. They yelled and cursed. Someone threw a stone shattering a window into a thousand blades. Voices rose to a mighty roar. But there was no answer.



The men gripped their guns and pounded up the steps. The women followed. The door was open.

“Hold the torch higher,” someone yelled.

And the crowd looked through the door and there was silence for a moment. An old man with his head buried in his arms sat at a table between two bowls of porridge.

“He’s drunk,” someone shouted.

A tall blond man ran over to Mr. Timreh and grabbed him by the collar. He jerked him roughly from the bench. Mr. Timreh fell to the floor. “Out cold,” said the man.

“I’ll wake him,” shouted a young farmer lad. And he strode over to the old man and gave him a great kick. But Mr. Timreh did not move.

Mr. Rash approached and turned the old man over with his shoe. Then he spit full in his face. “Get up,” he cried, “get up an’ take what’s comin’ to ya!”

“Let me wake him; let me,” yelled a woman as she pushed her way through the crowd. “I’ll bring him ’round.” She laughed shrill and loud; and she slapped the face of the old man on the floor. Again and again she slapped him.

Then slowly she drew back. Her eyes were wide and frightened. “He’s dead,” she whispered.

The room grew quiet as death and all drew back.



The women moved to a corner and clung to each other. The men shifted their guns uneasily. The young boys lowered their clubs and folded away their knives.

The tall blond man bent down and felt Mr. Timreh's heart. There was no sound. "He's dead," he said again.

There was a long silence. "What killed him?" asked a young farmer.

"Don't know," answered the blond man and he knelt down to look. "No wounds, he jes' up and died. Mr. Timreh's deader than dead."

"'E looks awful happy to me," said the woman who had done the slapping. "Jes' look at that smile on 'is face. You'd think 'e was pleased with what 'e done. Dirty ole man! Ugh."

"Poor little Tress," wailed a woman from the corner. "He's dead, but it serves 'im right. Poor little Tress!"

The blond man was standing, staring down at the bent body on the floor.

"I guess maybe it was his heart," he said slowly. "Must of jes' gave out. Suppose 'e was kinda excited findin' Tress 'ere. 'E ain't seen a soul for years, let alone talked to one. Yep, s'pose it did kinda upset 'im some. Well 'e's dead now. Looks happy enough 'bout it."

Mr. Timreh did look happy. His eyes were closed; he didn't have nearly as many wrinkles now, and there was



a soft smile on his lips. He looked as though he was curled up to go to sleep.

"Say, look," cried the boy who had kicked Mr. Timreh, "two bowls of porridge on the table. Guess the ole fool was goin' to feed Tress anyway."

"Poor little Tress," said a woman peering into the dark room where Tress had been. "Nothing to drink and nothing to eat all day. I should think 'e woulda give the chile a bowl of porridge! Was the least 'e could . . ."

Then she stopped, dead still. Her eyes opened wide and her mouth sucked in the warm nite air. "Gimme a torch!" she screamed.

"What is it?" asked Mr. Rash. "What is it?"

"Tress, Tress . . . . Treasure!" yelled the woman as she pushed through the crowd and out through the door. "The hermit's treasure!"

"Hey, that's right," shouted one of the men. "Let's find it! Now!"

The mob began to shove and push as they clamored for the door. Someone stepped on Mr. Timreh who lay quiet and still on the floor. But no one noticed.

They streamed through the doorway and out across the fields. The moon was high and the wind blew their torches like flaming arrows. The women ran with their hair soaring out behind them. Sometimes they slipped and fell on rocks or stones. Sometimes they tripped each other and ran ahead so that they would be first.



“In the hollow,” shouted someone.

“By a stump,” cried another.

“Finders keepers,” shrieked a young boy knowing he could run faster than the men. And the men knew they could run faster than the women. And they laughed. Some of the women began to cry but their feet kept flying. Once a woman fell, and another stopped to pull her hair and then ran ahead laughing.

The crowd began to burst into the little clearing and search with their torches. The water trickled by in the muddy pond while three great oaks splashed shadows on the earth's damp grass. And the moonlite threw a strange glow over an old stump.

“Here it is,” yelled a boy. “This is the spot! Finders keepers.” He began to dig wildly in the ground with his knife.

Others joined him. A strange group they were, kneeling there in the moonlite tearing up the earth with their bare hands, picks, and forks, and knives.

For a long time they dug, until the earth was ravaged and they were tired and cross. Until their eyes burned and the nails of their hands were bloody and bruised. Still they dug, and still they found nothing.

“It must be here,” screamed a woman as she tore the hair from her white face and pulled the grass even faster. “It must be here!”



“Yeah,” said another. “Everybody in the country knows the ol’ man came ’ere. Everybody knows ’e’d a gun to keep folks off ’is land. Bound to ’ave it hid somewheres. It must be ’ere!”

“Maybe it’s in the stump,” called a man.

They had rooted up the old stump and thrown it in the muddy pond. Now they all flew for it, pushing and shoving as they fought to reach it first.

The blond man pulled it out of the stream and, with one mighty blow of his ax, cut it squarely in two. But there was nothing there. Nothing at all.

“Look,” cried a voice, “the stump’s got writing on it. Maybe it’s a map!”

The blond man held high the torn stump and the shouting crowd gathered ’round. The torchlights flared and eyes peered. No map was there. Only five words were carved clear and deep in the brown wood. And the words said, “This Is My Father’s House.”

The multitude was silent.

Then a woman’s voice pierced the nite. “Holy, holy . . . . ’E musta come ’ere to pray. The old man musta been a simple! ’E came ’ere to pray . . . . ’ere in the open.”

And the multitude looked ’round at the torn earth and the shattered stump.



“There’s nothin’ here,” said one, “no hidden money, no buried treasure. There ain’t nothin’ here. Nothin’ but an ole stump; a rotten dirty ole stump.”

The multitude threw the wood to the ground and stamped on it. They turned their backs on the little clearing and strode over the fields to the road. There was no shouting or crying now. The throng was sullen and mute; they had come for revenge and there was none to avenge. They had sought for treasure and there was none to seek. Silence dragged as they plodded along the dusty road.

“What about the ole man?” mumbled a boy.

“What about ’im?” asked another.

“Let ’im lie,” said a third, “let ’im lie.”

“The county’ll get ’im,” muttered a woman. “They’ll get ’im. It ain’t for us to do.”

And the winds cried.

By a big grey house the trees parted their leaves for the dawn. And it came, with a great light. For in my Father’s house are many mansions.



## THE POLKA DOT DOG

1951

It was April. Spring was just beginning to smile. The robins were building their nests and the earth was soft with green grass. Skies were blue again and clouds danced above the swaying trees. Gentle breezes were kissing the new leaves and fragrant blossoms filled the air. The yellow sun was smiling.

The yellow sun smiled on Pixie. Right over the tree tops, right through the chimney steeples, and right into the big glass window the sun smiled on Pixie. For this was not only April; this was a special day in April. This was Pixie's Birthday!

And Pixie was chirping like a bird as he danced about the living room. He was blowing balloons, hanging streamers, hiding treasures, and running to the window. He was so excited he thought he'd explode.

He did explode a couple of balloons. And when he did Polky, the polka dot dog, howled with laughter and shrieked with glee. The yellow camel and red pussy cat grinned too. All three of them would have laughed out loud if they could have. But, of course, they were only toys. They couldn't talk like other people and they couldn't move by themselves. But they could think by themselves and they could talk to Pixie.



Pixie was their master and they all understood him.

Pixie was talking to them now as they sat on the play chest. Matter of fact, he'd been talking of this Birthday Party for months. He'd told them about it so often they'd all been dreaming about it.

This afternoon was going to be marvelous. Simply marvelous! All of Pixie's friends were coming. Grandma and Grampa too. Burpy Bill the Cowboy was coming, Stinky Sam the Policeman, and Leaky Seeky the Fireman. Oh it was going to be heavenly! Just heavenly! Ice cream and cake for everybody. And prizes and games. Gee, wouldn't it be marvelous if birthdays were every day?

And wouldn't it be marvelous, thought Polky the dog, if Grandma's surprise for Pixie was another dog just like himself! Then Polky would have a friend to talk to. Of course, Polky played with the camel and pussy cat, but he couldn't talk to them. They talked only camel talk and pussy talk.

Polky had mentioned this to Pixie one nite when they were in bed. (Polky always slept with Pixie for they were best pals). Pixie told Polky he'd been thinking about this too. He didn't want Polky to be lonely when he was away. As a matter of fact he'd mentioned it to Grandma the other day. She hadn't said anything definite, but she had reminded Pixie that his birthday was coming.



And now, here it was! Suddenly Pixie grabbed Polky off the play chest and ran to his little green rocker to rest. He'd blown so many balloons and tied so many colored ribbons. He was just a wee bit tired. As he sat there thinking he began to chew on one of Polky's eyes. Polky had lost one ear this way and part of his tail; but he didn't mind. Nobody seemed to miss them. Pixie never even mentioned it.

They were sitting there the door bell rang. It was Grandma and Grandpa. "Happy Birthday," they shouted as they handed Pixie a big blue package, "Happy Birthday!"

"Oh, boy," screamed Pixie and he dashed to the living room to open it. Mother and Father came running too. Such excitement!

Pixie plunked down the box so hard on the little green rocker that Polky, who was sitting on it, went flying behind the play chest. Papers scattered and ribbons flew. Then Pixie shrieked with delight.

There in the box was a curly white dog! A beautiful curly white dog with a long pointed nose!

"The key is for the tail," said Grandma. "If you wind it, it wags by itself."

"Hot peppermints!" yelled Pixie. "Boy, he's nifty!" And he kissed the new dog, and Grandma, and Grandpa a hundred times. Moist kisses, and Grandpa laughed so hard he had to take off his spectacles and wipe them.



From behind the play chest Polky was laughing too. He couldn't see what was going on now but he could hear everything. And he knew another dog had arrived, for Pixie kept chirping at the top of his lungs, "Pretty white doggy, pretty white doggy!" And Polky was just as happy as Pixie. For now he would have a friend just like himself to talk and play with. Even the camel and pussy cat smiled. Polky was so overcome with joy he dribbled a huge crocodile tear right down the side of his red and green polka dot tummy.

Pixie played and played with his new friend. He wound and wound the tail that moved by itself. He was so busy with the new white dog he almost forgot to fill the nut cups for the party. But it was party time now, and all his guests were arriving.

What fun they had! They played cops and robbers and fireman. They had a treasure hunt. Mother brought in the huge chocolate cake and Pixie blew out the candles seven times. Everybody wanted to blow then and they had to have more candles. Then they ate ice cream and cake 'til their tummies stuck out like barrels.

It was marvelous! They even played cowboys and indians and Daddy was a horse. But he was everybody's horse and grew very tired. Then he got shot dead with an indian arrow. And in all the games they played the beautiful white dog took part. He never tired. His tail wagged and wagged.



At last the party was over and all Pixie's friends gathered up their paper hats, and balloons, and candy treasures, and bade Pixie good-bye. They hoped he would have many, many more Happy Parties!

The day had gone all too fast. Far too fast. It was after dinner now and all the family were gathering around the piano. Grandma was playing and everybody was singing. Soon the clock struck nine. Bedtime. But Pixie was in no mood for bed and he ran to hide behind the long white curtains at the window. His feet stuck out though, and after much laughing and searching Grandpa finally discovered him. Mother said the birthday was over then. But Pixie sang Happy Birthday four times before he was ready.

Then he brushed his teeth, washed his face, and climbed into bed. Grandma turned off his light. But Pixie couldn't sleep. He was awfully tired but he kept tossing and tossing.

Out in the living room the pussy cat and yellow camel were jabbering loudly. Anyone could tell by their actions and tones that something was wrong.

Polky Dot was still sitting behind the play chest. Only now he was rather sad. The white dog hadn't even spoke to him. And Pixie had gone to bed without him! Soon though he roused his spirits. Perhaps the white dog was waiting for him to speak. After all, he was the new member and Pixie had been so busy all day he'd



forgotten to introduce him to anyone. Maybe the white dog was shy.

Polky took a deep breath and spoke. "Say, Mr. White Dog, aren't birthdays wonderful?" he asked.

The white dog, sitting by the piano, perked up his ears. He was surprised to hear another dog talk. He looked and looked around the room.

"I'm over here," said Polky, "behind the play chest. Can't you see me? I can see you."

"Dear, dear!" said the new white dog. "I see you now. I never would have thought to look there!" And he laughed loudly with his long white nose high in the air.

"Pixie put me here this morning," said Polky. "He was so excited I don't think he realized."

"I don't wonder that you're hiding," hooted the white dog. "You certainly are a dirty creature."

"Am I?" asked Polky slowly. "I never noticed. Your white fur is very pretty. What kind of dog are you?"

"My you're stupid," sneered the new dog. "I'm a French Poodle. Anybody can see that. Look at my lovely curly hair and slender graceful nose."

"Oh," said Polky a little crushed.

"And what kind of dog are you?" continued the poodle with his nose in the air. "I've never seen anything like you. You only have one ear, your eye hangs out, and part of your tail is gone."



“Why, why I don’t know,” whispered Polky, and he curled what was left of his little ragged tail high up under him.

“Well, it doesn’t really matter. But you certainly are ugly,” sniffed the poodle. “Why even your spots are all faded and dull.”

“Pixie drooled on me,” sighed Polky Dot. “He chewed my ear off last year. Nobody seemed to notice though. Does it show much? Am I really very ugly?”

“It does, and you certainly are,” snapped the poodle. “No wonder Pixie doesn’t pay any attention to you. Did you notice how he played and played with me today?”

“Yes,” said Polky quietly, “I did.”

At this point in the conversation the camel and pussy cat just sat with their mouths open. They could tell by the white poodle’s actions that he was being very standoffish and snobby.

Polky was quiet. He was trying to rouse his spirits again and still be friendly. Finally he said very slowly, “Your tail is lovely, Mr. White Dog.”

“My dear yes, it certainly is!” piped the poodle. “You noticed, of course, how it moves by itself. That is quite an accomplishment. I’m very talented. Naturally I speak French as well as English. And my fluffy white fur curls all by itself.”

Such airs! Here the pussy cat looked at the camel



and quite openly stuck out her tongue.

“My,” blinked Polky Dot, “that’s heavenly! No wonder Pixie already loves you.”

“Everybody loves me,” announced the poodle. “Pixie is wild about me. You know, I was surprised tonite when he didn’t take me to bed with him.”

Polky Dot dripped a little hot tear inside himself when he heard this last remark.

“Of course, Mister what ever your name is, you’re too dirty to go to bed with anybody,” continued the poodle. “Tell me, does Pixie ever play with you? Or does he hide you like he did today, so that no one can see what a dirty ugly creature you are?”

Polky Dot thought his little thumping heart would break. He tried to speak, but his throat was stuck with a great big lump and tears blinded his eyes ’til he couldn’t see.

The yellow camel and red pussy cat began again to babble loudly. It was certain they were very very angry.

Then, all of a sudden, Pixie’s voice was heard. He was sobbing loudly. Mother and all the family went rushing in from the kitchen to see what the trouble was.

“Pixie dear, Pixie!” cried Mother. “What is the matter?”

“What’s all the fuss, son?” asked Father striding into the room.



"He's been dreaming," said Grandma.

"I can't sleep," wailed Pixie. "I want my pretty doggy! I want my pretty doggy!"

The animals in the living room were listening; they understood Pixie's voice. The camel and pussy cat looked at each other unhappily. They couldn't see Polky behind the play chest, but they felt very sorry for him.

Mr. French Poodle saw Polky though, and he stuck his nose high in the air and mentally licked his beautiful white fur coat. "Pixie wants me," he smirked out loud. "I told you he would!"

"I want my pretty doggy, I want my pretty doggy!" Pixie kept shouting. "I want to talk to him. I want to tell him things!"

"Now, we'll find him, Son," said Father, and he started at once for the dining room.

"No, no," cried Grandma, "I think Pixie left him in the kitchen." All four of them hurried to the kitchen.

"Aren't they the stupid ones," scoffed the French Poodle. "They ought to remember that Pixie was last here in the living room. I'm sitting here in broad electric light! How can they miss me?"

Polky Dot was too heartbroken to answer. Hot little tears fell inside him like rain. "I'm ugly and old," he whispered to himself, "and Pixie doesn't love me any more. I'm dirty and torn. I only have one ear and part of a tail. I can't see very well and my spots are all faded.



I'm ugly. I'm ugly. And, oh, he's so pretty! He has white curly hair and a tail that wags by itself. He even speaks French!"

Steps were heard at this moment in the hall, and Grandma, and Grandpa, and Father all came running into the living room.

"There he is," shrilled Grandma, "there he is, right by the piano!"

"So he is," laughed Father and he bent down to pick up the beautiful new French Poodle.

Pixie would go to sleep now. It was already way past his bedtime. But the silence didn't last. Pixie took one look at the new French Poodle and wailed, "No, no not him! I want Polky Dot, my Polky Dot. I want Polky!"

"But this is your pretty new dog," said Father. "Don't you want your nice new dog tonite; your pretty new poodle?"

"He isn't pretty," said Pixie. Then he felt ashamed as he saw Grandma blinking at him and he added quickly, "Well, he's pretty, but not as pretty as Polky Dot. I want Polky!"

Back in the living room Polky was listening with his nose under the play chest. He could hardly believe his one little ear. Was it he after all? Did Pixie want him? Dirty, ugly, worn little old Polky Dot?



Then Polky heard steps, and suddenly Grandma, Grandpa, and Father were all back. They picked up sofa pillows, looked behind chairs, and moved everything! They were looking for Polky!

It was Grandma who went to the play chest. And when she did the yellow camel and red pussy cat smiled broadly; then they howled with laughter as she picked up Polky and started for the bedroom.

When Pixie saw him he hooted like an imp. Polky caught a glimpse of the white French Poodle too, as he left Grandma and Pixie's tight arms curled around him. Mr. Poodle was lying under the bed. As a matter of fact, he was lying right on his pointed French nose. And his pointed French nose was smack on the floor.

Polky snuggled up close to Pixie under the covers. He could hardly breathe. But he didn't mind. It seemed like heaven! Pixie was calling him his pretty Polky Dot, his one and only pretty Polky Dot.

Then the two of them laughed and laughed. Pixie told Polky all sorts of lovely things. He told Polky that he was the most beautiful dog in the whole world. And very distinguished too, because he had only one ear. Other dogs didn't have pretty spots like Polky's. And Polky's tail flopped whenever Pixie wanted it to. It didn't need a key to make it flop either!

Polky sighed happily and blinked both eyes. Then

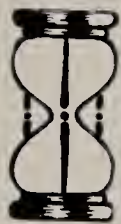


he started to whisper something to Pixie. But Pixie didn't answer. So Polky closed his eyes too, and fell fast asleep with his one little ear in Pixie's smiling mouth.



Chapter XI

Retrospectives





## SEEDS FROM THE BANANA

1949 - 1950

00 Backward Street

Jester, Montana

Bleak November 1949

Dear friend Peter,

It may be that you too wish to leave my side; in which case my headed greeting to you no longer applies. My friends are acutely numbered these days, for I have not lifted even my pen during these past serene ten years.

You know by the papers what the public thinks of me. Past friends are now acquaintances, for they lack even the desire to understand. The government put me in jail for a while, as you know. They do strange things these days, put a man in jail for living peacefully in his own room for ten years.

Lived, ate, slept . . . everything within my four walls. Those ten years were probably the happiest I'll ever know. They've tried to prove I was insane but they were not successful, at least to date. Peter, I'm as sane as you are; but perhaps that isn't too strong an argument. I'm confined now as to my traveling, but later perhaps I'll be able to hop the train for a visit with you. Rocket ships however are much faster, you know.



My, a lot of things have happened in the past decade. But I knew they would; read a lot of books you know. Just old books, nothing modern like magazines or papers.

My mother brought me everything I needed and she never talked. She just knew. Every man should have a mother, I believe. You can get along fine without a wife, but you've got to have a mother. Without a mother you're done before you start. I don't think women have changed much though . . . just styles. I remember a poem back in '37:

“Mary had a little lamb  
Its fleece was white as snow  
At least that's what some poet said  
Many years ago.

“Now Mary has a little skirt  
And it's too short by half  
And everywhere that Mary goes  
You're sure to see her calf.”

I like the longer dresses women are wearing now. Gives a man a chance to know what he's missing. 'Course bathing suits are getting worse. I suppose it all started when Eve made a salad out of Adam's Sunday suit.

I notice men are wearing more colors nowadays . . . pea green, violent violet, charming cherry, peachy pink. Yes, it's become a colorful world. At least. Speaking



of color, I understand China is under Red rule now. Those Chinese people are very smart; only here a little while and already speak Chinese.

Do you take vitamin pills, Peter? I've lost some of my old strength; don't have quite the physical energy I once had. Couldn't walk very far within four walls, you know. Don't trust these new sun and moonshine pills though. They've said I'm crazy. But any man who takes a pill rather than drink orange juice or eat a steak . . . I think he's crazy! I gave up smoking during the ten years; just to see if I could. Wouldn't smoke now for the world; it'd make me feel too effeminate.

Things surely happened in ten years. Take the war here in '41. I didn't even know about it. A lot of people say I "hid away" so I wouldn't have to go. I think wars are just downright stupid, Peter. I'm glad I missed it. If they decide to put me in jail again maybe I'll even miss another one.

Peter, men all over the world, each in his own Homeland, build for their children and future generations . . . floating palaces, flying cities, brilliant galleries, machinery to perfect the soil, their bodies, and the very air they breathe. They harness the fire of industry, the electricity of the air, the evil germs of night, and the blessed rays of the morning sun.

Then they take these things, and twisting them from instruction to destruction, give them to their children to



destroy other men's children. They kill when they see their eye whites, and they kill without seeing at all. They are alike. Our Homeland is no different from another; to each the creed is Death. And each fights for Peace. They go to church and pray for Peace with Bibles in their hands and bullets by their sides.

They kill to convince others their way of Peace is best. I love freedom, Peter, but I love Life even more. Do you think a man can be truly free if he is not also truly selfish?

I was truly free and truly selfish for ten years. They were absolutely magnificent years, but I would not enjoy another such ten. I have now come to believe that partial Freedom gives whole Life. Everlasting Life must be whole Life; but I wonder if in God's Perfect Kingdom there is not also only partial Freedom?

Enough of metaphysics or merely logic, as you choose. Plebeian life now fills me with constant bewilderment. You know, I didn't take a real bath for ten years. I take a shower once in a while now, but a bathtub is too much water all at once. It kind of scares me.

I saw a picture of that big Bond water sign on Broadway in New York the other day. I almost drowned from looking at it. You might say advertising has grown in a dam big way. Suppose Niagara Falls is more than the usual disappointment to honeymooners nowadays.



Honeymooners reminds me of the cost of living. Sometimes when I look around I don't even have the heart to burp. Taxes, taxes, taxes. Even a luxury tax on tissues. The government thinks naturalness is a treat these days. The way they tax foods! Of course, you can get fifty gallons of eggs from one gallon of powdered mixture; but I'm beginning to feel like a robot . . . powdering and dehydrating all over the place.

I think I'd like to get away from it all; just to the country for a week end. I'd use mother's car but I can't tell which way it's going. Don't understand all these new ideas . . . bottom of your car made of glass so you can see what hit you, or who you ran over.

Peter, ten years is a long long time. I guess really there are more variations than new things. I hear that India is free now and that the women don't have to hide their faces anymore. I don't know if this is a blessing or not.

I think I'll remain a bachelor. But the more I read and the more I see . . . I become convinced that if the fall of man had been attributed to a banana instead of an apple . . . the whole thing would be more convincing.

Just His,

Joseph



## MEXICO IN THEATRE

1944

I would like to record some facts about the Theatre in Mexico as I had the opportunity to find it this past summer. I was there with a group of students from William and Mary College studying for a period of six weeks at the National University of Mexico.

It seems that in the beginning, as in so many other countries, the theatre in Mexico began as a religious adventure. Then, little by little, came the secular movement until the two of them developed side by side. Actors were imported from foreign countries, especially Spain. The plays too were translations; for example the famous French satire, "Tartuffe."

When the theatre, delving too deeply into the secular, hung its head it was not a Mexican but a Spaniard, Prieto, who raised it up again. Other Spaniards such as Benavento (Realism), Quintera Bro (Theatre of Kindliness), and Sierra (Optimistic Tenderness) wrote the early nineteenth century plays. The renowned play, "El Sombrero de los Tres Picos," by Alarcon was being produced in the movies when I first arrived in Mexico.

It is interesting to know that the leading past playwright of Mexico was not a man but a woman, Sor Juana Ines. As a young girl she had a brilliant mind; it is said



that at one time she swore she would not cut her long black hair until she was permitted to study and learn. Reluctantly, she was sent to the capital where she astonished her examining professors with her wisdom. Her works dealt with social problems, among them woman's emancipation. At the age of seventeen, amazingly, she entered a convent and gave up her brilliant public career.

But still she wrote. For, with the father's permission, her room was stacked with books, maps, paintings, and other wordly objects. Sadly, she worked on poems while she merely 'played' with the theatre. 'Tis said if she had concentrated on her plays and written them for the world, instead of for the amusement of herself and her fellow sisters, she would have earned a place at the top of dramatists of all time. As it was, she was like the foundation for a strong building. What works I've read of this authoress are freely and honestly penned. They seem like a strange mixture of Noel Coward and John Steinbeck.

A number of theatre organizations have been started in Mexico; the latest was known as, "The Theatre of To-day." This was established in 1932 by a group of modern playwrights. It too failed. But where then is the theatre of Mexico?

There is no nationalistic one. Their theatre today is divided into two parts, the movies and the legitimate stage. The former, though a much younger industry, is



a great deal better off than the latter. It is growing by leaps and bounds. It seemed to me that there were hundreds of movie houses in the capital, and each one virtually a palace. Those which weren't nationalistic in style, for example Chinese, were definitely modern. They had iridescent lighting, thick oriental carpets, numerous lobbies, rest rooms, bars, coffee shops, etc. The pictures shown were either American, with Spanish captions, or Mexican. Admission was anywhere from three pesos (sixty cents) to eight pesos. Music was usually played between shows, and each performance was minutely timed as we could see by the programs always given on entrance. The program usually consisted of Mexican news (including scenes from the latest bullfights), American news with Spanish voice inserts, a comic strip of Donald Duck or perhaps Little Abner (sometimes all in Spanish and believe me, it's something to hear Donald talk Spanish) and the main picture. Dulces and ice cream were sold between acts by vendors.

As for quality, the average Mexican movie is far superior to ours. Not only are the stars actors but the bit parts are minutely and expertly portrayed also. Among many, "Lady Windermere's Fan" and "The Rosary" were translated and produced. I saw many other movies such as, "The Black Corsican," "Toros Amor y Gloria," "The Two Orphans" (with Soles, the hunchback), and an amazing picture on the life of Goya, the Spanish artist.



Often we saw Mexican movie stars at the nite clubs. One evening at El Patio fifteen stars, two head directors, and one script writer were pointed out to me. American movie stars are always evident. We lunched one day at La Cucaracha next to Errol Flynn and Bruce Cabot. We often saw Frank Morgan at the bullfights.

Going on to the legitimate stage; this division amazed me. It is almost totally undeveloped. The theatres are small, dingy, and dirty. The seats cost from seventy-five centavos to five pesos (fifteen cents to a dollar). To go here is like spending a night in the gay nineties. The curtains are canvas, decorated with pictures and advertisements such as, "Get your glass eyes at Looney Loos, Buy your bread at Peg Leg Pete's!" The peons lean out of the third tier balcony yelling at the actors and whistling at the actresses. The scenery wobbles, and the playlets are musical comedy skits based mostly on political satire.

I remember being told that one famous artist I saw, De Sota, was continually being thrown in jail by those his glib tongue had slandered; he was just as continually bailed out by one of many friends. He was extremely popular and relied a great deal on broad pantomime.

Another artist I should like to mention is Tin Tan, a young comedian who sings and is known as a "joot suiter." I've never heard such voice control, nor seen such superb pantomime! Some say he excels Chaplin. His performances were flawless. He would sing one song



in twelve styles and languages. He spoke rapidly but words seemed unnecessary with his magnificent acting ability. I can't praise him too highly; I would not have believed his work had I not seen it many times over.

The stars of the movies do stage work at times, but seldom; movies are more profitable. I do not mean to imply there are no serious legitimate plays. There are a few; for example, "Outward Bound," and the plays of struggling modern Mexican playwrights. What Mexico lacks is acting schools. The odd trouble in Mexico is that everyone wants to direct and no one wants to act!

The last day of the classes at the University the theatre professor told us how a few struggling theatre people were endeavoring to raise the level of the 'Broadway' theatre. He spoke of one patient woman who working hard with both her time and money was now, sadly, going blind. He said she had written him the other day saying how she was conserving her eyesight to finish a new book, "Mexico in Theatre." She wanted to read all she could of this great work before total darkness came.

The author of this book was Usigli, the man I was studying under.

I thought then that with such a tribute as this old woman was paying to an eminent teacher it would be more than strange if Mexican theatre did not, some day, emerge to hear its earned glory of applause. Its artists are great, only its feet are slow.



## CANDLELIGHTS OF PASSING FLAME

### The True Gentleman

**The True Gentleman** is the man whose conduct proceeds from good will and an acute sense of propriety, and whose self-control is equal to all emergencies; who does not make the poor man conscious of his poverty, the obscure man of his obscurity, or any man of his inferiority or deformity; who is himself humbled if necessity compel him to humble another; who does not flatter wealth, cringe before power, or boast of his own possessions or achievements; who speaks with frankness, but always with sincerity and sympathy, and whose deed follows his word; who thinks of the rights and feelings of others rather than his own; who appears well in any company, and who is at home what he seems to be abroad — a man with whom honor is sacred and virtue safe.

—John Walter Wayland.

The greatest gift in the world is life. The world itself is old; but to each of us, because of our short span here, it seems perpetually young, and beautiful, and mysterious. Our lives are as brief candles; they burn sometimes brightly and then dimly with each of the minutes of all the days of our years. A human being is the combination of his heritage, and the sum of all of his individual senses. One of the most valuable of our com-



mon senses is seeing; both the inanimate and animate. And one of the most active of the animate bodies is people.

They are as varied as snowflakes; they are each a different world. They are, in essence, life's greatest interest. Some are well known. Some are well loved. Some are unknown. And some are better loved. The workings of their minds and the actions of their hands influence other bodies (like and unlike) beyond all words.

It is stimulating to me to remember and record some of the personalities I have met which the world terms "well known." This list does not include those whom I have just seen, for one sees many; I have always thought one of the nicest things about America is the fact that so many people can be so famous. This list includes only those I have personally met and talked with.

They have all influenced me to a greater or lesser degree, for one cannot touch a man without touching his soul. You can miss touching his heart but not his soul. Of course, in my life my mother and father have brought the greatest influence. To be sure, they gave me my greatest gift but they did not stop there. They went beyond. They have never ceased to fill my empty cup with both the water and wine of life.

There were two teachers I find it impossible not to mention; their classes were one of the purest joys I shall ever experience, for they made knowledge not only a



power but a pleasure: Miss Moss who taught history in Freeport Junior High and Senor Victor Itturalde who taught Spanish at William and Mary.

But the following are celebrities to the world. Some call them great. A number are friends of mine now; others mere acquaintances. As to my judgment of them, that is not my purpose; for I often think of Byron . . . .

“In men whom men condemn as ill  
I find so much of goodness still,  
In men who men pronounce divine  
I find so much of sin and blot  
I do not care to draw a line  
Between the two, where God has not.”

JUDITH ANDERSON—Actress. Met in New York after a performance of “Medea.” Only time in my life I’ve seen an entire audience rise to its feet with acclaiming shouts of “Bravo.”

ROGER BABSON—Financial Wizard. A constant caller at Webber College, of Babson Park, Florida, from where I received my B.B.S. degree. One of the most interesting dominating conversationalists I’ve ever known.

FREDDIE BARTHOLEMEW—Actor. A child prodigy of film fame. Met during a season of summer stock in Litchfield, Connecticut. His wife’s abundant good humor is matched only by her avoirdupois.



S. N. BEHRMAN—Playwright. A beautiful writer but an extremely shy man.

LILY DACHE—Designer of hats. A chapeau by Lily is a creation and a conversation piece for a lifetime.

SALVADOR DALI—Painter. Known mainly for his surrealistic work. We were mutual guests at a luncheon given by The Chase National Bank at The 21 Club of New York City. In spite of its being midday, Dali wore evening dress topped with a blood red boutonniere and his usual heavily waxed tiny black moustache.

JUNE DEPREZ—Actress. A onetime favorite of the screen; has since retired into private life.

JOSEPH FERRER—Actor. Met backstage of New York's City Center after a magnificent performance of some of Chekhov's plays. Flo Gaither wore her Dante eyebrows that evening and created quite a sensation, to say the least.

ROBERT FROST—Poet. A lecturer at William and Mary College. I never appreciated his poems until I heard him read them; then they bloomed, as it were, from prosaic words to verdant life. Amazing.

JOHN GIELGUD—Actor. Congratulating him in New York after his performance in "Medea" (where he was totally miscast but came through like the mar-



velous actor he is) he was the essence of charm and graciousness. One would have thought he had been waiting all his life for the moment when we would come backstage to tell him we enjoyed his work.

REGINALD GOODE—Actor. The debt I owe Mr. Goode for his invaluable help in acting is beyond all words. He is a hard master, but I doubt if they come any finer. Mr. Goode, a friend of David Belasco, is also a friend of Florence Reed, for whom he wrote the play “Ashes.”

PAUL GREEN—Playwright. Author of the Pulitzer Prize play “Abraham’s Bosom” and the adaptor of the recent Broadway success “Peer Gynt.” One of the most truly inspirational men I have ever met; Mr. Green directed his symphonic drama “The Common Glory” in which I played the feminine comedy lead, “Mammy Huzzit.” First produced in 1946, this show still runs successfully acclaimed by numerous critics such as Brooks Atkinson. To Paul Green theatre and religion are very very close.

PETER HAYWARD — Sculptor. One of this country’s most prominent portrait sculptors. Considered second only to Joe Davidson; has done busts of many famous personalities, for example,—Max Eastman and Mayor LaGuardia.



ALTHEA HUNT — Director and Educator. For the past twenty-five years this imaginative, creative, and understanding woman has headed the William and Mary Theatre at the College of William and Mary. Photographs of the settings of her productions have often appeared in Theatre Arts magazine. Student of George Pierce Baker (pioneer in the academic theatre field) she is as beloved by her students as she is admired by her colleagues.

THEODORA IRVINE—Monologist, Educator. Founder of the Irvine Drama Studio of New York City. A great teacher, interested not only in the success of her students but their characters and their means of achieving renown.

EVE LeGALLIENE—Actress. Close friend of Theodora Irvine, who introduced me to this outstanding actress of stage and radio after a New York performance of "Ghosts" in which Miss LeGalliene starred. Known for her work in aiding the young actor, this remarkable woman is as humble a person as she is brilliant an actress. Truly one of Theatre's greatest.

JUNE LOCKHART — Actress. Daughter of filmdom's Gene Lockhart. Made her debut in "For Love or Money" with John Loder.

EDMUND LOWE—Actor. Of the old school. Star of "Strictly Dishonorable," which played well during a season of stock at Litchfield, Connecticut.



ELSA MAXWELL—Hostess. Probably the most famous party-giver in the world. Dinner with Elsa is one for the books as well as for the press.

PARDEV—Actor. One of Mexico's greatest comedians of both stage and screen.

JEAN PARKER—Actress. I played "Candlelight" with Miss Parker in Litchfield, Connecticut. Truly as charming off stage as she is on.

HOVSEP PUSHMAN—Painter. Of Armenian descent, this man is a poet on canvas. Known widely for his oils of oriental nature. Mr. Pushman, like his family, is living truth of the old adage "Only the truly great are truly humble." The first afternoon I met Mr. Pushman, in his studio in Carnegie Hall, New York, will always remain one of the greatest highlights of my life.

W. T. RAWLEIGH—Manufacturer. From the genius of his mind were derived products which have eased pain and brought pleasure around the world; the beauty of his soul endowed him with ready and generous hand ever outstretched to those less fortunate than he. A onetime mayor of Freeport and Illinois legislator. A lover of Art; a true gentleman.

FLORENCE REED—Actress. Met after a performance of "Medea"; her first words were "My dear, wasn't



I magnificent!" Probably best known for her performance in "Shanghai Gesture."

CARL SANDBURG—Poet. Commencement speaker at Mary C. Wheeler School of Rhode Island. Every one was dressed formally except Mr. Sandburg, who wore a plain business suit and spoke like an angel.

ARTHUR SHERIFF — Educator. Known extensively throughout the United States, Cuba, and other foreign countries for his educational activities among young men. Yale graduate, director of the Cheshire Academy for boys. "Sherry," also a prose poet and linguist of merit, was a most interesting traveling companion on our 1948 cruise to Guatemala.

EARL G. SWEM—Librarian, LL.D., and Author. During his period as Librarian of the William and Mary College Library this man built, with only small resources, a library of 25,000 books to 300,000 volumes by the time of his retirement in 1944. These included not only the necessary works needed by students but also a collection of about 12,000 rare books relating to American history. Dr. Swem established the open shelf system, so every student could have immediate access to the books, and brought together also a collection of some 400,000 manuscripts relating to Virginia history. He is well known as the author of "The Bibliography of Vir-



ginia” in three volumes and the “Virginia Historical Index” in two volumes.

SOPHIE TUCKER—Singer. The last of the “Red Hot Mammas.” A real performer; merely her appearance is a show.

GLORIA VANDERBILT—Socialite. Classmate of mine at the Mary C. Wheeler School. “G.V.” was always unassuming and gracious. She was as beautiful inwardly as outwardly; which can be said of very few. A genuine sincere person. Now the wife of Mr. Stokowski.

PEGGY WOOD—Actress. Met as a mutual guest at The 21 Club of New York City.



PLAYS IN WHICH ANNA BELLE KOENIG NIMMO  
HAS APPEARED SINCE 1941

(College and Stock)

Play	Character Portrayed
Accent on Youth	Genevieve
All God's Children Got Wings	Ella
An Inspector Calls	Sheila
Anna Christie	Marthy Owens
Back to Methuselah, Part I	Eve
Barretts of Wimpole Street, The	Bella
Boor, The	Mrs. Popov
Candlelight	Liserl and Baroness
Claudia	Julia
Common Glory, The	Mammy Huzzitt
Family Portrait	Selima and Beulah
Family Upstairs, The	Mrs. Callahan
Fumed Oak	Doris
Gaslight	Mrs. Manningham
Growing Pains	Mrs. McIntyre
Hotel Universe	Lily Malone
John Loves Mary	Mrs. McKinley
Juno and the Paycock	Juno
Kiss and Tell	Dorothy Pringle
Man Who Came to Dinner, The	Mrs. McCutcheon and Mrs. Stanley
Mr. and Mrs. North	Pam
Murder Without Crime	Jan
Night Must Fall	Mrs. Terence
Papa Is All	Mama
Patsy, The	Mrs. Harrington
Peg O' My Heart	Mrs. Chichester
Penny Wise	Tina
Personal Appearance	Carole and Joyce



Play	Character Portrayed
Room Service	Christine
Second Man	Kendal Frayne
Snafu	Aunt Emily
Squaring the Circle	Tonya
Stage Door	Susan Paige
Stepping Sisters	Cecilia Ramsey
Tartuffe	Dorine
Three's a Family	Aunt Irma
Three Men on a Horse	Gloria
Vinegar Tree, The	Laura Merrick
Voice of the Turtle	Olive
Ways and Means	Olive
Words and Music (Monologue on Mexico)	
Wuthering Heights	Cathy



Section IV

HITHER AND YON  
QUOTABLE QUOTES









Chapter XII

Hither and Yon





And so there comes a day when echoes sound  
 Remembrance stirs, and tears renew their flow.  
 Time is like that: It doubles on its round  
 For one exalted gaze behind, and low,  
 Insistent murmur of regret — though still  
 It pushes on, and inexplicably  
 Events long gone assert their stubborn will  
 To mate, with youth, a withered destiny.  
 Dear friends, adagio too is music sweet;  
 Though slow the note and lingering the song,  
 It amplifies the cold — defying beat  
 Of plodding years, beyond the endless, long  
 Futility of flesh: so let us smile  
 In unafraid serenity awhile.

—Arthur N. Sheriff

*(Headmaster Cheshire Academy, Cheshire, Connecticut)*

★ ★ ★

It is not so much what happens to you in life as how  
 you handle it.

—Jane Derrick (*Friend*)

★ ★ ★

When you pray, do not ask God for anything, but  
 give thanks for what you already have.

—James O'May (*Retired Methodist Clergyman*)



Tribute to W. T. Rawleigh upon his death January 23, 1951 by Noel A. Garratt, assistant manager Rawleigh Company Ltd. New Zealand factory:

“Know ye that there is a prince and a great man  
fallen this day?” —2 Samuel 3:38

★ ★ ★

In our meditative moments we are often given to speculating on the questions: What is Life? What do we mean by Living? One answer that comes near to satisfying my soul is Life is Now. Living is the rightful use of our Now.

The past is a treasure house of valuable experiences—some distressing, some happy—about which we can do nothing now. The future is a gamble. We have no magic to foretell what it will offer us nor whether we shall even have a future. The present — this minute, this hour, this day — is ours to make of it what we will.

Heaven need not be postponed to a blissful state beyond this life. It is our good fortune that we may be able to enjoy it NOW if we translate noble thinking into kind, gentle, unselfish LIVING.

—Mabel Goddard Kimber (*Friend*)



A teacher is one of God's gardeners nurturing, training and developing the works of His hands.

—Matilda Williams (*Friend*)

★ ★ ★

The books you read, the things you do, and the way you live determine the character that you are. —R.F.K.

★ ★ ★

#### FOUR FOUNDATIONS

I give you the four foundations which, as I conceive it, form the basis of the good life.

The first foundation is spiritual and lies in the nature of the soul in its relation to God. It is personal and applicable to all men everywhere.

The next basic foundation resides in man's nature as earthborn and in his relationship to Mother Nature. To be constantly aware, in harmony, and satisfied with her salutary laws brings health, sanity and contentment to us all.

The third foundation is that of home and family life. Within that charmed circle of love, security and understanding which surrounds us as parents, children and good companions lie the greatest values of life.

The fourth foundation is unquestionably in our social heritage, within the Christian and democratic way of life, preserved and handed on to us through the institutions of Church and State.

—W. Ridley Parson

(*Rector Grace Episcopal Church, Freeport, Illinois*)



As the years pass by it becomes more and more evident that choice of good friends is one of life's most satisfying achievements, and the ties with friends may be kept strong and vital through correspondence as well as frequent association. I find my most pleasing hobby has come to be communion with friends by means of letters. By letters friends may be held close even when thousands of miles separate us physically.

—C. C. Steinbeck

*(Retired executive missionary Presbyterian hospitals, China)*

★ ★ ★

Forget the bad, search for the good characteristics in your acquaintances.

—R.F.K.

★ ★ ★

It helps greatly in more pleasant and gracious living to be surrounded by nice furnishings, beautiful pictures and good books.

—R.F.K.

★ ★ ★

If I had another lifetime to spend I would still wish to be an ambassador of the "Prince of Peace," whose life of prayer, and teaching message, and self-giving service, exemplified the only philosophy for mankind that can ever solve the problem of world peace.

Dr. Charles A. Briggs

*(Former pastor First Methodist Church, Freeport)*



Motto for daily living: A well balanced life and personality — an integrated life free from all nefarious activities.  
—O. A. Postlewait (*College friend*)

★ ★ ★

When I leave this world some day  
I hope that I can say  
I've lived a life of righteousness  
And cast all sin away.

I hope to think of leaving as  
The drifting out to sea,  
In a calm and stilly evening  
With a white moon over me.

And when I reach the far away shore  
I hope the tide be in,  
For I want to meet my captain there  
And ever abide with him.

—Andrew Dennis (*Friend*)

★ ★ ★

Friendliness and charity will make each of us a philanthropist.

If we will sincerely "be ourselves," our integrity will strengthen and enrich the whole social fabric.

Democratic processes offer opportunity for the pooling of minds and talents to work out social, economic or political problems according to the common weal.

—Herbert T. Chenoweth

(*Former pastor First Methodist Church, Freeport*)

He who has a sense of humor is wanted by a friend  
and envied by the other. —A.B.K.N.

★ ★ ★

The longer I live and the more I grow, I am convinced

That the world in which we live is governed not only by the physical laws which are common to the universe, but also by a loving intelligent personality we call GOD.

That His magnificence and nobility is inherent in every living creature from the globula volvox to the human.

That such resplendent glory is not limited by man's calculation of time or measure, but is related to the inner life of man as the fourth proportion is related to the calculation of weight and space-time.

"Si monumentum requiris, circumspice." (If you seek His monument, look around).

John H. Nightingale Th. D.

(Former pastor First Methodist Church, Freeport)

★ ★ ★

He who lives for himself dies in vain.

—A.B.K.N.

★ ★ ★

Dear Friends,

Why I am thinking of you all in a very special way on this particular day you as parents understand so much better than I, but in spite of the many, many boys for



whom I am deeply concerned here, I can never forget the boys whom I learned to care about when I was among you in Freeport, and their splendid parents who face these strenuous days with such admirable bravery and courage.

I am sending War Crosses to all my Grace boys in the uniform, and I am sending on these two to you to forward to your boys in the uniform, if you feel so inclined. It is my hope that the boys may wear them, for they remind boys of their Christian Heritage and responsibility, and they identify them as Protestants to any Chaplain.

I am very much interested in your chapel plans and, indeed, I shall be happy to learn more about it when it is completed.

My affectionate regards to you all. Be they close at hand or far away we know that God watches over them all, if we ask that of Him.

*(Excerpt from R. F. Koenig's weekly letter to his children dated Freeport, Illinois, May 22, 1943, in which he quoted a letter just received from the Reverend Eugene Shannon, former rector of Grace Episcopal Church, Freeport. Mr. Shannon was in Puerto Rico; Wilbur was overseas, William in Camp Moffett, California; Thomas at school in Michigan and Anna Belle in Virginia at this time. Mr. Shannon died in the attack on the aircraft carrier BISMARCK SEA).*

## WEDDING PRAYER

by Fern Glasgow Dunlap

*(Sung at the wedding of Anna Belle Koenig and Joseph  
Walter Nimmo December 29, 1949 by Carol Geist, of  
Johnstown, Pennsylvania)*

Heavenly Father, hear us as we pray  
Here at Thine altar, on our wedding day.  
Show us the path that Thou wouldst have us take;  
Help us to follow Thee, and sin forsake.  
In Thy sight, oh, God, today,  
We've come to pledge our love in unity.  
Bless the sacred vows we take  
And keep us one through all eternity.  
Give us strength in sorrow, want, or pain,  
Always steadfast to remain.  
And when clouds shall fill our skies of blue,  
Help our love to see us through.  
Oh, God, until we reach Life's ebbing tide,  
May we in perfect love and peace abide.  
And when Life's sun shall set beyond the hill,  
May we go hand in hand, together still.

A - - men.

★ ★ ★

Genius is not an excuse for ostentation but it is an  
explanation.

—A.B.K.N.

★ ★ ★

It costs you nothing to dispense courtesy liberally.

—R.F.K.



### Life's Greatest Assets

Peace of mind

A clear conscience

Health

Competence

Unselfishness

—R.F.K.

★ ★ ★

In the temple of Scottish Rite Freemasonry, city of Honolulu, Ohau, will be found this inscription:

From the outer darkness of ignorance through the shadows of our earth life winds the beautiful path of initiation into the divine light of the holy altar.

★ ★ ★

Men who forge their own destiny generally get stymied on a lot of inheritance. —James O'May

★ ★ ★

Don't steel yourself against the affections of those that love you best. —R.F.K.

★ ★ ★

Occasion arrives when the eye speaks more forcefully than the word. —A.B.K.N.

★ ★ ★

Be an **optimist**, not a **pessimist**.

The pessimist: "Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these 'it might have been.'"

The optimist: "Of all sweet words I hear or see, the sweetest are these 'it is to be.'"

—S. E. Raines

Do something, say something, or give something  
each day which will make someone happier or give some-  
one pleasure. —R.F.K.

★ ★ ★

This is my philosophy for fuller living:

Happiness in the heart,  
Courage in the soul,  
Contentment in the mind,  
Faith in God's plan.

—Bertha Bergman (*Friend*)

★ ★ ★

Sincerity means most to me in friends and associates.  
I like people who really are what they appear to be.

—Ruth A. Winn

★ ★ ★

The giving of gifts may surprise you. Sometimes the  
simplest things well selected give the most pleasure to  
the recipient. —R.F.K.

★ ★ ★

Another man's faults  
May be your own  
Help is where  
The seed is sown.

—T.M.K.

★ ★ ★

They cast some sour bread upon the waters. It will  
return unto them. —R.F.K.



Each man has his own philosophy and, like my shoes,  
it is hard to find someone else that it fits.

—Jane Derrick (*Interior Decorator*)

★ ★ ★

In anger little is wrought  
But fire and steel  
for a spear !

—T.M.K.

★ ★ ★

Soft headed charity is unsound.

—R.F.K.

★ ★ ★

In dealing with a fault finder just let him “run down”  
without molestation; then with a little tact and common  
sense you can not only satisfy him but make him your  
friend besides.

—S. E. Raines

★ ★ ★

To walk arm in arm with  
Love and understanding  
Is to walk arm in arm with  
Your fellow man.

—T.M.K.

★ ★ ★

A true friend seasons honesty with tact.

—A.B.K.N.

★ ★ ★

To merit true friendship, one should always respect  
the confidence of others.

—Ruth A. Winn

## Chapter XIII

### Quotable Quotes





Rings and jewels are not gifts, but apologies for gifts. The only gift is a portion of thyself.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson

★ ★ ★

Happiness is one of the greatest gifts within the power of any of us to bestow.

—David Dunn

★ ★ ★

He gives nothing who does not give himself.

—French Proverb

★ ★ ★

The soul would have no rainbow had the eyes no tears.

—John Vance Cheney

★ ★ ★

Great Spirit, help me never to judge another until I have walked two weeks in his moccasins.

—A Sioux Indian's Prayer

★ ★ ★

You cannot do a kindness  
too soon . . . . .  
because you never know  
how soon . . . . .  
it will be too late.

—Emerson

It is not the shilling I give you that counts, but the warmth that it carries with it from my hand.

—Miguel de Unamuno

★ ★ ★

“The life of the land is perpetuated in righteousness.”

—On Hawaiian Coat of Arms

★ ★ ★

Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men.

—Proverbs 22:29

★ ★ ★

Good nature and good sense must ever join,  
To err is human, to forgive divine.

—Alexander Pope

★ ★ ★

No one knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men.

—The Shadow

★ ★ ★

Who reads  
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not  
A spirit and a judgment equal or superior  
Uncertain and unsettled still remains  
Deep versed in books and shallow in himself.

—John Milton



If a man can work and does not work he has no right to the security or the necessities of life.

—Dr. Walter R. Courtenay

★ ★ ★

We join ourselves to no party which does not carry the Flag and keep step to the Music of the Union.

—The Union League Club of Chicago

★ ★ ★

People who take no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by remote descendants.

—Macaulay

(From *THE KOENIG ALBUM*)

★ ★ ★

Beauty is a result not an abstraction — all beauty comes from beautiful blood and a beautiful brain.

—Walt Whitman to Oscar Wilde

★ ★ ★

Perpetual devotion to what a man calls his business is only to be sustained by perpetual neglect of many other things. And it is not by any means certain that a man's business is the most important thing he has to do.

—R. L. Stevenson

★ ★ ★

Does the eagle know what is in the pit or wilt thou go ask the mole? Can wisdom be put in a silver rod or love in a golden bowl?

—Wm. Blake

For I am persuaded that neither death nor life nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor heights, nor depths, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

—Romans 8:38 & 39

★ ★ ★

O! gentle one  
Small wonder that thou loved  
Beauty of color, loveliness of line  
It was the beauty in thy self that sought  
All that was fair, and spoke of those untold  
Immortal glories of a life divine—  
Unmarred by change, unhaunted by farewells  
Sweet seeker after loveliness  
With lifting mists,  
What must thine eyes behold.

—Marian Susan Campbell

★ ★ ★

We are all in the gutter, but some of us are looking at the stars.

—Oscar Wilde

★ ★ ★

Man need not live by bread alone, there is something else. We do not yet know what it is, but some day we'll find it and we'll live on that alone. And there will be no more digging, or fighting, or killing.

—G. B. Shaw 'Back to Methuselah'



Cares fade if you give him or her a book.

—Author Unknown

★ ★ ★

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence  
cometh my help.

My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven  
and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that  
keepeth thee will not slumber.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall never slumber  
nor sleep.

The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon  
thy right hand.

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon  
by night.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall  
preserve thy soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy com-  
ing in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

—Psalm 121

★ ★ ★

Time halts when pages are opened.

—Author Unknown

★ ★ ★

It takes a great deal of history to produce a little  
literature.

—Henry James

Four things come not back:—

The spoken word

The sped arrow

Time past

The neglected opportunity.

—Author Unknown

★ ★ ★

It is a good thing to be rich, and a good thing to be strong, but it is a better thing to be loved by many friends.

—Euripides

★ ★ ★

It is easy to say how we love new friends, and what we think of them, but words can never trace out all the fibres that knit us to the old.

—George Eliot

★ ★ ★

The years between  
Have taught me some sweet,  
Some bitter lessons; none  
Wiser than this — to  
Spend in all things else  
But of old friends,  
Be most miserly.

—James Russell Lowell



How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.  
 I love thee to the depth and breadth and height  
 My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight  
 For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.  
 I love thee to the level of everyday's  
 Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.  
 I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;  
 I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.  
 I love thee with the passion put to use  
 In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.  
 I love thee with a love I seemed to lose  
 With my lost saints,—I love thee with the breath,  
 Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and if God choose,  
 I shall but love thee better after death.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning

(*From SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE*)

★ ★ ★

Books alone are liberal and free, they give to all  
 who ask, they emancipate all who serve them faithfully.

—Author Unknown

★ ★ ★

So long as we love we serve; so long as we are loved  
 by others I would almost say that we are indispensable;  
 and no man is useless while he has a Friend.

—Robert Louis Stevenson

## THE CLOCK OF LIFE

The clock of life is wound but once,  
And no man has the power  
To tell just when the hands will stop—  
At late or early hour.

Now is the only time you own;  
Live, love, toil with a will;  
Place no faith in 'tomorrow,' for  
The clock may then be still.

—Author Unknown

★ ★ ★

I believe that a man must be a good patriot before  
he can be a good citizen of the world.

—President Theodore Roosevelt

★ ★ ★

After all a rich girl is only a poor girl with money.

—Billy Rose

★ ★ ★

Happiness is the only good.  
The place to be happy is here.  
The time to be happy is now.  
The way to be happy is to make others so.

—Robert G. Ingersoll

★ ★ ★

People do not lack strength — they lack will.

—Author Unknown



Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth,  
Where moth and rust doth corrupt,  
And where thieves break through and steal:

But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven,  
Where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt,  
And where thieves do not break through nor steal:

For where your treasure is, there will your heart be  
also. —St. Matthew 6:19-21

★ ★ ★

Education is learning to use the tools which the race  
has found indispensable. —Author Unknown.

★ ★ ★

Why worry, because today will be yesterday tomorrow.  
—Cab Calloway

★ ★ ★

But pleasures are like poppies spread,  
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;  
Or, like the snow-fall in the river,  
A moment white, then melts forever.

—Robert Burns

★ ★ ★

Work does more than get us our living; it gets us  
our life. —Henry Ford

★ ★ ★

One gives away and still he grows the richer;  
Another keeps what he should give, and is  
the poorer. —Author Unknown

## A FAMILY PRAYER

Lord, behold our family here assembled. We thank Thee for this place in which we dwell; for the love that unites us; for the peace accorded us this day; for the hope with which we expect the morrow; for the health, the work, the food, and the bright skies that make our lives delightful; for our friends in all parts of the earth, and our friendly helpers in this foreign isle . . . .

Give us grace and strength to forbear and to persevere . . . . Give us courage and gaiety and the quiet mind. Spare to us our friends, soften to us our enemies. Bless us, if it may be, in all our innocent endeavors. If it may not, give us strength to encounter that which is to come, that we be brave in peril, constant in tribulation, temperate in wrath, and in all changes of fortune, and down to the gates of death, loyal and loving to one another. —Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894)

★ ★ ★

They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint. —Isaiah 40:31



Grow old along with me!  
 The best is yet to be,  
 The last of life, for which the first was made;  
 Our times are in his hand  
 Who saith, "A whole I planned,  
 Youth shows but half; trust God, see all,  
 nor be afraid!"

—Robert Browning

★ ★ ★

Money may not be the basis of existence, but it does  
 fill a need in this world, so don't be extravagant today.  
 Think twice over each dollar.

—Carol Righter

★ ★ ★

Mediocrity is self-inflicted. Genius is self-bestowed.

—Walter Russell

★ ★ ★

'Tis better to give a single flower  
 To a living friend at any hour  
 Than to heap the roses white and red  
 Upon his coffin when he is dead.

—Author Unknown

*(Often quoted by W. B. Erfert)*

★ ★ ★

Real joy comes not from ease or riches or from the  
 praise of men, but from doing something worth while.

—Sir Wilfred Grenfell

## TRAVELER'S CREED

Do not keep your alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed until your friends are dead, but fill their lives with sweetness now; speak approving and cheering words while their ears can hear them and while their hearts can be thrilled and made happier by them.

The kind of things you say after they are gone say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffins bestow now and so brighten and sweeten their earthly homes before they leave them.

If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away full of fragrant perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary and troubled hours, and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered by them while I need them.

I would rather have a plain coffin without a flower and a funeral without an eulogy than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to anoint our friends before their burial; post mortem kindness does not cheer the burdened spirit. Flowers upon the coffin shed no fragrance backward over the weary way by which loved ones have traveled.

—Author Unknown



Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,  
 As to be hated needs but to be seen;  
 Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,  
 We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

—Alexander Pope

★ ★ ★

He that dwelleth in the secret places of the most  
 High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

—Psalm 91:1

★ ★ ★

What's in thy mind let no one know  
 Unto thy friend no secret show,  
 For if thy friend become thy foe  
 Then all the world thy mind will know.

—Author Unknown

*(Often quoted by Wm. Koenig Sr.)*

★ ★ ★

To sing seems a deliverance from bondage.

The beauty of everything here below lies in the  
 power of reaching perfection.

To love has never hindered from pleasing.

To live is a song of which death is the refrain.

—Victor Hugo

★ ★ ★

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,  
 Rough-hew them how we will.

—Wm. Shakespeare

Arbeit macht das Leben suez  
Lindert alle Last  
Der nur hat Bedauernis  
Der die Arbeit hast.

—Old German Proverb

(*Translation*)

Work makes life sweet  
Lightens all burdens  
He only has trouble  
Who hates labor.

★ ★ ★

For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.

—Hebrews 12:6

★ ★ ★

### THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL

There's a long, long trail a-winding  
Into the land of my dreams,  
Where the nightingales are singing,  
And a white moon beams.  
There's a long, long night of waiting,  
Until my dreams all come true;  
Till the day when I'll be going down  
That long, long trail with you.

—World War I Song

★ ★ ★

A friend may well be reckoned the masterpiece of  
nature.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson



Youth is not a time of life — it is a state of mind. It is not a matter of ripe cheeks, red lips, and supple knees; it is temper of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotions; it is a freshness of the springs of life. Youth means a temperamental predominance of courage over timidity, of the appetite for adventure over love of ease. This often exists in a man of fifty more than a boy of twenty. Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years; people grow old only by deserting their ideals. Years wrinkle the skin, but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul. Worry, doubt, self-distrust, fear and despair — these are the long, long years that bow the head and turn the growing spirit back to dust. Whether seventy or sixteen, there is in every being's heart the love of wonder, the sweet amazement at the stars and the starlike things and thoughts, the undaunted challenge of events, the unfailing childlike appetite for what next, and the joy and the game of life. You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt; as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fear; as young as your hope, as old as your despair. The central place of your heart is a wireless station; so long as it receives messages of beauty, hope, courage, grandeur and power from the earth, from men and from the Infinite, so long are you young. When the wires are down and the central place of your heart is covered with the snows of pessimism and the ice of cynicism, then you are grown old indeed and may God have mercy on your soul.

—Author Unknown

A perfect example of minority rule is a baby in the house.  
—The Wall Street Journal

★ ★ ★

What a friend we have in Jesus,  
All our sins and griefs to bear!  
What a privilege to carry  
Everything to God in prayer!  
O what peace we often forfeit,  
O what needless pain we bear,  
All because we do not carry  
Everything to God in prayer.

—Old Methodist Hymn

★ ★ ★

There is no wealth but life. —John Ruskin

★ ★ ★

The essence of life is struggle. When the fight goes out of a man or a nation then decadence sets in and the end is in sight.  
—Melvin Maynard Johnson

★ ★ ★

In all labor there is profit. —Proverbs 14:23

★ ★ ★

Nowadays you get out of life just what you put into it, minus taxes, of course.

—Wall Street Journal

★ ★ ★

I cried because I had no shoes, then I met a man who had no feet.  
—Arabian Proverb



What we do for ourselves alone dies with us; what we do for others remains and is immortal.

—Albert Pike

★ ★ ★

“ ‘This is the gift that God reserves for His special proteges,’ he said. ‘Talent and health He gives to many. Wealth is commonplace, fame not rare. But peace of mind He bestows charily.’ ”

—Joshua Loth Liebman: (*Peace of Mind*)

★ ★ ★

Books are the legacies that a great genius leaves to mankind, which are delivered down from generation to generation to the posterity of those who are yet unborn.

—Addison

EDITOR'S NOTE: It is more than interesting to observe in the chapters “Quotable Quotes” and “Hither and Yon” how great a value poets and writers, as well as the average man and woman, place upon true friendship,

May the good Lord bless and keep you  
Whether near or far away  
May you find that long awaited golden day today  
May your troubles all be small ones  
And your fortune ten times ten  
May the good Lord bless and keep you 'til we meet  
again.

May you walk with sunlight shining  
And a bluebird in every tree  
May there be a silver lining back of every cloud  
you see  
'Til your dreams with sweet tomorrows  
Never mind what might have been  
May the good Lord bless and keep you  
'Til we meet again.

May you long recall each rainbow  
Then you'll soon forget the rain,  
May the warm and tender mem'ries be the ones  
that will remain  
'Til your dreams with sweet tomorrows  
Never mind what might have been  
May the good Lord bless and keep you  
'Til we meet, 'til we meet again.

Closing song from  
—Tallulah Bankhead's THE BIG SHOW  
(Words and music by Meredith Wilson)



## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

In the compilation of "Knock on our Door" I have taken considerable time during the past three years, but have found the work to be unusually interesting. Most of the pictures of our family are taken from "The Koenig Album," but the biographies are materially shortened.

For her own contributions to this book, her poems and stories, suggestions on the title, and critical reading of all copy before presenting to the printer, I am grateful to the co-editor-author, my daughter, Mrs. Anna Belle Koenig Nimmo.

For painstaking effort in typing the biographies of the family and the artists, in addition to the other chapters of the book, for the careful reading of the proof sheets, and especially for deep personal interest in all phases of the publication, my sincere and grateful thanks goes to my faithful secretary, Miss Ruth A. Winn.

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For the artistic cover design and chapter headings, sincere appreciation is given to T. S. Lawless.

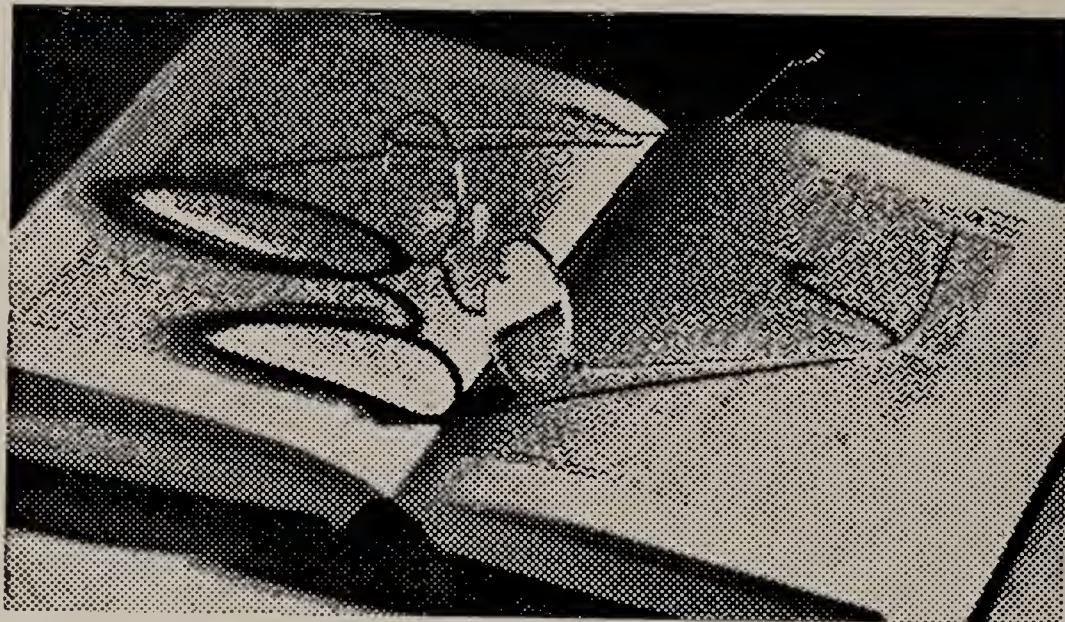
For the knowledge and care which resulted in the beautiful reproductions of the paintings and Venetian glass, I sincerely thank Harry Herlin.

For the particular care to reproduce the illustrations faithfully and to produce a beautiful type page in this volume, as well as in the other two books they have printed for me, my thanks goes to the Wagner Printing Company of Freeport.

For helpful suggestions and co-operation in every way to give this book an attractive first appearance, as in the binding of my other two books, my appreciative thanks goes to Brock & Rankin, bookbinders of Chicago.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Robert H. Hoenig". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned at the bottom of the page, below the main body of text.



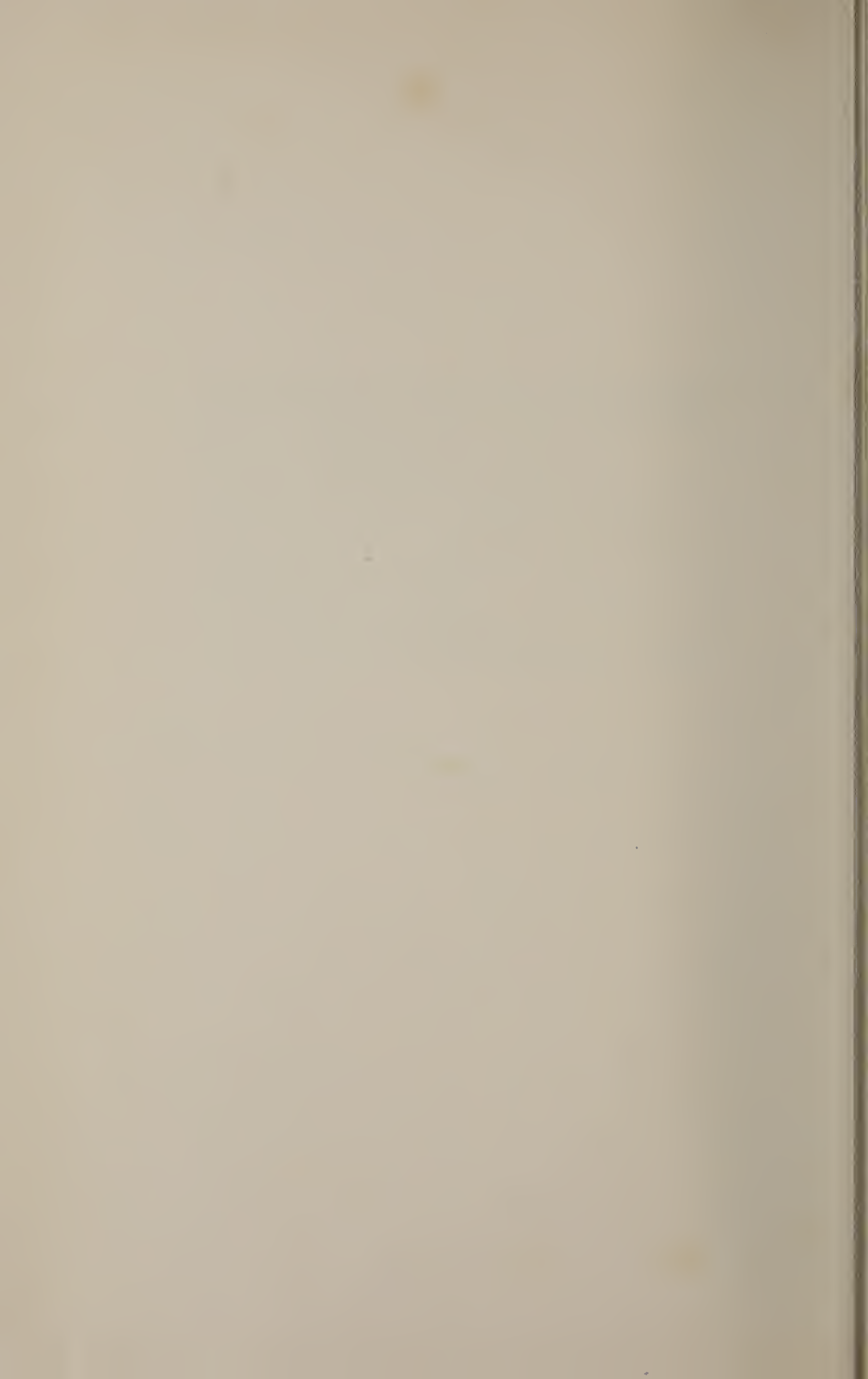


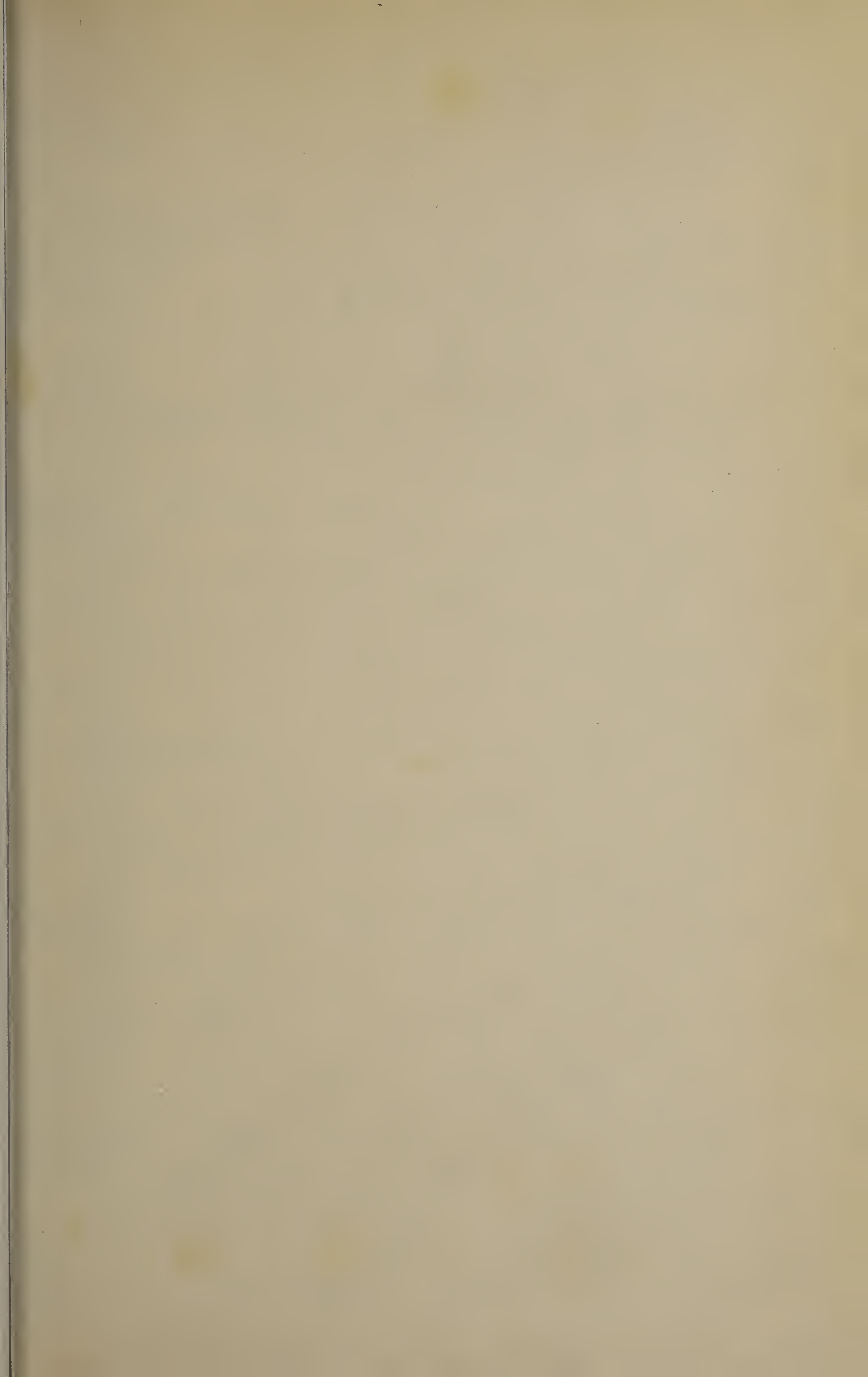
God bless us every one.

—Dickens' "Christmas Carol"











Wm. M.  
Babcock  
m.  
Eleanor  
Reed

{ Sarah  
Malinda  
m. Charles D.  
Rawleigh

William T.  
m.  
Minnie B.  
Trevillian

David C.  
m. Emma  
Molter

Ida V.  
m. James R.  
Jackson

George E.  
m. Laura  
White

Ellen  
m. 1 Enoch Slusser  
2 Ezra Chappell

Mabel  
m. Oliver T.  
Miller

Bertha  
m. 1. Fred Schimelpfenig

2. Philip G.  
North

Anna May  
m. Robert F.  
Koenig

Wilbur T.  
m. Caro  
Boos

Lucile E.  
m. 1 Quentin R. Smith  
2 Charles A. Reagan  
3 Chas. F. Meyer III

Estella  
m.  
John Vohlken

Russell L.  
m. Ethel  
Lower

Paul D.  
m. 1 Mrs. Myrtle Ohlendorf  
2 Ruth Bourne

Vivian  
m. 1 Lynford Tucker  
2 Loren H. Foster

Florence  
m. 1 H. E. Richardson  
2 E. E. Alexander  
3 James Gulick  
4 North Alexander

James R.  
m. Edith Carter

Floyd F.  
m. 1 Bernice Holman  
2 Zoe M. Rickert  
3 Ruby Valient

Viola  
m. Verl  
Harbach

Virginia  
m. 1 Alfred  
Shibley  
2 Merrill R.  
Weber

Philip G. Jr.  
m. Margaret  
Watkins

William R.  
m. Alice  
Tateosian

Wilbur A.

Anna Belle  
m. Joseph W.  
Nizmo

Thomas M.

Quentin Rawleigh

Todd Corning

Donna Mae

David John

Diane Estelle

Delaine Georgia

Russell LeRoy

Carolyn Lee  
m. James Bloom

Judith Kay

{ Pamela Kaye (adopted)

Betty Lou

Reed Alexander  
m. Harriette  
Babcock

Robyn Adaire

Wilbur Terrence

Floyd Brent

DeWayne  
m. Maribeth  
Mogle

Roland

Barbara Rawleigh Weber

James Rawleigh Weber

{ Margaret Patricia

{ Penny Ann  
Robert George

{ Taun Franklin

{ Cynthia Ann

{ Ann Jackson  
James Reed Jr.

{ DeWayne Verl

John A. Trevillian m. Susan Cox	Emma m. Alvin Moore	Anna May m. Robert F. Koenig	William R. m. Alice Tateosian	Penny Ann Robert George
	Minnie B. m. William T. Rawleigh	Wilbur T. m. Caro Boos	Wilbur A.  Anna Belle m. Joseph W. Nimmo	Taun Franklin
	Clara m. Edward Edler	Lucile E. m. 1 Quentin R. Smith 2 Charles A. Reagan 3 Chas. F. Meyer III	Thomas M. Quentin Rawleigh Todd Corning	
	William J. m. Vere Hoyman	Alfred m. 1. Lois Taylor 2. Mrs. Helen L. (Groom) Williams		
	John A. m. Mary Welfelt	Mary Ann m. William A. Neville		
		John Arthur Jr. m. Dorothy Lorraine Hepfer	Carol Ann	



